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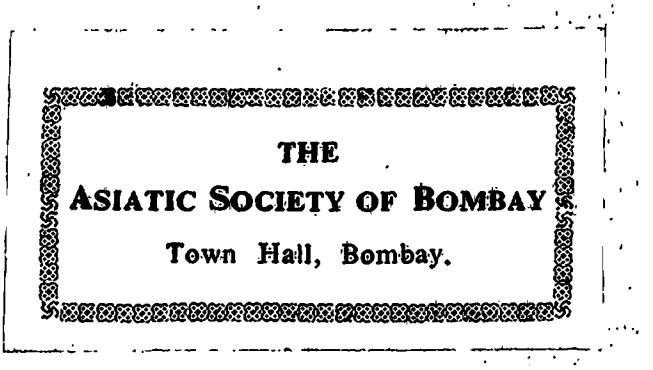

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ANTAR.

Literary Society of Bombay

ANTAR,

A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC.

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Vols I-II

BY TERRICK HAMILTON, ESQ.

ORIENTAL SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY
AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Translator of "The History of Antar" being out of England, it is not in the Editor's power to give to the reader much preliminary information on the contents or nature of the Epic Tale, which is now for the first time in part submitted to the European Public.

Antar is no imaginary personage. He was the son of an Arab Prince of the tribe of Abs, by a black woman, whom his father had made captive in a predatory excursion: and he raised himself by the heroic qualities which he displayed from his earliest youth, and by his extraordi-

nary genius for poetry, from the state of slavery in which he was born, to the confidence of his king, and to a preeminence above all the Chiefs of Arabia. He flourished during the close of the sixth, and the early part of the seventh century, of the Christian æra; there is, consequently, little or no allusion to the customs or institutions of Islamism throughout the work; though the Hero is frequently designated as "He by whom God organized the earth and the world for the appearance of the Lord of slaves."

The following Romance, as it may be called, was first put together, probably from traditionary tales current at the time, by Osmay, one of the eminent scholars, who adorned the courts of Haroun-al-Raschid, and of his two learned successors, Al-Amyn, and Al-Mamoun; and it still continues to be the principal source whence the story-tellers of the coffee-

houses in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, draw their most interesting tales: but, notwithstanding, its general circulation in the Levant, the name of Antar is hitherto only known to us in Europe, as that of the Author of one of the seven poems, suspended in the temple of Mecca, and from that circumstance called, *The Moallakat.*

The Author of this poem, and the Hero of our history, are identified, as well by the similar names which occur; in both; as by the insertion of the poem itself in the body of the history, when, after much persecution and opposition, Antar at length succeeds in suspending the poem within the Holy Sanctuary which surrounds the Kaaba.

There is reason to believe that this is the first attempt to transpose into an European language, a real Arabian story, depicting the original manners of the Arabs of the desert, uncorrupted by the

artificial and refined customs of the neighbouring cities in Syria, Egypt, and Persia.

The characteristics of the real Arabs or Bedowins are here presented in their native simplicity. An eager desire for the property of their neighbour; an unconquerable fondness for strife and battle; a singular combination of profuse hospitality, with narrow economy—quick perception—deep cunning—great personal courage, a keen sense of honour, respect for their women, and a warm admiration and ready use of the poetical beauties of their unrivalled language.

The supposition of the learned orientalist Mons. Langlès, that the Thousand and One Nights were originally composed in the Pehlevi, or the old Persian, and from that language translated into Arabic, appears still more probable, when we observe the rich and gorgeous descriptions of the works of art and nature which abound

in them, their enchanted palaces—their sultans and viziers, and all the attendant magnificence of a court; their genii and magicians—their want of individual character in the leading personages;—and when we contrast with those details the simple manners of the Kings and Chieftains of the desert, pourtrayed in this Romance; their rude tents; the familiarity with which they live amongst each other, controuled only by the rules of patriarchal authority; the almost total absence of supernatural agents; and above all, the striking distinctions of character, which mark the whole progress of the story. In this work indeed, The Subordination of the warriors and others, whether of high or low rank, to the irresistible Antar; in undaunted courage; in active prowess; in intellectual acquirements; in public spirit; in the ardour of his love; in the excellence of his poetry; and in acts of private generosity

and benevolence, is strictly consistent with the best rules which the Critics have derived from the Homeric writings, for the conduct of the Heroic poem.

In an adherence to these rules indeed, the early European writers of Romantic Adventures, who followed the age of Charlemagne, and to whom, perhaps, Antar was better known than to their successors, did not follow the steps of their prototype. But whether he really deserve that appellation, that is, whether from the frequent intercourse between the Eastern and Western kingdoms of the Roman world, in the 8th, 9th and 10th centuries, our Romance writers imbibed their taste for the adventures of Chivalry from this singular Tale, is a question, to the solution of which we may look forward, when the whole of it shall be before the public. It may be observed, however, that little more was wanting in order to compose the Romances of

the middle age, than to engraft on the war, love, and courtesy of the Arabs, the splendid and soft luxuries of the other countries of the East, the witchcraft of Africa, the religious fervour of the South of Europe, and the gloomy superstitions of the North.

The Editor abstains from adding any further observations at present upon this subject. It had been his intention to request the indulgence of the reader for the oriental phraseology which frequently occurs in the following pages; but he prefers leaving the public to form their own opinion, how far the Translator has rightly judged, in presenting a literal translation of his original, by which the Arabic idioms might be best preserved, rather than (by giving to it a strictly English dress, and thereby destroying its native freshness,) to have been led into an indulgence of ornament, which would have been equally remote

from the nice refinement of the languages of Europe, and from the copious simplicity of that of the desert.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ANTAR.

CHAPTER I.

ISHMAEL, son of Abraham, was the father of Adnan, who had a son called Maad; and Maad was the father of Nizar, whose four sons, Rebeeah, Medher, Ayad, and Anmar, reigned over the Arabs in great glory for many years, and their descendants continued to flourish and multiply till they amounted to twenty thousand horsemen, when disturbances arising among them, they separated and migrated from the valley of Mecca and the holy sanctuary, and many of them settled in a spot called Ibreem-oob-mootemim, which was the furthermost point of Hijaz, and the first in the land of Yemen. And they had a king called Rebeeah, a man much respected and feared, and he was of the tribe of

Medher, a fair-raced people; and he had five sons, the eldest was called Nayib the second, Taweed, the third, Mohelhil, the fourth, Medher, and the fifth, Adee; and their father was a stout and intrepid warrior, he conquered the whole country by his bravery, and ruled over the wilds and the deserts.

Again the Arabs disagreed amongst themselves and dispersed, and every division had its chief and its leader. They carried away their property and their camels, and among them was Harith, son of Obad the Yashkirite, with the tribe of Yashkir, and the chief Dibyan with the tribe of Dibyan, and the chief Abd Shems with his tribe, and Jazeemah with the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and Bahiej with the tribe of Ghiftan; and it was Jazeemah, King of the tribe of Abs and Adnan that attacked Rebeeah, and having slain him, appointed Mohelhil to succeed his father. But on the death of Mohelhil all his cousins went away with their property and camels, afraid of the surrounding Arabs, and settled with the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and their chief Jazeemah; and among all the Arabs there was no government better regulated than his, for he was experienced in all affairs, and had ten sons who were all hardy lions, bold, endued with great bodily strength, and in war they were unrivalled; they courted battles and plunged into slaughter, and their reputation was spread among the Arabs, and among them were Amroo and Jandh, and Asyed and Zo-

heir, and the rest of the ten brothers. But Amroo was the eldest, and King Jazeemah hoped that Amroo would reign at his death. But one day Amroo went to the lake Zatool Irsad, early in the morning, and with him was a slave called Nizah; and Amroo had round his neck a chain of gold studded with jewels and diamonds; and when he came to the lake he stripped off his clothes, and took off the string of jewels from his neck, and then going down into the lake left them all with his slave. When he sprang into the water and plunged in, his body disappeared, and was borne away.

The slave perceiving that his master remained too long under water, felt assured that his breath was extinct; so he ran away to Jazeemah, and told him of this dreadful catastrophe. He was in the deepest grief, and he dashed his fist against his face for the loss of his son Amroo. Over the whole tribe the dismay was general, the affliction was universal, and the lamentations deep. Many days and nights they remained in this state, when at last King Jazeemah, wishing to relieve his mind from his anguish, went out to the chase; and whilst he was thus occupied, lo! there appeared a fawn, which he eagerly pursued; but as it launched into the waste in full flight, he could not catch it. Still he hoped to succeed; but at last it entered a forest abounding in trees, and waters, and thickets, and Jazeemah still pursued it. And whilst he was struggling

through the branches, behold a man quite naked stood before him! He fled away in terror, fancying that it was a dæmon; O King! exclaimed the man, be not afraid, for I am thy son Amroo! If thou art my son, cried the King, follow me and quit this spot. Jazeemah issued from the forest, and the man coming up with him, he gazed at him, and lo! he was his son! He was greatly rejoiced, and running up to him, O my son, said he, what has happened to thee! who brought thee to this place? and thou art naked! So he explained all that had occurred to him, and the cause of his being snatched away from the lake was a dæmon, who bore him to this place. His father joyed in seeing him, and clothed him in some of his own garments, and returned with him to his tribe and companions, and unbounded was the delight and satisfaction at the return of Amroo. Acclamations were loud, and the time passed happily away, and they forgot the evils of fortune.

All the Arabs took refuge with King Jazeemah, and paid him taxes and tribute, and there was not one but obeyed him and submitted, save a single Queen, who was called Robab. And this Queen was very powerful, and had numerous armies and slaves. She had subdued the heroes, and humbled the bravest, and her tribe, was the most intrepid of the Arabs, and they were called the tribe of Reejan. And when they heard that King Jazeemah

was become powerful and had extended his influence, and that the Arabs gave him tribute in cattle and camels; We, said they, will not give any one even a rope's end, and whoever demand goods of us, nothing will we give them but blows and battle.

Upon hearing this, Jazeemah assembled his armies and warriors, and the Arabs came to him from all the valleys and the waters, and he marched away with them in quest of the tribe of Reeyan, and their Queen Robab, that he might send down destruction and torments upon them, and leave their property to be pillaged by the Arabs. Now when the tribe of Reeyan saw those armies that were advancing upon them, they set up a loud shout, and they thronged in haste from all quarters, and the mountains trembled at the uproar. This tribe was exceedingly numerous, and moreover, they had been joined by a great multitude who came to them and settled round them, to be under the protection of that tribe and their Queen Robab; so great was her reputation, and so far famed her name.

And when the armies arrived and were all established about her, they waited in anxious expectation of the event. So the Queen summoned one of her tribe, a man of great consequence, and said to him—I wish thou wouldst go to these advancing people, and see what they are resolved to do, what place they come from, and what they want. The man went away; and when he came up with the

troops, they stopped. Whither in such haste? they cried; speak! ere thou art a lost man! Arabs, said he, I am come as a messenger to ye; I want to see your chief. Tell me what is your object; who are you? how are you called? We are the noble tribe of Abs, said they; and we are come to devastate your lands, and plunder your property, and capture your wives and families. Arab Chiefs, he replied, shew me your King, lead me to him, that I speak with him about the object of this expedition. They accordingly introduced him to the King, and he kissed the ground before him. Jazeemah asked what he wanted, and what brought him there. So he told him that Robab had sent him. O King! he continued, what has brought thee forth from thy country? What is the cause of thy departure from home? He then informed him that he was come to slay the people, and to plunder their property Mighty King! said the other, may God for ever confirm thee in thy possessions! Why wouldst thou act thus towards us? On account of your refractory conduct towards me, said Jazeemah, and the language I have heard; for all the Arabs have submitted to my rule, and obeyed my call, and give me tribute and taxes, all but you, ye cowards! and I have heard of your base designs. But I must assail you without further preparation, and I shall command these armies, numerous as the locusts, to assault you, and to grind you like grain, and to

ride you like lions. Return then to her who sent thee, and tell her what I have said to thee.

So the messenger returned with this answer; and when he reached Robab, he communicated all he had heard to her. Away back to him, said she, and tell him to-morrow morning to sally forth into the plain, and to meet me in the field of battle before these horsemen. If he subdues me, I will submit to him and pay him tribute; but if I vanquish him, I will grant him his life, and take his ransom, and by this means we shall spare the lives of the people, and be released from war and carnage, and then return home to our country.

The messenger returned to King Jazeemah, and informed him of the conditions Robab had proposed. He agreed, and consented, and immediately he came down to the field, and he was like a furious lion; he galloped and charged before the warriors, and rushed in to the scene of blows and thrusts. Queen Robab dashed down on him, mounted on a raven-coloured steed, strong-sinewed. She charged with him over the plain till the horsemen were amazed. Then they began the storm and bluster, the sport and exertion, the give and take, the struggle and the wrestle, and every eye gazed intently on them, and every neck was stretched out at them. Just then passed between them two matchless spear-thrusts. King Jazeemah's was the first, so roused was he by the terrors and calamities that

threatened him. But when Robab beheld the spear-thrust coming upon her, and that death was in it, she bent herself forward till her breast touched the horse, and the well-aimed thrust passed without effect. She then replaced herself on her saddle, and dashed furiously at him; and attacked him: she struck him with horror, and drove the spear through his chest, and forced out the point sparkling at his back. He tottered from his horse, and his senses were annihilated. Then the Arabs assailed one another, and the earth shook beneath them. Blows fell right and wrong, necks were hewn off, and hoary beards were stained with blood. The struggle was intense; and all the Arabs in those vallies were in universal commotion, like so many Genii.

Soon fled the tribe of Abs and Adnan and all their allies, and sought their homes and abodes in fear of death and annihilation; neither did they halt in their flight and rout till they reached their own camp; and when they learnt the extent of their misfortune, and how many kings and chiefs had been slain, the lamentations were general. Calamities struck them all; they threw down their tents and pavilions; and thus they continued seven days and nights, when King Amroo seated himself on the throne of his father, and the Arabs came to condole with him, and congratulated him on his kingdom. But he lived only a short time, and when he died his brother Zoheir succeeded him, and

reigned in glory and power. His authority was universally acknowledged, and the Arabian tribes, far and near, obeyed and feared him. His subjects were happy under his dominion, on account of his great influence, and chiefs hastened to testify their allegiance. As soon as he was established on his throne he resolved on taking his revenge, and for this purpose he assembled his armies and auxiliaries, and demanded the presence of all the Arabian princes.

In a short time his troops were all prepared, and immediately he set out on his expedition against the hostile tribe of Reeyan and their Queen Robab. He stopped not till he entered their country. As soon as the Princess was informed of this invasion, she called together her adherents, who came from all parts and from the mountains; but they feared for their families, and their wives, and their cattle and camels. They marched eagerly to the conflict; and delayed not a moment till they attacked the tribe of Abs: they rushed forwards with the intention to destroy them. The two tribes soon engaged. Fierce was the combat and loud the clamour on all sides. The battle raged; dreadful were the blows of the sabre, and frequent the rush of darts and javelins; numbers were wounded; every warrior stood firm; but the cowards fled: patient were the noble hearted, but the weak sought safety in flight. Many drank the bitter poison of death. King

Zoheir encountered the queen of Reeyan on the field of battle, whilst she was encouraging her troops. The King furiously assaulted her, and exclaimed, "Revenge for King Jazeemah." He then hurled his lance and struck her on the chest, and forced out the weapon between her shoulders, and again cried out—O by the noble Arabs! Their only reply was a loud scream, and the battle still continued. But when the tribe of Reeyan saw the Princess dead, and perceived their attempts were frustrated, they were alarmed. Then rushed forward the tribe of Abs, and attacked them with renewed violence. The Reeyanians were routed, and fled towards their habitations;—the Absians pursued them, and spread desolation among them; slew them with their swords, and dispersed them amongst their wilds and deserts, until they reached their country, where they took possession of their tents and plundered their property. Zoheir returned home and rejoiced in the execution of his vengeance. He divided the wealth and lands of all that belonged to his enemies among his own people, and all the spoil was given to the rich and poor, to his slaves and his chiefs. Many of the hostile leaders were put to death: all the Arabs far and near were terrified at the extent of his dominion, and the power of his arm.

At this period the Caaba and the holy Mecca were visited, as at this day. Numerous were the

pilgrims at the shrine of Abraham. Sacred were the months of pilgrimage; and had a man even killed his father at that period, his crime was never mentioned. Zoheir, after he had accomplished these glorious deeds, wished to make a pilgrimage; which he executed, attended by all the chiefs of his tribe. His admiration was great in performing the ceremony of walking round the Caaba, and in kissing the sacred stone. On his return home, he was anxious to erect a building similar to the sacred altar, whither pilgrims should resort, where travellers might be entertained, and the hungry fed, and the fearful be in security; in whose precincts no beasts of prey should be chased: no blood should be shed; and a transgressor of my law shall be instantly put to death with this sword, he exclaimed. These sentiments he expressed to his tribe assembled in council. All were in dismay at this resolution, but no one dared to disapprove or make any answer. But an old Shiekh, who had passed all his days in perusing ancient chronicles, and was well acquainted with all the sayings of the wise men, who acknowledged the unity of God, the maker of the heavens and the earth, ventured forth, and expostulated with Zoheir, telling him the Caaba was the mansion of the blessed Abraham, and were he to presume to imitate it, a cruel death would avenge the insult; and thus he addressed him:—

"O great King, O Son of noble chiefs! hold and

" listen to my words, and renounce the habits of " the ignobly born. Mount not the horse of " Outrage, for it will not rescue thee from the " messengers of Death: and soon mayest thou ex- " pect him, should'st thou erect in the desert a " mansion like the sacred shrine of the Caaba . " shouldst thou establish similar rites and ceremonies " and resemblances to Menah and Zengein and the " temple. Away, away, their land is the land of a " tribe superior to all mankind; and from them shall " appear a noted man, the prophet of God, the torch " of darkness, whose faith shall extend east and west " with the death bearing-sword of a noble warrior. " Away with what thou hast said, for thy God is swift " of vengeance."

The King was not easily dissuaded, but at last gave way to the argument of the Chief, and no longer persisted in his resolution: he was moreover induced to resign his plan in compliance with all his Chiefs, who seconded the word of the Shiekh. In this situation remained King Zoheir for some years, when he became anxious to marry, and to take a wife eminent for her beauty, and elegance of form, and of a noble family. He made all enquiries on the subject, and at last heard there was an Arab, strong and mighty in arms, and a famous horseman, called Amroo, son of Shedeed, and he had a daughter whose name was Temadhur, whose equal was to be found neither in the plains nor in the cities. Her

father was a severe man, and would let no one address her, saying his daughter would not marry. When Zoheir heard this, he longed for her as a thirsty man wishes to have water. He pictured to himself her perfections, before he had ascertained her worth by enquiries. However, he did not send to demand her in marriage, but made her father some handsome presents, and evinced the greatest fondness for him, making him one of his particular companions, and thus gained his affections. He then persuaded him to come and settle in his country, expressing his great love for him; and thus he never ate or drank but in his society.

The excess of his passion increased daily, to such a degree, that he resolved to assemble a party of his followers called the tribe of Ghorab, and instruct them to attack the family of Amroo, and plunder his property, but not to kill any one, or do any personal injury. So by this stratagem he expected to discover Temadhur among his prisoners, and then have an opportunity of speaking to her. The tribe of Ghorab were accordingly ordered on this expedition, and instantly they set out, in number five hundred. Without difficulty they seized the property, took Amroo prisoner with his wife and family, and plundered his camels and cattle, but refrained from slaying any one. When the King heard what had happened, he mounted his horse in order to behold what he anxiously desired. He found them in dismay,

expecting assistance from the tribe of Abs. The family were looking at their flocks dispersed about, but Temadhur was standing at the door of the tent, blooming as the dawning sun, and her forehead bright as its rays, and her cheeks were red as the piony, her hair dishevelled, black as night. When Zoheir saw this, his passion greatly increased; he cried out, and instantly his people rushed forward and furiously attacked the tribe of Ghorab: the women fled, but Zoheir ordered Rebia, son of Jead, to hide Temedhur under her veil, which was accordingly done.

Thirty prisoners were secured belonging to the tribe of Ghorab; they and their property were delivered up; and when quiet was restored, the King ordered a magnificent feast to be prepared, that he might make merry with his tribe and followers. They and the father of Temadhur soon assembled together, and in less than an hour grief was converted into joy; the wine was plentifully distributed, and the uproar was great. The King soon became intoxicated, and launched out into violent praise of Amroo the son of Shedeed; and he ceased not to extol and laud his deeds till the tears came into his eyes, and the wine disordered his senses. Then Amroo got on his legs and addressed Zoheir:—O mighty and magnanimous King, I am your slave. My tongue fails in description of your virtues. God has given me nothing that I prize but my daughter Temadhur,

from whom I have kept all suitors. I request of ye, assembled Chiefs, that he may accept her as his handmaiden.

As soon as Zoheir heard this, he rejoiced and was glad; and the Absians answered, and we too will beg King Zoheir to accept her, and to cause the daughters of noble chiefs to wait on her. As soon as Zoheir heard these words, he leaped up, and taking the old man by the hand, most earnestly entreated him to consent. He richly clothed him, and made him handsome presents, and then said, She shall be, O Chief, equal to the most elevated in rank, and highest in dignity. The marriage canopy was instantly pitched, and there was no further demur. The damsels advanced conducting the concealed treasure. Her approach was at that moment sweeter to him than sleep to the wearied eyelids, and he beheld in her the stem of a tall reed, and the rose of the soul. They were immediately united; on the second day Zoheir arose and thanked his fortune, irritated as he had been. He made presents, and distributed the gold and silver, and he made Amroo's people remain with him, that he might treat them for seven days, when he made the marriage-feast, slaughtering camels and sheep.

The King's surprise and delight made him so vain and conceited, that at last he imparted to his wife the stratagem by which he had obtained her without a dower or settlement. When she heard

this, her soul revolted at the act. She was a shrewd sensible woman, but she said nothing to him about it all the next day; when intoxicated, he wished to caress her, she repulsed him, and turning away from him, said—Are you not ashamed of what you have done? Do you pretend to liberality and generosity, and thus seize the daughters of brave men by force, and refuse them a dower?

These words irritated the Chief greatly, and he answered, I have not been so avaricious; I had recourse to this violent act, because your father yielded not to my proposals, and repulsed all suitors from you. I had therefore no other means of dealing with him but by this outrage; and you know, that had your father accepted my proposals for marriage at first, then you would have seen what I would have given you, and the dower I would have presented. You have confessed the deed, she replied, and you have won me by force; this is the work of violence; but we are indeed more cunning than you.

As soon as Zoheir heard these words he was greatly enraged, and his anger exceeded all bounds: he rose from his bed and exclaimed, Where have you seen any folly in me? and where, as you say, are you more sagacious than I am? Be not angry, O King, said she; know that he who speaks too freely will often have a bitter reply, and he who contemptuously treats women, will get into difficul-

ties. Know then that I am the sister of that woman you beheld, so beautiful and fair; you have not succeeded with her, and have not obtained possession of her charms. She is more beautiful than the sun and moon. I am not worthy to be her handmaid. I do not possess a particle of her charms. On the face of the earth there is not her equal: amongst the daughters of Arabia there is not her like. By your show of liberality you deceived my father; he gave me to you; but my sister's name is Temadhur, at the sight of whom every beholder is amazed, and every heart is in raptures. But I am called Khidaa; and between her and me there is a vast distance, both in beauty and disposition; but it is now too late: had you not done this, I would not have informed you of what has passed.

The pleasing dream fled. How can I believe you? said the King. If, said she, you wish to prove my words, you have only to order some old woman to go and look at my sister behind her veil, and then the truth and mistake will be evident. No human being can behold your sister, added he, but a merchant, or a blacksmith, or an astrologer, or a perfumer. You are right, she replied, for the daughters of Arabia value the goods of a merchant, a blacksmith, an astrologer, and a perfumer. Then, said the King, there is no intelligence like the eyes, and no sight like the hearing of the ears. I am myself an Arab, and I must

undertake the business myself. I will execute all that is necessary, and will go to your house in the form of a perfumer.

He slept till the day dawned, when he said to his attendants, If any one should demand admittance to me to-morrow, say You cannot enter to day. He undressed himself and took off his royal robes, and habited himself as a poor man, and took with him some perfumes and drugs; for he was greatly vexed at what had passed. He departed from his tent, his loins girt round, and his feet naked, and when he was at some distance he quickened his pace.

But his wife Temadhur, as soon as the King was gone, also rose, and threw off her veil, and putting on the cloak of her husband, dressed herself as a man, and leaving the tent, sought the tent of her family. When she reached it, she sent for her mother, and her father, and her brothers, and told them all she had heard from the King her husband. When her father and brothers heard this, they were greatly surprised at her cunning and her disguise. She kissed her father, and said to him, Do you and my brothers withdraw instantly and conceal yourselves close at hand; and when King Zoheir arrives and comes towards us, with his cloak-bag over his shoulders, we will let him in and detain him; do you also rush in, and instantly lay hold of him, keep him fast, and do not let him go until he makes good the marriage dower; or we shall

be a scandal among the Arabs. And if he abuses you for this, tell him it is a return for his acts towards us, and the disgraces his stratagem has brought on your daughter. On this, they retired, armed themselves with swords, and lay concealed. Temadhur took off her man's attire, and put on the robes of a secluded female, and drew her veil over her eyes, and blackened her eyelids with antimony, and sat down, expecting Zoheir would arrive, conversing in the mean time with her mother.

Zoheir soon appeared from amongst the tents, and his eyes were like the eyes of a fox. Temadhur's mother cried out, Enter, merchant; have you any perfumes that will suit my daughter? He entered, and throwing down his cloak-bag off his shoulders, and looking towards his wife, said, Are the perfumes for this damsel? Yes, said she. He was much confounded, but asked her name. She said, Temadhur. He then asked, Have you any other daughter? Yes, said she, her sister, whose name is Khidaa; but when King Zoheir demanded her in marriage, we did not consent to it, and so gave him her sister. He knows nothing about it, but we hope to marry her to one of the noblest chiefs.

The light became darkness in his eyes. He thought within himself, verily I will carry off this damsel, and her father and brothers shall die with rage. And when he wished that they would choose some of his drugs, that he might return, the father

and brothers rushed upon him like lions, seized him, and bound him hand and foot. His wife stood before him, and threw off her veil, and rejoicing in her heart, O King, said she, what think you of your situation and your artifices? Who of us is the most cunning?

The King was in despair, and considered himself as dead; but when he saw his wife, his life and spirits revived. Well, said he, what do you intend by this? Your disgrace for your acts towards us, replied she, and your boast in having got possession of me by fraud and deceit; and we swear by God and Abraham, we will not let you go, neither shall you see me yield to you, or listen to you, or obey you, until you grant me a favour, and swear by the Holy Zemzen that you will give to my father and brethren your protection, and confirm my marriage with a grant of camels and other beasts. Do this immediately, or you shall for ever remain in durance.

When Zoheir heard what she said, he smiled at what she had done, and was ashamed of his own deeds. I will give you, said he, five hundred camels; so now let me go. It is not enough for one hour that I have been your wife, said she. I will moreover, continued he, add five hundred high priced camels. That, said she, will be even little for a single day. If, O Temadhur, cried Zoheir, you must reckon up every hour of each night, and each day, and buy them as at a market, you will take

from me all my property, both my he-camels and she-camels. Upon that she smiled, and let him loose, and they settled the business between them, *viz.* that he should give them a thousand he and she-camels, twenty horses, fifty male slaves, and fifty female. To this he swore by the God of the holy shrine of Zemzem and Mekam. They then went to dinner, and he remained with them until dark, when he returned with his wife, her father and brothers in company until they came to his tent; there they separated, King Zoheir retiring to his wife; and as his love for her greatly increased by reason of her conduct, he gave her vast possessions; but no one knew what had happened to him, and things remained in this state until she brought forth ten sons, all like lions; of whom were Shas, Keseer, Cais, Nakshel, Malik, Nooful, Harith, Khidash, Warcah, Gandil, and afterwards one daughter, who was Mootejeredah.

And it was a custom among the Arabs, that when a woman brought forth ten male children, she should be called Moonejeba, i. e. ennobled, and her name be published amongst the Arabs; and they used to say that the wife of such a one is ennobled. Now Mootejeredah, the daughter of King Zoheir, was the beauty of the age, and in wit and sense surpassed all the daughters of Arabia. And Fatima, the daughter of Hewseb, was also a Moonejeba, the wife of Zeead, the son of Abdallah, and she also

brought forth ten sons; they were called Rebia, Amarah, Ans, Hafiz, Talib, Ghalib, Dinrak, Amroo, and Zitak. Thus the children of Zoheir, and Carad, and Zeead, became the chiefs of the tribe of Abs, and their noble leaders, particularly the family of Carad, who consisted of Shedad, Malek, and Zakhmet-ool Jewad, who were all illustrious warriors. King Zoheir was established in his dominions, and all the Arabs and Kings of the age obeyed him, and sent him presents from every quarter. And the tribe of Abs passed their time in plundering and killing the chieftains, till all Arabia was overawed by their power, and all the dwellers of the deserts feared them.

Now the narrators of this History, Asmael, and Zoheinah, and Aboo Obeidah state, that ten horsemen of the family of Carad quitted the country to seek their fortunes, and among them was Shedad the son of Carad, and he was called the Knight of Jirwet, for his mare was called Jirwet, whose like was unknown. Kings negotiated with him for her, but he would not part with her, and would accept of no offer or bribe for her; and thus he used to talk of her in his verses:

"Seek not to purchase my horse, for Jirwet is not "to be bought or borrowed. I am a strong castle "on her back, and in her bounds is glory and great-"ness. I would not part with her were strings of "camels to come to me with their shepherds follow

"ing them. She flies with the wind without wings, "and tears up the waste and the desert. I will keep "her for the day of calamities, and she will rescue "me when the battle-dust rises."

The party set out from the land of Shuerebah; the ten were all reputed warriors and famed horsemen; they were all clothed in iron armour and brilliant cuirasses; their object was to obtain horses and camels. They continued their journey till they entered the country of Cahtan: they lay concealed all day, and only travelled by night. At length they reached the mountains of Aja and Selma; and there, between two hills, they discovered a wealthy tribe, possessed of considerable property and great riches; they were called the tribe of Jezeela. Numerous were their tents, and their dwellings, and their warlike weapons, &c., and the camp was like the boisterous sea dashing its waves, so numerous were their slaves, and attendants, and their horses of various colours. It was a tribe under no apprehension from the changes of fortune.

And when the Absians perceived their vast wealth and prosperous situation, they feared to attack them, so they accordingly quitted them and made for their pasture ground, where they perceived a thousand camels grazing, there being much grass in that spot, and with them was a black woman, who was watching them. She was uncommonly beautiful and well-shaped; her appearance was elegant and striking;

and with her were two children, looking after the camels and running about. As soon as the Absians saw the camels, they attacked them, and hunted them like hares with their spears, then drove them away, together with the woman and children; yet keeping in the rear, ready to attack whoever might overtake them; and they had not gone far ere the people came after them, crying out, Whither would flight secure you, you wretches? here are we in pursuit of you. Verily your feet have borne you to your ruin and destruction. Upon this the Absians fixed their spears, and gave the reins to their horses, and met their assailants, pouncing down on them like falcons. They stood firm of soul, and plied their lances among them: blood flowed, and the horsemen were stretched on the earth, where they left them as carrion for the wild beasts of the desert. The tribe of Jezeelah fled, unable to resist the foe, and retreated to their own country, their heroes being slain and their property captured.

The Absians drove away the camels and cattle, and returning home, they halted by the side of a stream, in order to divide the property. But the woman who was carried off with the camels had made a great impression on the heart of Shedad, and he longed for her in his soul; her form was delicate, her eye inspired love, her smile was enchanting, and her gestures graceful. As the poet has said, "In blackness there is some virtue, if you

"observe its beauty well, thy eyes do not regard the "white or red. Were it not for the black of the mole "on a fair cheek, how would lovers feel the value "of its brilliancy. Were not musk black, it would "not be precious. Were it not for the black of "night, the dawn would not rise. Were it not for "the black of the eye, where would be its beauty? "and thus it is, that the black ambergris has the "purest fragrance." He therefore took the woman, and gave them the booty, that they might renounce her. So he kept her to himself.

This woman's name was Zebeeba, and the two children were her's; the eldest was called Jereer, and the youngest Shiboob. He remained with the woman in the field, and the children tended the flocks. Shedad visited her morning and evening; and thus matters continued till she became pregnant; and when her time came, she brought forth a boy, black and swarthy like an elephant, flat nosed, blear eyed, harsh featured, shaggy haired; the corners of his lips hanging down, and the inner angles of his eyes bloated; strong boned, long footed; he was like a fragment of a cloud, his ears immensely long, and with eyes whence flashed sparks of fire. His shape, limbs, form, and make resembled Shedad; and Shedad was overjoyed at seeing him, and called him Antar, and for many days he continued to gaze on him with delight. But when Zebeeba wished to wean him, he grumbled and growled exceedingly,

and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood; and this was his condition till he was weaned. And he grew up, and his name became known; but those who had accompanied Shedad in the expedition, having heard of him, all wanted to claim him as theirs. So they all assembled and hastened to him, each imagining he belonged to him, and gave him his name; till at last they disputed about him, and almost drew their swords, and would have fought, had not respect for King Zoheir prevented them. The circumstance soon reached the King, who ordered them to his presence; and it happened on that day that he had many guests with him at dinner; and whilst they were sitting down, Shedad and his companions came and kissed the ground in the presence of the King. He asked them what had happened, and what was the cause of the quarrel. They then informed him, and related all that had passed between Shedad and the woman in their excursion; how he had taken her to himself, and had given them the plunder; how she bare him a son, whose shape and appearance resembled a negro, and how they now all claimed the child as their slave, because he was very stout and strong.

When Zoheir heard this adventure he was greatly surprised, and he said to Shedad, I wish you would produce the young slave that is the object of contention, that I may see him. Upon that, Shedad

departed and brought Antar before him; and the King beheld him, and lo! he was like a lion when he roars. As soon as he saw him he gave a loud scream, and threw a piece of meat at him; but a dog that was there got before him, and snatched up the meat like a hawk, and ran away. But Antar followed him till he came up with him; he was greatly enraged, and seized hold of him with all his strength. He wrenched open his jaws, and tore them in twain even to the shoulders, and snatched the meat out of his mouth. When the King saw this, he was astonished, and the Arab chiefs that were present were amazed; and exclaimed, what ingenuity, what power, strength, and ability! O my friends, said King Zoheir, contend no more about such a wretch as this! but if it is absolutely necessary that this business should be decided, I must refer you to the Cadi Bashar, son of Codha'ah the Fazarean, let him give sentence on this point, and settle to whom this slave belongs. Tell him the story, for he is the Cadi of the Arabs.

When they heard King Zoheir's remarks, they instantly withdrew their hands from their swords, and mounting their horses, went before the Cadi, to whom they explained what had happened. In fine, the Cadi decided that the child should be the property of Shedad; for he was their leader, and no one but him had any connexion with the woman. You agreed to the partition, said he, and he affixed

his name to him; you have therefore resigned the woman, and you took your share of the spoil and plunder; besides, the child resembles Shedad. Contend and be at variance no more, but return in peace and quietness. Thus, as soon as the Arab chiefs heard the Cadi's sentence, they yielded; and when they reached their homes, they passed their time in friendship and comfort. Soon after, Shedad made a separate house for Zebeeba and her children, and he gave her whatever she wanted, and consigned over to her charge her two children, and also gave her particular injunction about her youngest son called Antar.

Now Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother to the pastures, and he watched the cattle; and this he continued to do till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, and his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. He then began to tyrannize over boys of the same age, and beat his brothers; and when he returned from the pastures he amused himself with the servants and women, and he would eat nothing but what he liked; and whoever offended him he would thrash with a stick; till he tortured him, and all the tribe were his enemies. He used to employ himself in tending the flocks, and as he conducted them, he wandered about the deserts and plains, and loved solitude and retirement.

His days were passed in roaming about the mountains sides, sometimes riding upon the dogs, by which he acquired courage and intrepidity; and thus he went on till he attained his tenth year. One day he was wandering over the deserts with the flocks, and when the sun was burning hot, he left his people and climbed up a tree and took shelter from the heat, whilst the flocks grazed, and he watched them; when lo! a wolf started from behind the trees, and dispersed them. But Antar seeing how the animal had dispersed the herds, he descended and ran after him till he overtook him, and struck him with his staff between the eyes; he made the oil of his brains fly out from between his ears, and slew him; he then cut off his head and his legs, and returned growling like an angry lion. And so thou wouldst devour Antar's flocks? cried he, addressing himself to the dead wolf; but thou dost not know that he is a savage lion. He put the head and legs into the scrip he had with him; leaving the carcase, he returned to the flocks, and thus spoke.—

"Oh thou wolf, eager for death, I have left thee "wallowing in dust, and spoiled of life, thou wouldst "have the run of my flocks, but I have left thee "dyed with blood—thou wouldst disperse my sheep, "and thou knowest I am a lion that never fears. "This is the way I treat thee, thou dog of the desert. "Hast ever before seen battle and wars?"

About evening Antar reached his dwelling; his

mother took the basket from him, and there she saw the wolf's head and legs. She was quite confounded, but said nothing. She presented them to Shedad, who only desired her not to let him stray about. Do thou and he mind the cattle, and go not far into the wilds, lest some foe meet thee. Zebeeba promised obedience to the words of her lord, and the next day she departed with her three children to the pastures, whither they drove the herds to graze among the plains and the hills. But Antar rode about the country on the horses, and obtained strength and agility by the exercise; he drove them over the steeps, hurling his reed spear at the trunks of the trees; and his mother concealed these circumstances from his father, fearing he would beat him or kill him. It was thus he became bold and hardy; his limbs were robust, his bodily powers increased, and his mind was improved by courage and intrepidity. And when a camel would stray away, he would cry out and make it stop, and he would struggle with and subdue the mightiest of the herds; and when he seized one by the tail, he tore it off; and when they resisted him, he would strike them on the back of the head, or tear open their mouths; and thus he continued his feats till all the servants were afraid of him, and every one far and near dreaded him.

Now King Zoheir had two hundred slaves that tended his herds of he and she-camels, and all his

sons had the same. Shas was the eldest of his sons, and heir to his possessions, and Shas had a slave whose name was Daji, and he was a great bully. Shas was very fond of him on account of his vast bodily strength; and there was not a slave but feared him and trembled before him: Antar however made no account of him, and did not care for him. One day the poor men, and widows, and orphans met together and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water side. Daji came up and stopped them all, and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up to him, and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying, Be so good, master Daji, as to let my cattle drink; they are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock and cover my nakedness; have compassion on me and grant my request, and let them drink. But he paid no attention to her demand, and abused her. She was greatly distressed and shrunk back. Then came another old woman and addressed him, O master Daji, I am a poor weak old woman, as you see; time has dealt hardly with me, it has aimed its arrows at me; and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress; these sheep are all I possess; let them drink, for I live on the

milk they produce. Pity my forlorn state; I have no one to tend them; therefore grant my request, and be so kind as to let them drink.

As soon as Daji heard these words, and perceived the crowd of women and men, his pride increased, and his obstinacy was not to be moved, but he struck the woman on the stomach, and threw her down on her back, and uncovered her nakedness, whilst all the slaves laughed at her. When Antar perceived what had occurred, his pagan pride played throughout all his limbs, and he could not endure the sight. He ran up to the slave, and calling out to him, You bastard, said he, what mean you by this disgusting action? Do you dare to violate an Arab woman? May God destroy your limbs, and all that consented to this act.

When the slave heard what Antar said, he almost fainted from indignation; he met him, and struck him a blow over the face that nearly knocked out his eyes. Antar waited till he had recovered from the blow, and his senses returned; he then ran at the slave, and seizing him by one of the legs, threw him on his back. He thrust one hand under his thighs, and with the other he grasped his neck, and raising him by the force of his arm, he dashed him against the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass. When the deed was done his fury was unbounded, and he roared aloud even as a lion. And when the slaves perceived the fate of

Daji, they shrieked out to Antar, saying, You have slain the slave of Prince Shas! What man on earth can now protect you? They attacked him with staves and stones, but he resisted them all; he rushed with a loud yell upon them, and proved himself a hardy warrior, and dealt among them with his stick as a hero with his sword.

Now among the sons of Zoheir there was one whose name was Malik, and because he was of a mild and gentle disposition, he was beloved of men and women; and his father Zoheir adored him for the sweetness of his temper, and gentleness of his conduct. It so happened that on this day he went out with a numerous train to hunt, and passing that way he heard some confused cries, and perceived a great dust. On approaching the place, he observed a number of slaves surrounding one man, whom he discovered to be Antar; the blood streamed from all parts of his body from the blows they struck him with sticks and stones; yet he was determined to die sooner than give way. When the Prince saw this, his eyes filled with tears, and in pity he cried out, God prosper thee for a noble slave; how hard are thy blows, how vast thy power! and then, addressing the slaves, he said, Accursed be your fathers, and your abandoned mothers! Do you not fear the punishment and condemnation of every one far and near? Why have you collected in such numbers, and all conspired against one poor fellow,

and thus to vent your fury on one much younger than yourselves? Away, or I will destroy you all, both high and low, with this sword. He then went to Antar, to learn what was the matter, and he heard him growling like a furious lion, and repeating these verses.

"O my soul! strive not to fly, thou cans't not "escape when death seeks thee; death is predestined; "it will come in some shape or other. Endure then "with the patience of one nobly born. Fly not from "the fears of death, or thou wilt remain scorned "among the Arab chiefs."

The Prince desired Antar to explain the business, which he did, and told him all that had happened between Daji and the old woman; how he had struck her, and thrown her on her back; how he had uncovered her person, and made the people laugh at her. I then came up to prevent him; he struck me in the eye and nearly killed me; but I seized him with my hand, and dashed him against the ground. I broke his bones, and then his slaves attacked me, and wanted to seize me in revenge; but I thought proper to defend myself: had you not arrived I should have been killed.

When Prince Malik heard this, his admiration of Antar increased, and he was convinced he was a hero, and that there was not such another alive. Walk by my side, said he, I will protect you against every one that exists under the heavens, against all who eat bread and drink water. Antar bowed down

before him and kissed his feet in his stirrup, and walked on with the slaves. But when they came nigh the tents, there appeared his brother Shas; in his hand was a flaming sword, and under him a steed swifter than a cloud when it rains, and his bosom was charged with fury and indignation, and he was about to slay Antar. When his brother Malik saw him, he was aware if he did not keep him away from Antar, he would injure him. How is it I see thee so disturbed? said he. Know, said Shas, this accursed Antar has killed my servant, and I am come to cut his body in pieces with this sword. You must not touch him, said Malik; he who dares to oppose him is a dead man. I have given him my protection; I will not be separated from him; sooner will I forfeit my head.

Shas took no notice; but fixed his eyes on Antar, who was walking by the side of his brother. He no longer heeded his brother; but ran at Antar, that he might put him to death with tortures. Then too, Prince Malik was enraged; he drew his sword from the scabbard; the two brothers soon became so violent that their disputes would have ended in a battle, had not King Zoheir, who had been informed of what was passing, instantly joined them. Malik was abashed in the presence of his father, and Shas also quitted his brother. O my son, said Zoheir, give this slave to me and to your brother Malik, and I will in lieu of him give you ten of mine. Upon that, Shas retreated

in shame from the presence of his father. Why did you kill my son's servant, said Zoheir to Antar, and thus disgrace him? and Antar wept at these words: he related what had occurred, how the servant had thrown the woman on her back, and rendered her an object of derision among the servants. The King assured him he approved of his conduct, and turning towards the Chiefs about him, This valiant fellow, said he, has defended the honour of women; he will shine a noble warrior, and destroy his opponents; and then looking at Shedad, your son's conduct reflects credit on you; he added, his behaviour will remain as a memorial to all generations; he has loathed oppresion and violence, and has followed the path of propriety and virtue.

Shedad on that day, when in the presence of the King, was much alarmed about his slave Antar, because he was considered as compromising all about him. Take away your son, said Zoheir to him, I give him to you; take care of him until I demand him of you again, and be not at all annoyed. From that day both King Zoheir and his son Malik conceived a great affection for Antar, and as Antar returned home, the women and their daughters all collected round him to ask him what had happened; amongst them were his aunts, and his cousin, whose name was Ibla.

Now Ibla was younger than Antar, and a merry lass; she was lovely as the full moon, and perfectly beautiful and elegant. She frequently joked with

Antar, and was very familiar with him, as he was her servant. As soon as she came up to him on that day, O you base-born, she cried, why didst thou kill the slave of Prince Shas? who can now protect thee from him? Indeed, my mistress, he replied, I did no more than he deserved, for he had insulted a poor woman; he threw her down, and made the servants laugh at her. Thou hast acted most properly, said Ibla, smiling, and we are rejoiced that thou art safe, for thou knowest our mothers consider thee as their son, and we look on thee as a brother, on account of thy services. On this the women and girls left him.

Now it was always Antar's business to wait upon all the women of the family of Carad, after he had finished his duty towards Semeeah, his father Shedad's wife, whose attendant he was. It was a custom among the Arab women at that period, to drink camel's milk both morning and evening; it was the servant's office to milk it, and cool it in the wind. Now Antar always performed this office for Semeeah, Shedad's wife first, and then for his aunts, the wives of his uncles Zakmet-ool Jewad and Malik, and for Ibla, the daughter of the latter. He continued to execute this service for a long time; but one day he entered the house of his uncle Malik, and found his aunt combing his cousin Ibla's hair, which flowed down her back, dark as the shades of night. Antar was quite surprised, but Ibla ran

away as soon as Antar had entered and seen her, as her sable locks waved to the ground behind her. This increased Antar's astonishment; he was greatly agitated, and could pay no attention to any thing; he was anxious and thoughtful, and when by himself burst forth into the following strains,

"That fair maid lets down her ringlets, and she is "completely hid in her hair, which appears like the "dark shades of night. It is as if she were the "brilliant day, and as if the night had enveloped her "in obscurity. It is as if the full moon was shining "in its splendour, and all the stars were concealed "by its lustre. Her charms bewitch all around her, "and all are anxious to offer their services; they "live in her beauties and loveliness, and they are "imbued with sweetness from her perfections, and "receive new spirit from her graces. Revile me not "for my love of her, for I am distracted for her, "and live but as the victim of my love. I will "conceal my affection in my soul till I can see "that I am sufficiently fortunate one day to serve "her."

Antar's anguish daily became more oppressive. It now happened to be the time of the pilgrimage to the holy shrine, and the worship of their idols; and the women and children being left behind in the camp, the warriors and chiefs came out for the feast at a spot called Zatool Irsad, whence they departed for the sacred place. Accordingly they all met, and

the children sung and danced. Ibla was amongst them, richly dressed, playing and singing amongst her companions. She was decorated with necklaces and jewels, and her countenance was brilliant and blooming—more dazzling than the rays of the sun. When Antar saw her in all her beauty and loveliness, he was overwhelmed with surprise, his tears flowed, and he thus addressed her in verse:

"The lovely virgin has struck my heart with the "arrow of a glance, for which there it no cure. "Sometimes she wishes for a feast in the sand-hills, "like a fawn whose eyes are full of magic. My "disease preys on me, it is in my entrails. I con- "ceal it; but its very concealment discloses it. She "moves; I should say it was the branch of the "Tamarisk that waves its branches to the southern "breeze. She approaches; I should say it was the "frightened fawn, when a calamity alarms it in the "waste. She walks away—I should say her face "was truly the sun when its lustre dazzles the be- "holders. She gazes—I should say it was the full "moon of the night when Orion girds it with its "stars. She smiles, andthe pearls of her teeth sparkle, "in which there is the cure for the sickness of lovers. "She prostrates herself in reverence, towards her "God; and the greatest of men bow down to her "beauties." O Ibla! when I most despair, love for "thee and all its weaknesses are my only hope. "Should fortune or my father assist me, I will

"requite myself for its vicissitudes by my fearless "spirit."

When Ibla heard from Antar this description of her charms, she was in astonishment; yet she still continued to amuse herself and converse with her companions. Before the feast was over he was violently in love with her, and his affection completely overpowered him. On the next day he came as usual with the milk; but his heart and soul were so pre-occupied and troubled, that he offered it to Ibla before Semeeah, his father's wife; for his feet went where his heart was interested. Ibla took the cup from him and fascinated him by her charms. Semeeah was very angry, and determined to complain of him to his father; but Antar continued in this state for days and nights, his love and anguish ever increasing.

A short time after, a slave called Zajir, who belonged to Rebia, the son of Zeead, came to Shedad; O master, said he, your slave Antar does nothing but injure your property: he ranges about the country, and all day long he keeps the cattle away from the water and the pastures, riding and driving them about, and reducing their flesh by incessant exercise, and injuring the trees by spearing them; and when I order him not to do so, he abuses me and beats me, and were I to go near him he would kill me. This made Shedad very angry. You tell me the truth, my boy, he replied, for from the

time I have directed him to tend my herds, they do not get fat, but have ulcers in their feet; and this is a proof that he rides them and drives them about the rocky places, and thus they lose their flesh.

As soon as Semeeah heard this, she sought to punish Antar, and told Shedad what had occurred; and complained that Antar had offered the milk to Ibla before her. This added to the anger which Shedad already felt in his heart, but he waited patiently till Antar returned from the pasture; he then seized fast hold of him, tied him up, and beat him with a stick till he took the skin off. His mother saw all this, but did not dare to speak to her master, not knowing the cause of this cruel treatment, but she afterwards enquired of other women, who told her that Zajir had complained of him, and that Semeeah also had complained of his having served the milk to Ibla before her. Zebeebah treasured up all this in her mind till the morning, when she went to Antar, and told him the whole matter, how Zajir had complained of him, and that Semeeah had stated that she had been served with milk after Ibla. O my son, said she, henceforward take care not to offend her, but execute the office properly; and moreover, do not cast thine eyes on Ibla, for she will be thy ruin. No sooner had Antar heard this than he struggled with the cords that bound him, and bursting them, started forward like a lion, and in wrath exclaimed in verse:

"This day will I slay Zajir, the accursed infa-
"mous slave. I will leave him in the middle of the
"waste, a prey for the devouring beasts. When he
"is gone, my heart will be at rest, and my soul will
"be appeased. Who told him to trouble himself
"about this business, and to endanger me? If I do
"not haste to the desert to slay him, my heart will
"never be at rest, nor my eyes ever sleep."

Then went he forth in search of Zajir; he found him in the pastures. Thou base-born, he cried, thou son of an uncircumcised mother, thou instigated my master to beat me. He said no more, but seizing him by the small part of his belly, raised him up, and dashing him on the ground, smashed his bones to pieces. When he beheld him dead, he recovered himself, and began to be alarmed; so he went to the house of his friend Malik, the Prince who relieved him when he slew the slave of his brother Shas, and informed him of what had passed. The prince was astonished, but quieted his fears, promising to get him out of the scrape. He left him sitting in the tent, and went to the habitation of Rebia. On his arrival he only found the women of the family; he enquired for Rebia; they answered —He is gone by invitation to your father's. Immediately he repaired to his father's house, and the matter was just as he wished; for on his entering he observed the Chiefs of the Absian tribe, all seated, and the family of Zeead and Rebia standing

with their slaves and attendants close to King Zoheir. He entered, and made his salutation; and as no one was seated, but all standing, Rebia said to him, sit down in your place, for we are all standing up because you continue so. Do you wish I should sit down? said Malik; and do you love me? Yes, said Rebia, by the lives of all that are present. Then, replied Malik, I will not sit down till you have given me your slave Zajir. What makes you so anxious, said Rebia, to have him? Because, said Malik, I have observed him to be a good hard-working slave, and very laborious in doing his duty. Sit down then, said Rebia, I will give him to you, and if you wish, two more with him. Let all these assembled Chiefs be witnesses to what you say, said Malik. Yes, said Rebia, let the God who raised the vaulted heavens, and levelled the expanded earth, witness my grant to you, and that I will never tell you of the favour rendered. Be witness to it, O ye that are present, said Malik. Know then, O Rebia, that Antar has killed your slave, and has sought my protection; do not therefore seek his life.

When Rebia heard this, his affection was cooled, and he was very indignant; he hid his head, and felt ashamed before his assembled associates: great was his wrath; and from that moment he cherished in his heart a violent hatred against Antar. King Zoheir then asked his son what had induced Antar

to kill the slave, and what was his intention and object? Malik related all that had passed. The King smiled, and soothing the heart of Rebia, gave him two strong healthy slaves, and he was pacified.

When the slaves heard what Antar had done, there was not one but feared him; and as soon as the assembly had eaten and drank, they departed, and in the evening Malik returned home rejoicing in the good tidings that he brought. He filled the heart of Antar with gladness, and placed victuals before him; they slept the whole night together, and Antar repeated the following lines in praise of the Prince.

"O thou, on whose lofty spirit, my hope, to the "exclusion of all the universe, depends! My anxie- "ties have weighed on thee, and my troubles have "been a burthen to thy noble mind! Thou hast "granted me favours—thou art my only refuge. O "thou who hast rescued me from my death, and my "perdition, all my life will I thank thee, till my "bones disappear in the earth."

CHAPTER II.

Thus matters proceeded with Antar and Prince Malik; but the anger of Shedad was only augmented; at last he complained to his brothers Malik, and Zakmet-ool Jewad, saying, O sons of my father, and mother, my soul is greatly vexed, and my anxiety is redoubled, and I know not what to do, or what will be the consequence of the actions this black slave. I fear that tomorrow he will destroy some one of rank and power, and some disturbance arise throughout the whole tribe, and our blood will be demanded and our persons pay the forfeit. O my brother, said his brother Zakmet-ool Jewad, thou hast hit the mark, and if thou dost not take measures to put this slave to death, he will certainly endanger our lives. However wise a man may be, he is no match for him; but after what has happened, we can never let him take our camels and cattle to the pasture; we must, waylay him and kill him, and thus let us relieve ourselves from this misery. Let us wait till he goes to the meadows, and there let us destroy him in some secret spot; and when we have effected our purpose, we will return. Shedad approved his brother's advice, and resolved to

execute it. In the morning Prince Malik came to the tent of Shedad, and interceded for Antar; Shedad acquiesced, and let him tend the cattle in the meadows; and forgot him for a time.

But one morning Antar went as usual with the cattle to the pastures, and they followed his steps, seeking to kill and destroy him. On that day Antar was riding about in the wide plains and deserts, and finding himself alone, he recited some verses in praise of Ibla; he wandered far from the habitations, and thought of his misfortunes; fast flowed his tears, for the night before he had dreamt of Ibla, and that he had kissed her within her veil. He then addressed her in these verses:

"Ibla's spirit appeared to me in my sleep, and "thrice I kissed her within her veil. It bade me "adieu, but it deposited in me a flame that I feel "burning through my bones. Were I not left in soli- "tude alone, and could I not quench the fire of my "passion with tears, my heart would melt. But I "do not complain, though all my fears are on thy "account, O thou perfect full moon! O daughter "of Malik, how can I be consoled, since my love "for thee originated from the time I was weaned? "but how can I ever hope to approach thee, whilst "the lions of the forest guard thy tent! By the truth "of my love for thee, my heart can never be cured "but by patience. O thou noble maid! till I exalt "myself to the heights of glory with the thrusts of

" my spear, and the blows of my sword, I will ex-
" pose myself to every peril wherever the spears
" clash in the battle dust—then I shall be either
" tossed upon the spear heads, or be numbered
" among the noble."

He went galloping in different directions till he came to a plain called the plain of lions, and here were many ferocious animals and wild beasts. Here he let the cattle graze, and Antar only came to this valley, because he knew there was in it abundance of grass of the height of a man. Now not a servant of the whole tribe of Abs would ever enter or approach this valley, because it was very extensive, and filled with lions and tigers. As soon as Antar found himself in it, he said to himself, perhaps I shall now find a lion, and I will slay him. Thus, whilst the cattle were feeding, and he from a mound was looking round on all sides, behold, a lion appeared in the middle of the valley; he stalked about, and roared aloud: wide were his nostrils, and fire flashed from his eyes: the whole valley trembled at every gnash of his fangs—he was a calamity, and his claws more terrific than the deadliest catastrophe—thunder pealed as he roared —vast was his strength, and his force dreadful— broad were his paws, and his head immense. As soon as he appeared in the valley, the cattle scented him and fled away in terror, and the camels were dispersed to the right and the left. No sooner did Antar perceive this extraordinary movement, than

he descended into the valley that he might observe what was the matter, brandishing his sword. He there saw the lion, terrible in his strength, and lashing his sides with his tail. Antar cried out to him, and the mountains re-echoed to the cry. Welcome, thou father of lions—thou dog of the plains—thou foulest of the wild beasts of the deserts. Now then, thou wilt exert thy power and thy might, and thou wilt pride thyself in thy roar; for no doubt, thou art the monarch and ruler of the brute creation, and all obey thy commands—but, return to filth and contempt, thou meetest now no ordinary man. I deal death to the bravest, and render children orphans. Dost thou think, foul-mouthed beast, now about to die, that thou canst frighten me with thy roar or alarm me with thy bellow? I will not condescend to slay thee with an arrow or a sword, but I will make thee drink of the cup of death from my single arm; and as he rushed towards him, he addressed him in verse.

"I am the far-famed lion, the warrior whose ex-
"ploits every one fears on the day of wars. I save, I
"protect the property of my father Shedad, and I
"punish the foe with the edge of my sword. When
"my hand wields the scimitar on the day of battle,
"every heart of the horsemen throbs with fear.
"Now will I meet thee in the waste, and make thee
"drink a cup of the vicissitudes of fortune. I heed
"not death when I meet him, and I comprehend

" what every tongue can express. Now then I " will throw my sword out of my hand—away then " with thee—and I will destroy thee, thou dog of " the desert, with my hands alone."

Just at that moment Shedad and his brothers came up to kill Antar. They saw him address the lion, and heard what he repeated: he sprung forward, and fell on him like a hail storm, and hissed at him like a black serpent—he met the lion as he sprang, and outroared his bellow; then, giving a dreadful shriek, he seized hold of his mouth with his hand, and wrenched it open to his shoulders, and he shouted aloud—the valley and the country round echoed back the war: he stuck to him until he was dead, and then dragged him by the legs without the valley; and having cut down some wood, he took out his Zanad (wood to make a light with), struck a light, and made a fire. He waited until it blazed; he then ripped up the lion, took out the entrails, and cut off his four legs, and threw them into the fire; and when he perceived they were roasted, he took them out and ate thereof till he finished it; he then ran to a fountain and drank till he was satisfied; and having washed his mouth and hands, he went to a shady tree, where he put the lion's head under his own as a pillow, and wrapping up his head in a part of his sleeve, he fell asleep. His father and uncles were observing him and his actions, and as they saw all he did, they were quite

terrified and scared. Verily this slave, said Zakmet-ool Jewad, has not his equal; no one in his senses would engage him. Malik also trembled. What shall we do with this wretch? said he. Great indeed has been the deed he has done; none of us can harm him; he would soon destroy us and tear out our entrails, or do as he has done with the lion. Let us return home, said Shedad, our honour still remains safe, we must find some other means to kill him and accomplish our wishes.

Thus Shedad and his brothers returned home, all in astonishment at Antar, and the wonders he had performed. In the evening, when Antar came with the flocks and the camels, Shedad smiled upon him and gave him a cordial welcome, and made him sit down with him at dinner, whilst the other slaves stood up. And whilst they were all talking, there came a messenger from King Zoheir to Shedad. King Zoheir demands your presence, O Chief, he cried; he has sent me to require you to take with you your warlike weapons, and your brothers, for he is engaged in a business of importance, and wishes to attack the tribe of Temeem, and has resolved on invading their country and destroying their territory. Shedad on hearing this immediately complied, and having assembled his brothers and all their dependants he turned towards Antar. To-morrow, said he, the warriors and horsemen are going to march, and no troops will remain in our

habitations, therefore I consign over to you our houses and our women; but take care when you go to the pastures not to wander far in the mountains. Be perfectly easy, my master, replied Antar, about whatever you leave in my charge; should the smallest thing be missing, let me, for the remainder of my life, be kept in chains and bondage! Shedad thanked him, and promised when he returned from the expedition, to give him a fine horse to ride. In the morning the warriors mounted and prepared for the engagement, and slung on their swords and their javelins; they departed from their habitations, and among the first shone King Zoheir, like a noble lion.

The horsemen being now absent, the children, and women, and slaves, male and female, were left behind. Semeeah, the wife of Shedad, gave a magnificent entertainment at the lake of Zatool Irsad. Sheep were slaughtered, and wine flowed, and the girls carried their instruments. Antar stood amongst the attendants, and was in transports on seeing Ibla appear with the other women. She was indeed like an amorous fawn; she was decorated with variegated necklaces; and when Antar was attending her, he was overwhelmed in the ocean of his love, and became the slave of her sable tresses. They sat down to eat, and the wine cups went merrily round. It was the spring of the year, when the whole land shone in all its glory; the vines hung luxuriantly in

the arbours; the flowers shed around ambrosial fragrance; every hillock sparkled in the beauty of its colours; the birds in responsive melody sang sweetly from each bush, and harmony issued from their throats; every ear was enchanted; the ground was covered with flowers and herbs; whilst the nightingales filled the air with their softest notes. Then the damsels beat the cymbal, and recited the following verses:

"The shades have spread their canopy, and the "flowers spread their pillows; the streams roll along "their shores of flowers, some white, some red, some "yellow, some sweet-scented. See the waters gliding "through the gardens, and the trees and their "fruits resemble bracelets and chaplets: the birds "sing melodiously upon them in every variety of "note, the nightingale and the dove pour their "plaintive strain, and make every lover weep; the "gentle zephyrs whisper along, and the branches "move in softest measure. The boughs dance in "the groves, among the trees, in the graceful move-"ment; the dew drops fall, and the flowers and the "trees are studded with its pearls. The season is "delightful; let it pass in enjoyment, and misfor-"tunes begone! the opportunity is delicious, let us "grasp in haste its sweets. Be merry, and wild "with joy, and let not a day pass without amuse-"ment."

Then another set took the musical instruments,

and beating the cymbals with their hands, thus sang:

"The gardens sparkle with all they boast of "lovely damsels; every sportive virgin is possessed "of languishing glances, and enchanting move- "ments; their beauty is perfection, they are loveli- "ness itself; their elegant shapes glance like the "well-proportioned spears; their tresses float down "their backs, like branches of the grape-vine; they "are slayers and piercers with their arrows and "their darts; archers and strikers, the enchantresses "of men."

They now formed a dance and took off their robes: the damsels danced whilst the servants sang, and carried round the goblets of wine. Roses were spread over their cheeks, and their bosoms heaved. And Ibla joined her associates in the dance, and exhibited her charms, and laughed. Fire shot from their eyes, and the cups of wine were united to the honey of their mouths. The imagination of Antar was inflamed and overpowered in the sea of anxiety; he hesitated whether he should violate the modesty of love by the fingers of passion, when lo! on a sudden there appeared a cloud of dust; and a vast clamour arose, and in a moment there came forth a troop of horses and their riders, about seventy in number, armed with cuirasses and coats of mail, and Aadite helmets, crying out, O by Cahtan! and rushed towards the women. At the instant joy was

converted into grief, and smiles into tears: in a moment they seized the women and the virgins, made them prisoners, and placed them on their horses behind them.

But when Antar saw this disaster, and perceived that a horseman had carried off Ibla, and observed her weep, and her cheeks turn from red to a deadly pale, the world seemed contracted about him, and as he reflected that he had no arms with which to fight, he was greatly alarmed, but trusted to his feet. He overtook the horseman in a moment who had seized Ibla, for he happened to be in the rear; he sprung upon him like a wild beast in its utmost fury, and clung to him, and overpowering him, threw him upon his head and broke his neck. Silent was the warrior's heart, for Antar had annihilated him, and he took possession of his armour and his steed. He mounted, and pursued the horsemen, rushing down upon them like a torrent, and assailing them with the most abusive and contemptuous language. Hear, ye dastards! I am Antar the son of Shedad—abandon your prisoners and the children, or I will attack and destroy you. Return to your tribe of Cahtan in disgrace and despair, or by the father of mankind, by him who made man to speak with lips and tongue, I will make your heads trunkless. He soon came up with those in the rear, and slew twenty of them; and when the remaining horsemen perceived what had happened,

fifty more returned at a full gallop, pouncing down like eagles; they saw their companions stretched upon the sand, and immediately attacked him, but he met them, fierce as a devouring lion.

"Here am I in the boisterous battle, and my "power is well known; my sword and my deeds "testify to those that see me, that I pierce my an- "tagonist, watchful as he may be. My shield, and "then my spear, and my sword of Indian temper, "were with me in my cradle, my two bosom "friends; and the earth where I stand reddens like "crimson leather, and blood flows thereon, its colour "a deep scarlet. Give me pure wine to drink, or "let it be mixed; give it me old, that I may ima- "gine it was made before the world. She comes "and offers me to drink in mantles of Judas flower. "Give me to drink, and let me hear the song that "delights me. The sweetest of sounds to me is the "rattle of the Indian blades, and the clash of lan- "ces in the battle, on the day of spear-thrusts, when "the parties shout, and warriors are adjudged to "death: but the dearest of all my projects, the "darling object of all my desires of fortune, is, that "I may behold Ibla at my disposal in happiness "and security."

He rushed forwards to meet them, and harder than flint was his heart, and in his attack was their fate and destiny; he assailed the boldest of his opponents, and his assault was the assault of the most obstinate warrior. As soon as he distinguished the

chief of the party, he approached him, he plunged at him—he grappled with him—his shout struck him with horror. He pierced his bosom with his spear, and forced it out through his back. When his companions saw the effect produced, every heart quaked with fear, and felt convinced that death and destruction were at hand; and they said one to another, it is a mere slave that has brought this confusion upon us, a wretch, mean and worthless; what will be our condition then if the warriors come to his assistance? Let us fly, otherwise our ruin and annihilation are certain. So they joined the others, and fled away in disorder, abandoning the women, and retreating in disgrace and despair. Antar, as soon as they were dispersed, collected the scattered horses, and a vast quantity of arms, &c. He returned home, and the women and families being all safe, thus he exclaimed.

"These are my exploits when I stalk against the "foe, and they abuse me for my black complexion, "which is my glory. I drive away the troops and "the noble warriors, and my colt as he rushes on "plunges into the battle. As to those who envy "me like fools, every one knows that virtue is ever "the object of jealousy. I am the offspring of my "day, the sword is my father, in it is my glory, the "one may be denied, the other is a fact. Never "will I cease to hew down the troops in bodies, till "every opponent is annihilated."

He returned home, taking with him twenty-five

horses and all the women and children. Now the hatred of Semeeah was converted into love and tenderness, and he became dearer to her than sleep. They all came home, but Semeeah enjoined all the women not to disclose this event to any one, lest their husbands should blame them. Antar also kept it all a profound secret. In a short time King Zoheir returned from his victory over the tribe of Temeen, and brought with him an immense booty; and both those that went and those that staid were greatly rejoiced.

The next day in the morning, Shedad went out on horseback and sought his herds and flocks; he perceived amongst his horses some strange ones, and also saw Antar riding upon a black mare. Whence, cried he, came these animals? and whence got you this mare, that excites my wonder? Now the mare Antar was riding belonged to the chief of the Cahtanians, and the other horses were those the horsemen rode whom he had slain; the spoil and all he had collected were concealed at his mother's. O master, he replied, as I was tending the flocks yesterday, there came some Cahtanians, and with them an immense quantity of cattle; they were much fatigued and moreover frightened at the Arab horsemen. I followed them, and finding these horses separated from the rest, I took them and brought them back. Thou wicked slave, said Shedad, these are no horses strayed from their owners,

thou hast carried them off from beneath their riders; it is on this account thou wanderest alone in these wilds and rocks, and every Arab thou canst meet thou killest him, and thou carest not whether he is of the tribe of Cahtan or Adnan. Never wilt thou leave off this conduct till thou hast excited feuds among the Arabs, and slain heroes and horsemen!

Now in that age the Arabs were of two classes; from Yemen to India they were called the tribe of Cahtan; and in Mecca and Hijaz they were called the tribe of Adnan. Shedad laid hold of Antar, and bound him with a rope. Here, said Shedad, thou shalt remain tied up. Never again will I let thee take my cattle to the pasture; and he beat him with the whip he had in his hand; and as he continued to lash and thrash him, no good will come of thee, said he; evil and abominations are rooted in thee; thou wilt breed dissensions among the Arab tribes, and thou wilt make us a common tale among nations. His father still beat him and abused him, and he bore it all.

At last Semeeah came out, and seeing what was going on, she wept bitterly. She sprang forwards and threw herself on his breast, exclaiming, sooner shalt thou beat me than him; he does not deserve such ill treatment, O Shedad. But Shedad became very angry with her, and shoving her away, threw her down on her back. She rose up and cast herself into Antar's arms, uncovering her head, and

letting her hair flow down her shoulders. This excited Shedad's surprise. What has happened to this wretch. he exclaimed, that you feel so much affection and tenderness, after having expressed so much anger and indignation? Loose his bands, said Semeeah, and I will relate the whole story to you. Tell me, said he, and I will release him. Then she told Shedad all that Antar had done; how he alone had attacked seventy horsemen, and had driven them back in confusion and despair, and had secured in safety all their families and children. Then Semeeah repeated these verses:

"O Shedad, hadst thou seen me, my face uncovered, and my person carried off behind the warriors, and the women of Prince Cais in dismay, no resource at hand, and their veils trailing on the surface of the earth. Ibla too! they mounted her behind a warrior, whilst her tears streamed down her cheeks. The slaves whom I encouraged, fled; every one fled, all trembling in affright. Our families surrounded us weeping in anguish and in misery. Our camels were driven away, and every heart was distracted. Then Antar plunged into the midst of them; into the black rolling dust; the atmosphere was involved in darkness, and the birds sunk motionless; their horsemen fled through fear: this one was slain, that made captive; he protected us. After he had comforted us all, he pursued them, and the honour of them all was

"destroyed. O it is right I should respect him; "protect him; my honour he protected, and he "preserved the honour of us all."

Semeeah's account of Antar's actions astonished Shedad, and he rejoiced and was glad. It is surprising, said he to himself, he kept all this secret, and his submission to be bound by me! 'tis most wonderful! Antar stood unconcerned, and listened to Semeeah's acknowledgments; he bore no resentment, and praised her in these verses:

"Oh! is it from Semeeah that these tears flow in "anguish, and from a heart in flames? Shall her "form shadow me? can blows harm me, and shall "tears burst in torrents from her eyelids? When "her tresses hang dishevelled; she is like the rising "full moon, veiled in the darkness of night. The "property is thy property, the slave thy slave: "and life, and every sense shall be exerted to save "thee. Oh! when the troopers start forth, harsh-"countenanced, and the black dust rolls over them; "then make use of me. If I do not disperse them "in the clash of contending spears, may I never be "permitted to drink! may the rain-drop never "moisten me! The sword is in my hand, whose "blows fetch blood; but the swords of others have "no power in their edge. Men are of two kinds; "one whose heart is of brittle glass—the other whose "heart is of rock."

When Antar had finished his verses, Shedad came

up to him, and released him, and begged his pardon, for he was convinced that such wit expressed in verse and prose, could not proceed but from an exalted warrior. At that moment came a servant from King Zoheir, who saluted Shedad. The King, O Chief, said he, sends his salutation in to you, and requests you will attend a feast he has prepared. Shedad took Antar with him and went to the feast, and the slave followed him till he reached Zoheir's tents, which he found resounding with cymbals, and other musical instruments, and the victims were slaughtered: and there were assembled the race of Abs and Adnan, and all the valiant heroes attached to them. Shedad seated himself amidst the noblest chieftains, but Antar sat down among the slaves; and when they had eaten meat, and drank wine, they conversed, and related all the circumstances of the late affair. Antar heard all they said, and Shedad praised his son Antar, informing the king of all he had done, and all he had composed in prose and verse, and related the whole story. All this, cried the King, greatly rejoiced at the courage and eloquence of Antar, I anticipated at the time he slew the slave of my son Shas; I knew he would be the refuge of every petitioner. Who can execute such deeds or perform such acts! doubtless he will rise superior to all his contemporaries. And he called out to him, and ordered him into his presence. Antar kissed his hands, and presented him the cup,

and his heart was overpowered with joy and delight. O Antar, exclaimed his friend Malik, the King's son—at your command, said Antar, thou moon of this assembly. I wish, said Malik, thou wouldst recite to us some of thy verses. Willingly, my lord, said Antar; and he thus continued:

"Glory is bound to the back of the steeds; victory "on the day of horrors, lives in the sword; never "rises the battle dust on the day of fight, but my "pliant spear assists me. How many sand-clouds "have I penetrated, fearless of calamities, when the "faces of black and white swoon in terror! How "many horsemen fly from the encounter of arms "when the war-dust rises; they fly and are repul- "sed: then rush I into the clanging war: my heart "and my chest are hewn out of the solid rock. O "thou lion-king, have thine eyes beheld the exploits "of the horsemen of the desert, when the foe "attacked us to spoil us of our cattle? then I cut "down their chief on the desert: I raised him "up on my nobly-serving sword: he was dashed "from his saddle, and his cheeks crushed on the "earth. I am thine, O thou King of all the earth, and "thy fame shall be spread over every land. Ye "are the Princes of Jezeemah, and whoever presumes "to resist ye, shall quickly be destroyed and be "dismissed from this world. Come on then—it is "the lion who never drew his sword, but that every "hero dreaded its encounter. The lions fear, and

"in their dens tremble at him; man also dreads "him, and the dæmons of the waste. He shrinks "not from the warriors, numerous as they are. I "plunge into the war-dust, and the warriors charge "against the combatants with swords that pierce "through the throats. I swerve not from my pur- "pose when I am resolved on it, till I accomplish "every wish of my heart. I am indeed your slave, "named Antar; to him the horrors of battle are "welcome; he never faulters. Mayest thou, O "King, live for ever! His like is not among the "kings of the earth or the desert May God ever "preserve for me my father Shedad, for he is a sup- "port for me—nothing existing could recompense "me for his loss, for he is my lord and chief. His "glory is from the race of Abs, the seat of all "honour and liberality."

When Antar had finished his verses, King Zoheir and all present expressed the greatest pleasure. The King called him to him, and giving him a robe, thanked him. In the evening he returned with his father Shedad, and his heart bounded with exultation at the honours with which he had been favoured. And his passion for Ibla increased.

One day Antar rode out on one of the horses, in company with his brothers; they drove the herds till they came to the pastures, and there Antar remained to protect and tend them. Now Shiboob was an active sagacious fellow, and had a persuasive tongue, but

he was the devil in the form of a man. In running he would outstrip a deer, and when he ran after a horse, he soon left it behind among the rocks.

Antar had great confidence in him at all times, and feared him more than any human being. Now it happened that the sons of Zoheir were assembled together at the invitation of their uncle Asyed the son of Zezimah, for in those days, people that loved each other frequently met, and shunned those they disliked. The Princes were riding out, and made choice of an eminence, where they halted and pitched their tents, and conversed till dinner was ready. They ate, drank, and laughed and sung, and joked away the time, whilst some of the damsels sang the following strain:

"Mix thy water in the cup of thy wine, and give "me to drink, for truly I have mixed my tears "with my blood. Let me drink of wine in the "flower gardens to drive away sorrow, and quicken "my joys. Every charm is combined in her form "that lives like the soul that flows through my limbs; "and whilst she bears the cup in her hand, she ap- "pears kindling the flame of my love. In the "noon-tide sun she dances, and her face is spotted "like the full moon of night with the star of the "Gemini."

They were seated and drinking: they were all much amused and pleased, and the old wine had its sway. Just then, Malik turned round his head and

saw Antar and his brothers feeding the flocks and camels on a rising ground. Behold my friend Antar, honoured amongst the inhabitants of deserts and cities, said he to his brother, and he called to one of his slaves. Go to Antar, said he, and invite him to our party, that we may hear his discourse, and our enjoyment be complete. "How can you look upon this savage? exclaimed Shas, and think of such an ungracious wretch, and thus raise him amongst the chieftains of the tribe? On account of his verses, his consequence and power are extolled, and you bestow on him the highest dignity. But indeed, I feel inclined to rush at him, and tear his life out of his body, were I not afraid of the reproaches and reprimands of my tribe; and moreover, I should be sorry to interrupt the amusement of my brothers and companions. Indeed, my brother, your repeated admiration of him augments my aversion to him."

Thus were they talking together, when on a sudden, a dust like a cloud arose among them, and there appeared three hundred valiant horsemen, like lions of the forest; and under them were steeds swifter than death. They were of the tribe of Cahtan, on a marauding party, to plunder the tribe of Adnan. And when they found these persons seated and drinking among the hills, they said one to another, Let us attack this party, that we may capture them in an instant, and convey them away

to our country, for it is a wealthy tribe. Then bending their heads over their saddle-bows, they galloped among them, shouting and hallooing—O by Cahtan!

When the sons of Zoheir saw this, they were surprised; they hastened to mount their horses and to gird on their swords. The foe poured down from the summit of the hill; they all at once shouted aloud—they rushed forward, and plunged through the dust, assailing the horsemen of Yemen, like the ocean when it bursts and retreats. And when Antar heard their yells and screams, he feared lest the enemy would destroy them with their spears; and greatly was he alarmed for Malik and his brothers. He called out towards his own brothers, and went towards the party, among whom was a horseman whose name was Zatik, son of Maboob. Antar pounced down upon him, and piercing him, left him weltering in his gore. He then assailed his companions, and gave a shout like thunder when it roars. And there was not one that could see or hear; fear and trembling seized them; they beheld only Antar the lion! They fled, and the whole troop was dispersed and routed, till they all disappeared over the extended plains.

Antar returned to the princes, and shouted out to the horsemen that still remained assailing them; and as soon as they looked on Antar, an universal error shook their frames, and their colour instantly

changed; for they had seen him scatter heroes like seeds of rue, and trample carcases under his feet, leaving numbers dashed to the earth; and none could oppose but those accustomed to plunge into the battle dust. And as he engaged them he roared out these verses.

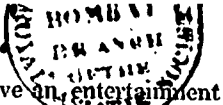
"The heights of glory are not attained but at "the point of the spear, and patience in the day of "battle through the heaviest difficulties, and the "challenge of every lion-hero, and long-bearded "warrior. Ask my horse of me, when flashes of "fire fly from his hoofs. I have a spear-thrust "that deals the most excruciating pain, and raises "me above all competitors; and my Indian blade "cuts through the nocturnal calamities whenever I "draw it. I am the son of the black faced Zebee-"bah that tends the camels. I am a slave, but my "fury o'erwhelms the lordly chiefs in the battle. "As to death, should I meet him, I will not shrink "from him when he appears to me—it is a draught "I must inevitably take when the day of my disso-"lution arrives."

Then, diving through the dust, he overthrew the horsemen singly, and in pairs, and infused the most violent commotions into the hearts of the combatants. Thus, having driven away by his assaults the fury of war, from the sons of Zoheir, they felt relieved from their distresses. In the mean time a slave had informed the King, who instantly mounted and

departed with his horsemen and troops; but the news did not reach him till Antar had completed the business, and had put his enemies to flight to the right and left; and many were the brave that remained on the field. The princes returned to their tents, Antar preceding them like a lion, repeating these verses:

"I will not cease to exalt myself by my deeds,
"till I reach Orion in my ambitious projects. Here
"I care not for those who abuse me, fearful of death
"and separation from life. But I will reduce my
"foes and my railers by force, and I will be patient
"under sufferings and in praise. I will strive to
"attain what I desire, till death snatch me away.
"I will arm my mind against worldly lusts, that I
"may be considered noble-minded and faithful.
"Whoever would check me, let him look to himself,
"where'er he may be concealed. My complexion
"is no injury to me, nor the name of Zebeebah,
"when I exercise my courage amongst the foe. I
"will work wonders and marvels; and I will pro-
"tect myself from the tongues of the wicked."

When Zoheir heard Antar's verses, he thanked him for his noble conduct, and joyed in the safety of his sons and his people, expressing the warmest attachment and affection for Antar. He then demanded of the prisoners, of what country they were; they replied that they belonged to the furthest lands of Yemen.



King Zoheir soon after gave an entertainment in his tents, rejoicing in the escape of his sons. He sent for Antar and set him down by his side, and gave him to drink of his most delicious wines, and placed him high amongst all his comrades, investing him with a superb robe, worked in gold, and girding him on a trusty sword, and mounting him on one of his finest Arab horses. He took pleasure in seeing him, and called him the Champion of the Absians. From this day forward, said he to Shedad, I will not permit him to attend your flocks; now that he has thus distinguished himself by such glorious deeds; let him now run the career of victory with the warriors of his country. He was thus separated from the servants, and attacked the tribes and made predatory excursions against them. And his brother Shibôob pointed out to him the hordes, and places of resort, and the fountains; and he never went on any expedition but he succeeded, and returned full of joy and content; so that his father Shedad became enriched, and all the noblest chieftains delighted in him.

He had now many friends, and many jealous enemies; amongst the latter were prince Shas, and Rebia. And when they saw what great things Antar had done, their indignation against him increased, and they resolved on his destruction. In every society, the people, assembled round their wine, repeated Antar's verses, mentioned his actions,

and talked of his love for Ibla, and his discourses. This continued some time, till at length it reached the ears of Ibla's father and mother, and when they heard Antar's amorous poetry repeated, they ridiculed it, and would not receive him on friendly terms; but shewed their aversion to him, in every way, and made him perform every menial office; for Antar, in their eyes, was only considered as a slave. But when the talk about Ibla gained ground, her mother ordered Ibla into the presence of her father, and sent also for Antar. So, you love my daughter Ibla, said she, and make verses upon her, and cannot conceal your feelings. Ibla was standing by her mother, and when she heard her speak to Antar, she smiled. This increased Antar's confusion, and he was much disordered, as it called forth all his love.

O mistress, said he, did you ever see any one who hated his mistress, particularly when his life and death were in her hands! verily, I do love her, and my only wish in this world is to be near her: her form is ever before me, her name is ever in my heart and soul: and I exalt in my verses, all that God has granted her of beauty and loveliness.

When Ibla heard Antar speak in her praise, her surprise increased, and Antar made great progress in her heart. If, said her mother to Antar, you are in earnest in what you say, let us hear some of your verses in praise of her

charms. Upon this, Antar hung down his head, and thus spoke:

"I love thee with the love of a noble born hero; "and I am content with thy imaginary phantom. "Thou art my sovereign in my very blood; and my "mistress; and in thee is all my confidence. O Ibla, "my description cannot pourtray thee, for thou "comprehendest every perfection. Were I to say "thy face is like the full moon of heaven, where "in that full moon, is the eye of the antelope? Were "I to say thy shape is like the branch of the Erak "tree; O thou shamest it in the grace of thy form. "In thy forehead is my guide to truth; and in the "night of thy tresses I wander astray. Thy teeth "resemble stringed jewels; but how can I liken "them to lifeless pearls? Thy bosom is created as "an enchantment. O may God protect it ever in "that perfection! To be connected with thee, is to "be connected with every joy, but separated from "all my world is the bond of thy connexion. Under "thy veil is the rosebud of my life, and thine eyes "are guarded with a multitude of arrows; round "thy tent is a lion warrior, the sword's edge, and "the spear's point. O thy face is like the full moon "of heaven, allied to light, but far from my hopes."

When Antar ceased, Ibla and her mother were astonished, and their dislike towards him diminished; and Ibla regarded him with affection. And Ibla's mother said to Antar—I had no idea that you could

talk after this style, and speak with so much elegance and propriety: by the faith of a noble Arab, you are endowed with high and noble qualities. I intend to night to speak to my husband, that he may marry you to Khemisa, Ibla's servant; who is the prettiest of all the girls of the place. Never, said Antar, will I be united to a woman who is a slave, and not free born; and never but with her my soul adores. May God, said Ibla, accomplish thy wishes; and may he grant thee the woman thou lovest, and may thou live in peace and happiness! Amen, Amen, Amen, replied Antar.

These verses were soon published amongst the whole tribe, and men and women sang and repeated them. It happened about this time that Rebia gave an entertainment, to which he invited Shas, and Malik, Ibla's father and his son Amroo to come and eat, and drink wine, and when they became merry, the girls began to sing these verses. Do you not see how that slave is talked of? exclaimed Shas, how his name is renowned, and his character and fame are celebrated?

Thus they went on talking till Amroo became exceedingly angry. Death, O Chief, said he to Rebia, would be more tolerable to us than such proceedings. I have frequently spoken to my father to cast off this slave; but he says, the fellow is a slave, and the son of a slave, he is of no consequence; and were we to drive him out of our tents, King

Zoheir would take him, and encourage him against us, and then his avidity would only increase, and we should injure ourselves; for how can we presume to oppose King Zoheir? And then again, he enrages us by his verses. I have longed to kill him from the moment I heard that he mentioned my sister in his rhymes, let happen what may.

We have not invited you, said Rebia, to do any thing of this kind; who is this slave, that you should stain your sword with his blood? Let us consult on other means of killing him. I will tomorrow conceal twenty of the stoutest of my slaves, and will order them to kill him in the rocky precipices. My slave Bazam is the brother of Zajir, and he has long wished to kill him; but I would not let him do it, for fear of the reproaches of King Zoheir; but now that his son Shas is with us, and takes a part in the affair, we shall be secure from blame. Then said Shas, I will assist you in word or deed, were even my father and brother and cousins to oppose me; and I will persevere in this enterprize, even if I were obliged to take a personal part in it; and I too will engage twenty of my slaves in it, to kill him by the cruellest death, and make an example of him. They did not break up the entertainment till Shas, Rebia, and Amroo had all three bound themselves by oath; and they arranged the forty slaves, all strong as lions, twenty from Shas, and twenty from Rebia.

Now Shedad had a daughter, and her name was Merweh, but not by Semeah; and she was married to a man called Jahjah, one of the tribe of Ghiftan, and he was a celebrated warrior. It happened that Jahjah had married his sister to one Magid, son of Leith, also one of the Ghiftan tribe; and when the bridal festival was preparing amongst the Ghiftanians, Merweh came to the tribe of Abs and Adnan, with a party of women, to invite the females belonging to her father, and her uncles Malik and Zakmet-ool Jewad, and their relations amongst the tribe of Carad, to the feast. They accordingly obtained their husbands' permission to make the visit, and their husbands went with them. In front of the howdahs they sounded the cymbals, and the servants brandished their swords; and Antar was among them, in attendance on Ibla and Semeah, and the wives of his uncles. And when he assisted her to alight and mount the howdah, he used to gratify himself in talking to her, and was mad in gazing on her charms; and he was in hopes the journey would be long. Ibla's mother laughed at him, when she saw him assiduously attending on her daughter. Verily, said she, you love my daughter so much as to compose verses on her, and in description of her beauties. Yes, said Antar, by the God that has decorated the heavens, and raised them on high, and has adorned them with stars, were I able, I would make my eye her resting-place. They journeyed

on, and Antar walked before the howdah of Ibla, repeating these verses.

"March the way of security. O thou, all my "hope, proceed, for he who encompasses thee is an "intrepid warrior, that smites with his sword when "the battle clashes. O Ibla, one look from the veil "of thy eyelids is sufficient. Should I never at- "tain my object in this world, the extended "plains and mountains must press upon me."

Thus they proceeded on their journey; singing and playing, till the day was spent and darkness came on, when they dismounted in a spacious plain near a pool of water. They ate and drank, and remained in that spot till it was day; and just as Antar was ordering the slaves to raise the howdahs on the camels backs, lo! a great dust arose, spreading rapidly over the valleys and the mountains. In an instant there came forth a hundred slaves on horseback, and Arabs; at their head was a horseman like an eagle, crying out,

"This day will I be revenged; verily I am the "conqueror, and I will settle the business with my "sword and my spear, on a slave of a tribe whom "the Absians regard not, but who listens not to "one that chides him. How many men have I "trampled down in the dust. I am a valiant one, "like whom there is no hero."

As was before stated, Shas and Rebia had sworn to destroy Antar, and having placed their spies and

scouts for that purpose, they stationed the forty slaves, putting Basam at their head, just at the time that Merweh, the daughter of Shedad, happened to come by, and was returning home. The slave, with his comrades of the tribe of Ham, followed the party until they came to the valley of Ghifal, where they resolved to lie in ambush for Antar: when lo! the sound of horses' hoofs alarmed them, and heroes rushed upon them, crying out—"Stop where ye are, or your sculls shall fly. Tell us who ye are, and of what tribe of Arabs, before we pour down destruction upon ye." On hearing this, Basam prepared his people for the attack; O Arabs, he replied, we are of the tribe of Abs, inhabitants of this country; but who are you, and why are ye halting in this place? Slaves of a coward race, cried the chief, we are in search of you, for amongst you is that accursed slave Antar, the son of Shedad.

Now these were Arabs and horsemen of the tribe of Moostalik, and their chief was called Vethab; he happened to be out of the way when Antar slew his brother, some time before; but when he returned, they informed him of it. He went forth to be revenged, exclaiming, Verily, a slave of the tribe of Abs has slain my brother, but I will destroy none but their King, and not return but with Antar's head. He thus met Basam, and all this occurred. And after some explanation; know, O noble Sir, said Basam, our masters have sent us in search of you, that we may together hasten to kill

this slave, and waylay him: here he has halted this night. If ye wish, we will slay him, said Vethab, and we will give you his head; but if you please, do you kill him, and give us his head. But swear you will not betray us.

Upon that, they promised and swore, and took engagements from one another. But Basam turned towards his comrades. Let us hide ourselves here, said he; but if ye perceive that they commit any injury to the property and families, we must then assail them too, till some people come to our aid, and thus we obtain our end in the death of Antar. However, we must in the attack remain in the rear, so that the women may not distinguish us, and know that we are amongst the enemy. Do what you please, said the slaves, and when the shades of night were dissolving, the party under Vethab poured down upon Antar like a cloud of waves, shouting out, To arms! to arms!

Then began the women to scream and weep. Antar cast his eyes towards Ibla, and she was bathed in tears: he looked at her mother, and her grief was great. Antar smiled, and presented himself before Ibla's mother. O mistress, said he, what think you of these our enemies? verily they are eager for their prey. O Antar, said she, my force and spirits are exhausted; in a moment we shall be the prisoners of our enemies, and they will scatter us over this desert. O my mistress, said Antar, give Ibla to me in marriage, and I will disperse

your enemies at a single onset. I will reduce them to annihilation; and I will give you their horses and their armour as a dower. This is no time for merriment, said she. No, cried Antar, By the God of day, and the animator of souls: he that is God the merciful, and the Lord of victory, if you promise to marry her to me, I will make over to you these horses, and slay their masters. Defend her, said she, and she is yours. At the instant, he turned round to Shiboob—Protect my rear, he cried, this day. Be of good cheer, thou black-born, exclaimed Shiboob, for I will bear two-thirds of thy troubles. Antar rushed forward and assaulted them; roaring and shouting aloud, and again he attacked them, and roared out. He encountered the first ranks, and met them will all-potent thrusts; he struck them in their chests, and in their eyes. He slew the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth; and behold, a horseman came down upon Antar from behind. As he was blustering over the plain, and just as he was about to transfix Antar with his spear, lo! an arrow pierced his heart, and threw him from his horse. The terrible Shiboob dealt the deadly blow. When the party saw the state of the battle, they retreated from before him; but he marking how the enemy were dispersed, came up to the women, and said to Ibla, Check thy tears, thou light of my eyes, the man lives not that has harmed thee! and thus he spoke in verse:

"Check thy tears, for if thy heart is distressed,

"the noble lion of the den will protect thee. O "Ibla, fear not, indulge no alarms, for my whole "frame is labouring under the burden of its love; "and I am a lion to whom the warriors in the day "of contention bow in submission, and whom the "cowards dread. O Ibla, if persecution and absence "must kill me, O that the bonds of meeting were "loosened for ever. Verily, I will defend thee this "day, O thou my only hope, for I have a sword "whose blade cleaves the sculls. O Ibla, arise— "behold my actions, and my deeds under the battle "dust, when every man is cut to pieces. Behold "my exploits when they attack and come on, and "the supports of their tribe are destroyed. The "foe wishes to take thee captive, O thou my only "hope. O Ibla, palsied is the hand that would take "thee prisoner. I will steep my sword in their "blood, and I will glut the birds, and the wolves, "and the Ghuols, with their carcases. Here let all "the world know that every foe of mine shall be "overthrown under the dust of the battle."

When Ibla heard Antar address her, she smiled with teeth more brilliant, and whiter than pearls, for she felt assured of his victory and conquest. Again he returned towards the foe, like a lion, and attacked them on the field of battle, scattering them to the right and to the left Shiboob assisted him in the rear with his arrows, and the dust rose and filled the plain on all sides. The women were

praying for Antar, and invoking the God of heaven. He was eagerly assailing the foe, like a lion, and slew thirty of their horsemen. His horse being completely exhausted, he dismounted and vaulted on another charger; and whilst all this was passing the slaves of the tribe of Abs looked on and gazed in wild dismay and astonishment; but the chief Vethab, when he perceived his companions and those that were overthrown, cried out to the survivors, I alone am his match; and he rode away to the field of battle, clothed in brilliant armour, a splendid sword on his loins, and a spear in his hand, and he thus exclaimed:

"The viscissitudes of fortune, from the height of "their mutibility are launched against me, and every "companion has abandoned me. The death of my "tribe is at hand, from the arm of a slave who dis-"regards his fate. It is no wonder when fortune "raises up a poor wretch, that she should leave him "in his infirmities a prey to the lions. O thou "vile slave, that hast outstepped thy sphere, a "warrior, one whom no words can describe, is come "against thee. Away then with thy blind follies, "thou son of Zebeebah; for how many heroes have "I destroyed at the moment of their attack."

He had scarcely finished his verses when Antar answered him:

"Thou wouldst abuse me, vile wretch, for that "I am the colour of that night, whose dangers I

"dare. If I am a slave, I have slain thy chiefs,
"and I have overwhelmed them with the vicissi-
"tudes of fortune. I am the assaulting lion: in
"the field of battle I rush impetuously when the
"coward turns away in flight. The firm-rooted
"mountains are up-rooted at my vehemence, and
"let every one who dares to resist me, be certain
"of death. How many heroes are punished as soon
"as the lustre of my horse's front shines in the plain
"of war! their hands instantly relinquish their
"arms, and they tumble on the surface of the earth,
"struggling with their limbs. How many warriors
"have I left stretched dead, gored with the spear
"thrusts! If thou art desirous to fight me, come on
"boldly to the hero who will make thee taste the
"food of death even from the tip of his fingers."

He instantly assailed him, and struck him on the breast, and driving out his spear between his shoulders, he rushed among his comrades like unto a valiant lion, and gored their sides and their bosoms: and when they perceived that his assault was like a vivid flame of fire, they fled over the plains and the rocks. In the mean time, the slaves of Shas and Rebia seeing what Antar had done to the tribe of Moostalik, and how he was coming down upon them with a loud shout, and also Shiboob, quick as the flash of lightning, in his rear; they turned their backs and fled. Antar returned, the blood streaming from his spear. The women joined him, thanking

and praising him: and Ibla also came up to him and smiled upon him. God protect thee, said she, thou black in face, but fair in deeds—thou ornament of men. He expressed his gratitude, and having replaced her on the howdah, and ordered the slaves to collect the scattered horses and dispersed cattle, and the spoils of the slain, he travelled on with the women till they reached the tribe of Ghiftan, and informed Shedad of all that had occurred with the enemy. Shedad gave him thanks, and kissed him between the eyes; he took him by the hand, and his anger was soothed. And when they were at the feast, Shedad wished to place him among the chiefs; but Antar would not consent; and he went away and joined the slaves; and all the chiefs were astonished at his modesty. They stood in awe of him, and raised his dignity; however, all the elders and the youth came up to him, and made him sit down with them to drink wine, and treated him with all manner of kindness, and in return, he recited various pieces of poetry, and they were greatly delighted; and for seven days they continued this civility and honour, and not a day passed but the families made their acknowledgements to Antar.

And the feast being concluded, the tribe of Abs sought their homes and their own habitations, and travelled till they reached the land of Sheerebah and Mount Saadi. When lo! loud cries and increasing shouts, and shrill screams and clouds of dust, from

all directions assailed them. What misfortune, cried Shedad, what diasters have befallen us? They hastened away on their Arab steeds, and found their wives prisoners, and their daughters dishonoured. Loud and confused were their shrieks, and through the dust glared the dazzling brightness of swords: and the uproar of men was like the crash of thunder: and there was no one in the tents but a few men and the sons of King Zoheir, all covered with wounds; and though they were still defending the property, they felt certain of drinking the cup of death.

Now the cause of this terrible event was, that King Zoheir had gone forth, accompanied by his warriors, against the land of Cahtan; for he was informed that Mooteghetris was coming down upon him with all his tribe; and it was Zoheir's intention to meet him at some distance, out of his own territories, and thus to prevent him from invading his country, and laying waste his lands. So he left his brother Zembaa with a small body of men and departed; but chancing to miss the enemy on the road, Mooteghetris reached the country of Zoheir in safety, where he found the tents unprotected by warriors. He rushed against them, and the noble Absians rose to arms; and violent was the contention between them, and many brave men were left dead upon the plain, and the brightness of the day became black. Numbers thickened upon the

Absians;. loud and piercing were the shrieks of the women, and slavery seemed their undoubted fate. Temadhur was taken prisoner, and also Modehilah and Mekdada and Jemana, and they were overwhelmed in misery and disgrace. At that hour arrived Antar and Shedlad, and the horsemen of Carad, and they amounted in all to forty warriors.

Cousins, cried Shedad, come on to these dastards! then those brave fellows rushed forward, leaving the slaves with the women and children. O son of Zebeebah, cried Shedad to Antar, I wish to day to see thee fight, that I may express my gratitude for thy noble deeds. O master, soon shalt thou observe what I do: he replied, Doubtless the chief of the tribe is here. Thou art right, said Shedad. They sought the enemy, and the whole plain trembled at their shouts: they shook their lances, and the women and servants shouted aloud, when they knew they were Absians coming to protect them. They attacked the right, and drove their left, and Antar assaulted the centre, plunging through confusion and horrors; and thus he exclaimed:

"This day will I raise a battle, that shall humble the warriors of ages long past. I will make "the blood to stream from their joints, when the "sculls of the warriors leap from the blow of my "sword. How many chiefs, when they see me eager "in the fight, throw away their arms, and save "themselves by flight! I am the bold one. As to

"the fire of war, I kindle it, and hurl the tribes into "punishments and death. Death, in the direful "combat, fears me, when the battle-dust rises; and "the sand-cloud is like a blazing fire. My joy is in "the encounter of heroes, when spears and swords "clash in my grasp. How many battle-dusts have I "dived into, fearless of calamities! The joy of con-"tests is my object; it is all my desire. Verily, deeds "will I perform unrivalled; deeds that shall be re-"corded on leaves and books. I will raise the "tumultuous din, and seas of blood: 'tis in their "crimson billows that my gladness abounds. I "will make the atmosphere like the sable night, "when the dust clouds roll over the regions like a "veil. No companion have I in battle but my horse "and my sword; and they complain of my fury; "they exalt me; they subject death to me; and I "am exalted above all mankind in my father. My "ambition soars above Pisces; and my determination "raises me above the Arab and the Persian."

When Antar had ended, he shouted aloud to the combatants, and rushed madly into the midst of the enemy, and overthrew them; he drove them before him over the plain: and the same did Shedad and his brothers on the left, and made them retreat in a shameful manner. After the flight, the Absians returned, and among the first was Zeiibaa, the son of Jazeemah; they raised their terrible shout, and they gladdened in the destruction of souls; they

pointed their lances, they cried out to their noble steeds—spears clashed against spears. Antar alone broke through the right, whilst Shedad and the Absians destroyed the left; then the horsemen again retired in disgrace, and the plain seemed too confined for them. Mooteghetris beheld his horsemen in confusion and discomfited, and the left wing intermixed with the right; that they were driven by Antar like a herd of grazing camels, and that he was roaring in their rear like the crash of thunder. Alarmed at this state of affairs, he poured down from an eminence with the people that remained with him, assaulting Antar with his warriors; and they all bore patiently this dreadful encounter.

Now Basam, the servant of Rèbia, who had followed Antar that he might destroy him, on his way to the tribe of Ghiftan, perceiving how he had slain the tribe of Moostalik, and also their chief, returned with his companions upon the day of this battle; and as he marked Antar's prowess on that occasion, he envied him in his heart, and, secretly designing to murder him, he assailed him, together with the party of Mooteghetris.

Antar encountered the enemy, and flinched not; and his assault was the assault of a ferocious lion. The storm of dust thickened, so that a father could not distinguish his son. Just then, Basam aimed his spear, and violently attacked Antar; for his accursed spirit was aware how much credit he should

gain by slaying him. He approached him, and was eagerly watching his opportunity, when lo! an arrow shot through the back of Basam, and passed out by his chest; and he who slew Basam, and made him drink the cup of death, was the dreadful Shiboob. Now Antar had recommended Shiboob to protect Ibla: nor did he ever quit her till he perceived Basam issuing from the tents, followed by some Absians, whilst his brother was labouring to attain the standards. Shiboob was alarmed, and quitted Ibla, and ran after him. But Antar knew nothing of all this, and when he saw Basam, he was just about to do the deed, at the moment the arrow struck him dead.

Now Antar was occupied in destroying the enemy, and he stopped not till he came up to Mooteghetris in the fury of the fight; and he saw him driving back the troops, and beckoning with his lance to those who were flying from Antar like a flock of sheep. His soul would not submit to flight; but he shouted, and rushed forward like the sea when it roars. And Antar received him as the parched up ground receives the first of the rain: he challenged him in a tremendous voice, and addressed him in the harshest terms; he pressed upon Mooteghetris, and closed upon him, and blocking up all means of escape, he thrust his spear through his bowels, and tore out his entrails; and when the horsemen saw that he was dead, they were disordered and took to

flight; and the spears of the Absians played upon the fugitives till the evening, when they returned and collected the spoil of the cattle. Every where the victory was celebrated with triumph, and all united in praising Antar, and describing his heroic deeds; how he had slain Mooteghetris, and had annihilated his troops.

CHAPTER III.

Now Shedad exceedingly gloried in Antar; aware that he had acquired new lustre by his actions, and not a person remained to complain of him or abuse him. He ran up to Antar and kissed him between the eyes. But Antar kissed his feet, and he appeared like the flower of the Judas tree,* so completely was he smeared with the blood of the combatants. Shedad's affection for him increased, and he said to his brother Zakmet-ool Jewad, By the faith of an Arab, our education has not been lost upon Antar. How should he not be noble, he replied, you being the cause of his existence? and the Arab Cadi decreed him to you, and told you he was of your loins; do not reject him, for he truly belongs to you.

Antar, as well as Shedad, heard these words, and he kept them secret in his heart; and he said not a word to any one; but in a short time, when they all repaired to their own tents, and separated each to his own family, and each collected his own party, Antar also retired to the house of his mother, and Shiboob was driving before him what came to his share of the plunder. And when the time of rest

* *Cercis Siliquastrum*, the flowers of which are of a very bright purple colour, coming out from the branches and stem on every side, in large clusters, and on short peduncles.

drew near, he became sad and sorrowful, and the house being entirely empty of people and neighbours, O my mother, said he, I have heard words to-day, the meaning of which I cannot comprehend; I wish you would explain them to me, and tell me who is my father, that I may know who brought me up. I will inform you of all that, said she; so she then told him how Shedad had met her in the desert, and how all the ten had sought for her, and how he had repulsed them, and made them agree to give her to him, as his share: how they afterwards quarrelled about him, and went before the Arab Cadi, who had decided that he belonged to Shedad. Well then, said he to her, O mother, if the Arab Cadi decided that I was his son, and the ten have also agreed that I was sprung from his loins; why does he not call me his son, as every one else does? This would cost him dear, said she, and he cannot resolve on that, because he says you are a base-born; and he is afraid of the disgrace he should incur by giving you the rank and honours of a son; and the Arabs would not consent to it."

"I would not permit that to be the case, he replied, for whoever would bring shame upon him, I would soon reduce to annihilation. But if Shedad still denies me my right and rank, I will use my sword and spear upon him; and should I perceive that the tribe dare despise me, I will level my scimitar at the whole of them, and I will go to another tribe,

who may better understand my value; for how often have I rescued them from their dangers; and liberated them from perils! I will begin by striking off the head of Shedad, if he does not acknowledge my rank and condition; and so will I, treat also my uncle, if he does not give me Ibla in marriage; him too will I make to drink the wine of disgrace." For heaven's sake, said his mother, do nothing of the kind, for they will only hate you the more, and you will gain nothing: but the men and women love you, I perceive, on account of your noble deeds, therefore proceed to no extremities, otherwise you will increase their hatred and enmity against you. But, my mother, added Antar, my aunt has once promised to give Ibla to me in marriage, and has engaged herself by contract to that purpose. Hush! said Zebeebah, talk not of impossibilities; this will never happen: how can a slave, without connexion or rank, aspire to marriage with an Arab woman? particularly as you were brought up tending the sheep and the camels! O mother, said Antar, I'll shew thee wonders; my soul pants for honour and dignity, and with my sword will I dishonour the necks of the Arab chieftains."

Thus they continued to talk till morning dawned, when King Zoheir returned. He could scarcely believe that his family were preserved safe from ignominy, for he had heard that Mooteghetris had passed him on the road; and severe indeed was his anxiety and affliction at having thus missed his foes

He marched therefore day and night till he reached his own country, and found all his people happy and secure.

But when the tribe of Abs saw their king returning with all his army and troops, the chiefs and nobles went out to meet him, and having congratulated him and prayed for his long life, they explained to him the destruction of his enemies, and all the heroic acts of Antar; how he had slain Mooteghetris, and what noble feats he had performed. Verily, said King Zoheir, we are ennobled in him above all Arabs; we have not appreciated his worth, and have not properly understood his greatness. Truly he will become the champion of this whole nation, if he live long, and all the horsemen will be under his authority and command.

King Zoheir proceeded to his own tents, and found his women exulting in the deeds of Antar; he afterwards entered his wife Temadhur's apartments, and found her also praising Antar in heart and speech, as she exclaimed, O King, it is not Antar, but a noble warrior; for he has done the deeds of a hero. Thus was Antar's dignity raised in the eyes of King Zoheir. Were we to decree to him our lives and our property, said he, it would still be a small return for such exalted acts. He soon after ordered some sheep and fat cattle to be killed, and having directed the meat to be served up and the wine to flow, he went out into the middle of the camp, and there erected a large tent of

velvet and silk, and placed in the centre a throne of ivory inlaid with burnished gold. The horsemen then presented themselves; Rebia and his brother attended, and each seated himself according to his rank: Shedad also came, and all his valiant dependants; Antar too entered, and kissed the ground, and made obeisance, and prayed for a continuance of Zoheir's glory. He was going to sit down amongst the slaves, but King Zoheir said to him, By the Mover of the heavens, no one shall be my companion to day but you, and no one shall eat and drink but I and you. And he made Antar come towards him. O King, said Antar, as he kissed his hand, I am but your slave. Then King Zoheir got up from his throne, and seated him by his side, and talked to him: and all present had their eyes upon him, and all his friends rejoiced; but Rebia and Shas, and his uncle Malik were bursting with rage, when they saw Antar raised to such honour, never conferred on any one before.

Now the cups of wine were handed round, and the delicacies were eaten with joy and pleasure; and they appeared secure from the vicissitudes of fortune, whilst King Zoheir conversed familiarly with Antar, and joked with him; he made him drink, and kept him by him. And they continued in this manner till the wine sported with the senses of the guests, and all of them, and Antar too, stood up, but the King prevented him; and when they

wished to depart, the King gave Antar a beautiful robe, and mounted him on an Arab horse, and a necklace of burnished gold, studded with pearls and jewels; he presented him also with an excellent sword; and Antar quitted the tents of King Zoheir clothed in that superb robe and cloak, and mounted on the Arab horse. But he soon dismounted, and walked by the side of his father; and when they entered the tent, Antar kissed his father's feet, O master, said he, why do you not grant me my due, as others far and near have done? or bestow on me what I so much desire? Tell me, said Shedad, what you want, make known what you wish, that I may be kind to you; I will not avariciously refuse you. Now Shedad thought he wanted a camel to ride, or a tent to live in, or a female slave to attend him. But Antar replied, I request of you, O master, that the rank and dignity of an Arab be appropriated to me; and that you would acknowledge me as your son, and yourself as my father, so that my rank may be made known, and I become a chief; and in truth, I will reward you as no one else can. I will reduce the Arab princes themselves to your obedience, through fear of my sword and my spear.

When Antar had finished speaking, Shedad's eyes started into the crown of his head, his affections cooled, and his disorder of mind increased. Thou base-born! he cried, hast thou forgotton that thou hast tended the camels and the sheep, and collected

the ordure of beasts amongst the mountains? Thou son of a slave, verily, the robe of King Zoheir plays about thy loins, and his words float upon thine ears; thou hast indeed made a demand, and hast raised thyself on high; and thou wouldst make me a by-word with every one that should hear thee: nothing have I for thee but a sword, and I will cut off thy head. Upon this, Shedad drew his sword, as soon as he had finished, and rushed at him, and all the slaves ran away from him.

Now Semeeah, Shedad's wife, overheard the dispute, and came out of her tent, crying and lamenting. She rushed instantly towards her husband, and kissed his bosom, and took his sword out of his hand, as she exclaimed—Never shall you slay him; me shall you destroy before him. I have not forgotten his virtues and noble deeds. Excess of wine must have urged him to this fancy: therefore do not punish him for what he has said. Semeeah did not desist till she had soothed his anger, and he retired to his tent.

But Antar was in the greatest agony; he was ashamed that the day should dawn upon him, or that he should remain any longer in the country; or that he should again look his father in the face. He accordingly went out, and sought the residence of Malik, the King's son: his clothes trailed upon the ground through shame, and his tears flowed from the excessive pain he endured, for intoxication

had overpowered his judgment. So he sought prince Malik, who was just then returned from his father's, and quite rejoiced at what had passed with respect to Antar, and the robes and presents he had received. At this moment a slave came in, and said, Antar wishes to be admitted into your presence. Let him in, said Malik; and when he was introduced, Prince Malik looked at him, and saw his tears flowing from his tortured heart. He, seated him by him, and talked familiarly with him, and asked him what was the matter, and what had happened to him. O my lord, he replied, I demanded of my father the rank and honour of an Arab; but he has abused me, and beaten me, and wished to kill me, and has made me a laughing stock among the Arab chiefs.

You have been wrong, said Malik to Antar, in this sad affair; you have done that which would not, at any rate, have induced him to acknowledge you. "Do not, my lord, continued Antar, reprove my ambition, which often robs me of my wits and discretion; but had I not been intoxicated, this would not have happened, and I should have concealed my wishes, and submitted patiently to my misfortunes, till death had overtaken me. But in all circumstances thou art my master. Ah! my lord, continued he, how often have I relieved them from their foes, and no one ever assisted me! Know too, that I love Ibla, the daughter of my uncle Malik; and she drives away the sleep from my eyelids, and in my sleepless

nights I am united to her; but my father Shedad has cut off all my hope, and misfortunes upon misfortunes overpower me. I only demanded to be recognized as his son, that I might be united to her; but truly all hopes of her are completely destroyed. No joy now remains for me, and the light of the day is the darkness of night in my eyes. I have no home but among the wild beasts and the reptiles." His agony increased, and he wept, and complained bitterly. Sorrows and afflictions were multiplied upon him, and the tears rushed into his eyes, as he expressed his anguish and passion.

Had you informed me of your situation before, said Malik, greatly distressed, and pitying him, I would have sacrificed my person and property to remedy it. But what was easy, has now become difficult; Ibla will be concealed from you from this day forward. I fear also that your father will contrive to kill you, and that no one will be able to relieve you. But stay here whilst I tell all this to my father. O my lord, said Antar, the only place of rest for me is on the highways; and I must roam about the whole day and the live long night; for men have conspired to destroy me, such as Rebia and your brother Shas. He passed the whole night with Malik, and at the dawn of day Antar mounted his horse, and put on his armour and his cuirass. He travelled on till he was far from the tents, and he knew not whither he was going: sometimes he

took the left and sometimes the right, and again he struck into the wilds and deserts, till it became broad day. There he wandered about the rocks and mountains, and accusing fate, he thus expressed himself.

"I rail against fortune that relents to no upbraider, and I demand security from the cruelties of fortune. She one day promises fair and excites my pride, but truly I know all her promises are false. I have served man, and I have taken my relations as protectors against fortune; but 'they have acted like scorpions.' Amongst themselves they call me the son of Zebeebah, but in the tumultuous rush of horsemen, I am the son of nobles. Were it not for my love, one like me would not humble himself to such as they; and the lion of the waste would not fear the foxes. Quickly my tribe will remember me, when the horsemen come charging amongst the warriors with their sword-blows. O that thy phantom would visit me, O Ibla, it would see the torrents of tears that stream from my eye-lids. But I will forbear, that my railers may have pity on me; and that my patience may soften their hearts. Thy station is a post in the centre of heaven, but my hand fails in attaining the stars."

Thus he roamed from the high road without friend or companion. The next day the tribe heard all that had passed between Antar and his father.

And early in the morning Prince Malik sent for Antar; but he was not to be found: he supposed he would return by the evening: still he came not. Now Prince Malik was sincerely attached to Antar; he was greatly distressed, and he did all he could to find him. He then acquainted his father with what had passed. As soon as the King heard the account from his son, he was much vexed, and reproached him. O my son, said he, why did you not immediately tell me of this, that I might have arranged the business? I concealed it, said he, in order not to occasion any disturbance, and for fear of exciting your indignation, for I have long seen my brother Shas hates him as the vilest of men; and Rebia will not raise his head towards him; and I see also that many of their friends detest him. But you love him and are interested about him; and I could not possibly tell you an affair you would not have approved. In the mean time Antar continued to wander over the plains of the desert, until the day shone, when behold! there arose a great cloud of dust, that darkened the country. Antar contemplated it for some time, and then perceived forty horsemen, each bearing a quivering spear, and a dazzling scimitar. He directed his horse towards them, and they proved to be of the noble tribe of Abs, and Ghegadh the son of Nasshib was their leader. When Antar saw them he saluted them, and they returned the salutation; O thou son of

Zebeebah, said they, why art thou straying here? I was hunting game, he replied, and when I saw you, I made towards you in order to bear you company. And we, said Ghegadh, have always distinguished you from the other slaves, and have always considered you in the light of a valiant knight: and if you will join us, we will agree to your sharing with us as a noble warrior. But how can that be? said Antar. Know that a slave, said Ghegadh, enjoys a half share with his masters. But, said one of them, Antar truly deserves more than two-thirds, and happen what will, he is a knight; and indeed not every one that is called a knight is a knight. They at length agreed that they would surrender to the slave a fourth of whatever plunder they might take.

In this manner they proceeded till they approached the land of the tribe of Cahtan, where they saw a great quantity of cattle, with some high-raised tents and lofty pavilions; many horses running about and camels grazing, and the people unsuspicious of a reverse of fortune. Here, my cousins, said Ghegadh, is a rich tribe, and the people few in number; let us attack and despoil them whilst it is dark, and we will quit their country in safety; before morning we shall be far away among the wastes. They instantly shook their lances in their hands, and drew their brilliant faulchions; and as they drove the camels and the horses from the tents

and the habitations, the men mounted to keep them off from the women and families. But the sons of Abs forced them back towards the tents and trampled them down upon the ground, seizing their property and spoil. Antar rushed down upon them, and obliged them to fly. Do you, said Ghegadh to Antar, drive away the cattle, and we will repulse all that dare pursue them.

Antar drove away the cattle, and had proceeded some way, when lo! a knight rushed out from the ravines in the rocks, mounted on a dark coloured colt, beautiful and compact, and it was of a race much prized among the Arabs; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin; when he neighed, he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears like quills; his sire was Wasil, and his dam Hemama. When Antar cast his eyes upon the horse, and observed his speed and his paces, and his uncommon beauty, he felt that no horse could surpass them, so his whole heart and soul longed for it. The Absians, indeed, had plundered the horde and the country, but Antar's mind was occupied with the horse, so he galloped on till he approached the horseman; and when the knight perceived that Antar was making towards him, he spurred his horse, and it fled beneath him; for this was a renowned horseman called Harith, the son of Obad, and he was a valiant hero.

Antar galloped after him till sunset, and he found himself far separated from his party. Harith then

43867

turned about to him; and when he was quite close, said Antar to him, O young man, by the faith you profess and believe, will you not wait for me awhile and grant me a favour? for I see you are a noble horseman. Hear what I have to say, and give me an answer; I will be answerable for thy security.

O young man, said Harith, trusting to his promise, what do you want? I see you also are a valiant knight. Will you sell me this horse you are riding, asked Antar, or will you give it me if you are the owner of it? By heavens, young man, said Harith smiling, had you accosted me thus at first, I would have given him to you, with some camels also, and you need not have acted thus; but, Arab, did you ever see any one surrender his horse and his armour in a plain like this, alone and a stranger? and particularly a horse like this, whose lineage is as well known as that of the noblest warriors; for should his master be in difficulties, he will liberate him; he moves and flies without wings; and if you have not heard of his fame, I will tell you—he is called Abjer, whom Chosroe and the Grecian Emperors and the princes of the tribe of Asfar have anxiously wished to possess. I was angry with my own people, and repaired to this noble tribe. I ate with them, and remained with them a long time. It costs me much to part with this horse, but my heart is attached to this tribe, and is greatly distressed about them. I am no coward in the assault

of heroes; but I was afraid lest this horse might receive a blow that should injure him, and I therefore only followed you, in order to draw off your attention till the men of the tribe might overtake you and pursue you over the hills and the wilds, and that I might point out to them your course; for you have invaded a tribe where there are only women, and but a few men, unable to encounter so fierce a foe; and I do not perceive there is a single feeling heart among you all.

Harith having ceased speaking, I much wish you would sell me this horse, said Antar; demand what you please from me, for I must be the purchaser of it. O young man, said Harith, if you are indeed desirous of a horse, that is in this age quite invaluable, I will not sell it but in restitution of all this booty; and then do not imagine you will lose by your bargain. I swear by the God who knows all secrets, I do not avoid fighting you from the fear of death, for I am a warrior, and can defend myself; but I feared this horse would be injured. If you, young man, wish to strike a bargain, and act like a man of honour, as I am a guest of this tribe, and have eaten with them, my wish is to ransom their property with this horse; and had it not been for this misfortune, I never would have parted with such an animal.

When Antar heard these words, he felt certain that Harith was a liberal minded man, and therefore, wishing to be on a par with him in respect to

his honourable and generous conduct: Well! said he, I will purchase of you this horse for this booty; and I shall be moreover exceedingly obliged: here is my hand in faith and sincerity.

Harith dismounted from the back of his noble steed, and gave him to Antar, who mounted him like a king of the land far and wide; and he told the slaves to conduct the cattle and women and servants to their own country. Harith took them, and went his way.

Now Antar upon Abjer watched them till they had disappeared among the deserts; and just then came up the Absian horsemen, and Ghegadh at their head, who, seeing Antar standing alone in the plain, without any of the booty, cried out, thou son of a base slave woman, where is the plunder? I bought with it this horse, he replied, and I have established your honour and credit in the land of the tribe; because I saw the owner was a man of worth, and jealous of the honour of women, gracious and liberal minded: I was therefore anxious to equal him in propriety of conduct, and would not leave behind us in this land, the remembrance of a foul action, and be a scandal amongst Arabs. It is the most ignominious of deeds to take prisoners free born women; and besides this, the spacious plain is open before us, and the Lord God is the bestower of all things, and the taker away; he is the distributor of every thing;

and God forbid he should send us back without a reward.

Thou base born, cried Ghegadh, in reply to Antar the lion-hero, We consigned them over to your care, but you have been buying, bartering, and selling, without asking our leave. What is done is done, said Antar; I will make it good to you elsewhere, if the Creator of all things pleases, and you agree to the protection I have granted: but if you wish to quarrel with me, I will protect my life with the force of this sword, and this well proportioned spear, and I will not live to forfeit my word.

Come on to this wretch, said Ghegadh inflamed with rage, to his companions; cut him in pieces with your cleaving scimitars, and make him drink of the cup of death and annihilation.

Upon that, Antar went to a little distance from them, and dismounting from Abjer, tightened his girths, and then mounting again, galloped and charged about, crying out to them, you base born wretches, to day will I shew you how I fight and thrust. Away, away, to shame and disgrace—this day you shall behold the furious lion. He thought of his beloved, and thus exclaimed:

"I abuse fortune, that never softens at the voice "of the counsellor. I conceal my passion in my "heart, but my tears disclose it. My tribe is leagued "with fortune to seek my blood, and they assault

"me with sword and spear. They have driven me "from the mistress I love, and I am plunged into "the well of the water of banishment. To expose my "cherished life is indifferent to me; and though I am "separated from her, my heart clings to her. O my "God, let not my life be a life of ignominy! let not "my death, O God, be among the weeping crowd! "but my corpse! let the birds hover over it, and "let the crows of the desert drink of my wounds. "God regards the man who is hospitable to his "tribe, and who becomes among them a chief in "authority. But when they see us invade their "dwellings, every warrior on a swift-paced steed, "they promise us riches, and high-bosomed damsels "with well formed hips, and beautifully-shaped "haunches. I will seize them on my horse, whose "like exists not; aye, and the youth sold it like a "man of honour. Whoever of ye, oh tribe of Abs, "wishes my death, I will appear before him in the "plain of battle, and I will charge among ye on my "stern-faced steed, and I will rush at ye as the "lion of the wilds."

When the Absians heard Antar's discourse, they all shrunk from the conflict, and consulting with each other, said, Ghegadh, what stops you? and what occasions this fear and consternation at this black slave? O Ghegadh, said they, you have advised us to make the attack, and still you hold

back from the assault and the combat; you are our superior and our adviser, so come on. O my cousin, said Ghegadh, much troubled, wise is the man between whom and Antar there is no contention. Explain this, said they, ere we endanger our lives in a contest with him. I observed, said he, when he dismounted to tighten his girths, his gigantic mien, his brawny arms, his full formed legs, and his cool undaunted eye. And I, said another, saw something more extraordinary than that. What's that? said they. Oneday King Zoheir gave him one of his finest horses; he went up to it to put on the bridle; the horse would not take it, but was riotous, and reared at him. At the instant Antar lifted him off the ground up to the top of his head, and dashed him on the earth, and smashed his bones. When they heard this account of Antar, they trembled, and were afraid. Do you go up to him, said they, addressing Ghegadh, give him the plunder, and do not make it appear that we are afraid of him, that his avidity may not increase to our detriment, and he say, "I will not quit one of ye till I have slain him and taken his spoil."

So Ghegadh went up to him, O my cousin, said he, are you not ashamed to engage in battle against your cousins, when they were only joking and making merry? O my cousins, said Antar, convinced they were afraid of him, I would not do any thing that could be thought wrong, but I have purchased

this horse, who will carry me against your enemies; and you know that when a person seeks to destroy another, it is necessary to defend one's self. Ghegadh continued to speak flatteringly to Antar, till he softened him and cajoled him. O Arab Chieftains, said Antar, I have not forgotten your kindness, and I am but your slave. I am grateful for all you have done for me, and had it not been for you, I should not be known among the Arabs.

It was not fear that dictated these words, but in order to observe their sentiments towards him.

He has indeed purchased this horse, said Ghegadh to his comrades, in order to destroy our enemies, let us therefore grant it him. Be it so, said they all. Thus Antar became possessed of Abjer, whose equal no prince or emperor possessed. By way of precaution, Antar kept away from Ghegadh and his companions, who went on talking to each other. How that base-born has succeeded to his wish, said they, for verily that horse was worth his weight in gold; we shall indeed be disgraced among the Arabs! Antar proceeded on before them and heard all they said.

Now they continued their march till evening, when they reached a spot abounding in trees and streams; wide and extensive were the surrounding plains. They dismounted and let their horses graze, and seated themselves whilst Antar stood watch over them, for their and his own safety. They did not

move from this spot till morning dawned, when they mounted their horses and marched till evening; when suddenly from the upper part of the desert a great dust appeared, and through it they distinguished a lofty howdah, and on its top there was a crescent of gold. The howdah was richly ornamented with velvet; in front were damsels and slaves, and they wore robes of divers colours, and behind were horsemen mounted on steeds all of different colours. No sooner saw they this procession and these fine garments, than they were sure it was a bride in the howdah; but they knew not her husband, nor any one connected with her. This is our plunder, said they; God has sent it to us in recompense for what has befallen us. They instantly bent their heads over their saddle-bows, and violently assaulted the party, and got possession of the howdah and all its accompaniments. But when the horsemen that attended the howdah beheld them, they attacked them, and man met man, and hero assaulted hero; blood was shed and spilt, and the horror was great: and in a moment the Absians were assisted by the deeds of Antar, the devouring lion, for his attack was the attack of an over-powering warrior. And three score and ten were the horsemen that accompanied the bride: he destroyed sixty of them; and the rest fled, five to the right and five to the left.

The Absians having taken possession of the howdah

and the property with the dispersed cattle, and a vast quantity of articles besides, asked the slaves about the bride, who was her husband, and who her father? Arabs, said they, she is called Aminah, the daughter of Yezid, the son of Handhalah, surnamed the Blood-drinker, the chief of all the princes of Tey; and her husband, to whom she is going, is called Nakid, the son of Jellah, a warlike and bold horseman, the protector of the race of Marah; and you have executed this villainous act of violence upon us, and have ventured on this hazardous enterprize!!

They proceeded, and passed over the deserts and the wilds, the lady weeping and lamenting at the misfortune that had overwhelmed her. But when Antar heard from the slave this account of her father and her husband, he was convinced he would come down on her account, and that a great battle and slaughter would ensue between them, and he wished the Absians should feel his power and weight, for what he had heard them say about himself. So he came toward them. God has granted you victory and safety, said he: and thou too, they answered, he has also given thee cause to rejoice. You are aware, said Antar, that this plunder is much more valuable and precious than the former; let us put it out in lots and divide it, and let us give to each his portion, that he may defend it with his soul and body.

You, Antar, took the first plunder for yourself alone, said one, and do you demand your share of the second? With respect to the first plunder, O my cousins, said Antar, did you not give it me? and it is not customary with chiefs to take back their donations. The fellow, said Ghegadh, is right in what he says; divide the spoil, and give him half of one of your shares. Arabs, treat me fairly, cried Antar, and speak the truth. Ghegadh got into a passion, What do you mean? said he. According to our agreement, said Antar, which was settled between you and me, of all the plunder we should take, I was to have one half of the whole; and all of you the other half.

Rage filled the heart of Ghegadh. Thou son of Zebeebah, thy avarice demands impossibilities; thou art indeed mad, and a villain. Verily thou hast not kept thy word; and O, had the day never come that we met thee in this road! No one, said Antar, is mad, but he who keeps company with you, and agrees to your demands; for ye are a set of fellows of little justice, and great opression and violence; the fact is, I will not take a jot less than one half of the plunder, even were my soul to drink of the cup of death. Come on, on to this black slave, cried Ghegadh to his friends, who rebels, and outrages us. Upon this they all jumped up, and cried out against Antar, resolved to kill him, and make him drink of the cup of annihilation.

Antar went apart from them for a while into the rocky plain, then galloped, and challenged them to the contest, thus addressing them;—

"When my foe sues me for a debt, I settle the "debt with the Redeinian spear:* my scimitar's "edge shall extirpate ye all, and shall justly "decide between you and me. I am exalted by "my sword and spear far above the minutest stars "and the two bears. Foul wretches! ye know not "my power, but the inhabitants of the two hemi-"spheres shall feel it. The grasp of fortune has "not destroyed my strength, and the fingers of "time have not been stretched out against me. "Many a horseman have I left sprawling, his "cheeks grovelling, his hands dyed in blood, whilst "the birds of death hover round him, and the mag-"pies assemble over his corpse."

His verses finished, he was about to attack them, when lo! a dust arose and covered the whole country. In a short time the cloud opened and discovered three hundred horsemen, all clad in steel, and the father of the damsel, the Blood-drinker, appeared in front of them. He roared like a lion; his sword was an Indian blade. Whither would ye flee, O ye, baseborn, he cried out—I am he, surnamed the Blood-drinker, the Cahtanian.

Now the cause of the arrival of these men was

* Redeini—the name of the wife of a famous spear-maker. *Richardson.*

this: out of the ten that escaped by flight from the combat, five went to the father of the damsel, the lion of the land, and five went to Nakid the son of Jellah; but the residence of her father happened to be the nearest. So he set off with three hundred men, all stern lions, and he galloped on till he overtook the Absians, as we have mentioned; and it was he who prevented the combat between the Absians and Antar.

When Antar saw the father of the damsel coming on—See where the heroes advance, he cried; now protect your plunder, if ye are men of valour—no portion is mine, neither great nor small, not a camel or a sheep. I will quit you, and will neither be with you nor against you. He spurred away his Abjer from them, and mounted to the top of a high hill; he took his feet out of the stirrups, and sat cross-legged upon the neck of his horse, resting on his dreadful spear, and there he remained contemplating the terrors of the approaching conflict.

The Blood-drinker cried aloud to his warriors; and they rushed down upon the Absians, and men encountered men, heroes heroes; and blood was spilt and shed. In a moment swords clashed, every heart and feeling were roused; heads flew off like balls, and hands like leaves of trees. The Teyans rushed upon the race of Abs; also the Blood-drinker assailed them in his courage, and released his daughter. The Absians quitted their plunder, for

their souls could not stand firm; and they fled over the wilds.

Now when Antar perceived this defeat, he replaced his feet in the stirrups, and raising his spear from the ground, pounced down from the height like an eagle, or a wild-beast when it rushes from its den; and he roared out to them in a loud voice that made the mountains rebellow. O ye ignoble dastards, I am Antar, the son of Shedad! And he urged on Abjer, who started under him like a flash of lightning, or a tearing arrow: his eyeballs turned red, and foam issued from his lips: he shrieked aloud in front of the horses, and immediately they shrunk back on their haunches, and hurled their riders from their backs: and the heroes were scattered over the desert and the wilderness. In less than an hour he drove them from the plunder. As soon as the Absians heard the sound of Antar from under the cloud of dust,—Verily, Antar, the magnanimous warrior, will overcome them, said they; may God assist him! This is indeed true intrepidity, and he deserves half the spoil; for if the heroes drink the cup of death, the greatest share will fall to him, for verily the eye of the sun cannot be concealed. Thus their hearts were purified towards Antar, and they all returned to his assistance.

When the Blood-drinker saw the Absians resume the contest, he said to the people about him, The

horseman of Abs and Adnan are coming down, and this day will they bring death and destruction upon us; and he let the reins hang loose and fled. The Teyans spread themselves over the plains and the desert, following him in every direction, whilst Antar, having already slain about eighty men, approached the plunder; and when all were fled, the Absian horsemen came up, and there was not one but praised and thanked him. So they took up the spoil, and the property, and the prisoners, and the bride, and departed, seeking the land of the tribe of Abs, and rejoicing in their victory and triumph; every one in astonishment at Antar's intrepidity.

But as soon as the other five that fled informed Nakid, the husband of the bride, the light became dark in his eyes, and he shouted out to the tribe of Maan—To horse! to horse! and ere an hour had passed, five thousand valiant horsemen were ready, and he marched at the head of them in hopes of overtaking the race of Abs, and of overwhelming them in perdition and death, and of rooting out every vestige of them, so that not a record of them should exist. For indeed he was a warrior ferocious as a lion, one of the thousand heroes in those days of darkness. He travelled on night and day that he might overtake the tribe of Abs before they could reach their own country. Meanwhile they pursued their journey, seeking their own lands, when a dust

arose behind them, and darkened the whole region: it opened, and discovered the Maanites headed by Nakid. At this sight they were convinced of their destruction and death, as they said one to another, Verily the tribe of Maan have overtaken us! They looked towards Antar, and they perceived him smiling and rejoicing at the arrival of the warriors. Verily, said they, O my cousin, the foe is come up with us, and to day will our booty be torn away, and our sculls will fly off. Know, my cousins, said Antar, that death will not be wanting, neither will it increase; but I have long wished for such a day as this, for I have not given up the tribe of Abs; my heart is fixed on returning home; and this fortuitous circumstance has happened to us by the will of Him who disposes life and death. Now is the flame of war at hand, and sorrow and anguish are approaching. Whoever among you is ready to fight, let him fight; whoever wishes to fly, let him fly; but for me, I will drink of their cups, I will contend with their heroes; and thus he continued in verse:

"This day the race of Abs shall behold my com-
"bat, and my actions in the contest when I charge.
"I will seize their property: aye, and the double of
"it with my supple, quick-moving, death-bearing
"spear. I will destroy the brave in war with my In-
"dian blade, and I will drive down among them like
"a devouring lion. I will rave among their horse-

"men with my determined courage, and I will "charge, and I will rush over them in the battle. "I am the Knight of Knights, the lion whom no "human being can withstand. The lions in their "dens tremble at me, and in the day of battle the "Ghuols fly from me."

When Antar had finished, he encountered the warriors with most penetrating thrusts and rending blows. The Absians were obliged to endure it with him, and to assist him in the horrors. The messengers of death were distributed amongst the conquerors and the conquered; the sharp-edged swords came in contact with them, and the straight lances glided through them. The Absians repented of their firmness, and fled over the plains, whilst alone Antar encountered the whole calamity; and he stood firm, like one resolved to avert shame and disgrace. He aimed at the breasts of the heroes with over-powering assaults and thrusts, that would have made the deep-rooted mountains totter.

When Nakid saw the battle of Antar, and how alone he stood against five thousand, and was making them drink of the cup of death and perdition, he was overwhelmed with astonishment at his deeds. Thou valiant slave, he cried, how potent is thine arm—how strong is thy wrist! And he rushed down upon Antar, that his bride might behold a proof of his courage: and Antar, seeing that he was making at him, presented himself before him, for he was all

anxiety to meet him. O thou base-born, cried Nakid, son of an uncircumcised mother! But Antar permitted him not to finish his speech, before he asasulted him with the assault of a lion, and roared at him: he was horrified and paralyzed at the sight of Antar. Antar attacked him thus scared and petrified, and struck him with his sword on the head, and cleft him down to the back, and he fell, cut in twain, from the horse, and he was split in two as if by a scale; and as Antar dealt the blow, he cried out "O by Abs! O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla."

No sooner did the tribe of Maan behold Antar's blow, than every one was seized with fear and dismay. The whole five thousand made an attack like the attack of a single man; but Antar received them as the parched ground receives the first of the rain, exhibiting to them his power and his courage. His eye-balls were fiery red, and foam issued from the corners of his lips; wherever he smote, he cleft the head; every warrior he assailed he annihilated; and as the warriors still pressed on him, he tore a rider from the back of his horse, he heaved him on high, and whirling him in the air, struck down a second with him, and the two instantly expired. "By thine eyes, O Ibla," he cried, "to day will I destroy all this race." Thus he proceeded until he terrified the warriors, and hurled them into woe and disgrace, hewing off their arms and their joints. At length the five thousand retreated from the

combat, for fear and terror had completely shaken them, and more than nine hundred horsemen he had slain, and gained an entire victory over them.

Just as Antar had nearly annihilated them, there appeared a dust that darkened the whole land. In an hour it was cleared, and there came forth a troop of heroes; at their head was an horseman like an eagle, mounted on an horse that moved like a cloud. The rider was handsome, in the bloom of youth, and every tongue cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Now this knight was Malik, King Zoheir's son. And he was coming in search of Antar, in consequence of the affair that took place between Antar and his father, who, when he demanded the rank and consideration of a son, wished to put him to death. Now Malik was expecting Antar the next day, but as he came not, he went and acquainted his father the King with all that had happened. Zoheir instantly sent for Shedad, who kissed the ground. Why do you not grant Antar's request, and call him your son, as every one else does? asked King Zoheir: Think you, Shedad, that amongst the tribes of Cahtan and Adnan there is a more intrepid warrior than your son Antar, or a bolder heart than his? O my Lord, answered Shedad, he is indeed my son, and a part of my heart; but my brother Malik said to me, if you acknowledge Antar as your son, I will abandon myself to the Arab tribes; therefore, on account of my brother Malik,

I have renounced him. Well, then, said Zoheir, I will have him return to his country in spite of his foes. And he dispatched a slave to gain information and to follow him. He waited until the slave returned, and told him that Antar had associated himself with Ghegadh, the son of Nashid, and at that moment he was, single handed, engaged with five thousand horsemen, and Nakid the son of Jellah. Malik wept. May God, said he, prosper him, for he has devoted himself to death and destruction; never will he fly or retreat; but by the life of my father King Zoheir, I must aid him, and if he is dead, never will I return till I have taken vengeance on his foes, and made his murderers drink of the loathsome cup. He set out, and appeared as we have just mentioned, and rushed forward with his troops as we have described.

But as soon as Malik and his people came forward, and the men had recognized each other, Antar felt his power expanded, for at that moment the enemy had resolved to slay his heroes. But at the sight of his friend Malik and his warriors, his heart revived, and he exhibited the whole courage of his soul; and he made a most desperate attack upon his antagonists, and overwhelmed them in total ruin.

When the tribe of Maan saw Antar's destructive force, and his sweeping blows, and that the Absians were come to his assistance, their only resource was

flight, and retreat over the plains and wilds; for they said to each other, When Antar was alone, we could not resist him, What shall we do now, that the tribe of Abs and Adnan are come to his aid? So they took to flight and ran away in confusion, whilst Antar and the tribe of Abs having pursued them for three parasangs, returned for the scattered cattle and dispersed horses. Antar dismounted from Abjer, and running up to his friend Malik, wished to kiss his feet in the stirrup, but Malik would not permit him; and kissed him between the eyes, and rejoiced in his safety. And there was not one of the Absians but came up to Antar, and congratulated him on his victory and triumph. Antar thanked them. They halted there that night, and the next day they set out seeking their own country: Antar riding by the side of Malik, and relating to him all his adventures with Ghegadh and his companions, and how he obtained his horse Abjer. Malik informed him of all that had passed between him and King Zoheir, how he had sent after his father Shedad, and had threatened him. Antar was glad, and foreboded well, and felt convinced that his marriage might take place as long as King Zoheir was on his side: so that his love for Ibla increased. They thus proceeded on their journey till they came near to their homes; when Antar's passion seizing him, he thus exclaimed:

"When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi,

" their freshness calms the fire of my love and
" transports. Let my tribe remember I have pre-
" served their faith ; but they feel not my worth,
" and preserve not their engagements with me.
" Were there not a maid settled in the tents, why
" should I prefer their society to absence? Slimly
" made is she, and the magic influence of her eye
" preserves the bones of a corpse from entering
" the tomb. The sun as it sets, turns towards her,
" and says, Darkness obscures the land, do thou rise
" in my absence; and the brilliant moon calls out
" to her, Come forth, for thy face is like me when I
" am at the full, and in all my glory! The Tama-
" risk trees complain of her in the morn and the eve,
" and say, Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of
" the laurel! She turns away abashed and throws
" aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her
" soft fresh cheeks. She draws her sword from
" the glances of her eye-lashes, sharp and pene-
" trating as the blade of her forefathers, and with
" it her eyes commit murder, though it be sheathed:
" is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should
" be so sharp against its victims! Graceful is every
" limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her
" glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes
" the night with musk under her veil, and its fra-
" grance is increased by the still fresher essence of
" her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from
" her forehead, and by the dark shades of her

" curling ringlets, night itself is driven away. When " she smiles, between her teeth is a moisture com- " posed of wine, of rain, and of honey. Her throat " complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas! " alas! the effects of that throat and that neck- " lace! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, " ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure " my heart of the sorrows of love? If my eye could " see her baggage camels, and her family, I would " rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will " kiss the earth where thou art; mayhap the fire of " my love and extacy may be quenched. Shall " thou and I ever meet as formerly on Mount " Saadi? or will the messenger come from thee to " announce thy meeting, or will he relate that thou " art in the land of Nejd? Shall we meet in the " land of Shureba and Hima, and shall we live in " joy and in happiness? I am the well known Antar, " the chief of his tribe, and I shall die: but when " I am gone, history shall tell of me."

Antar's eloquence and intrepidity made the Prince's heart bound with joy, for not an Arab amongst the neighbouring or distant tribes could equal him. Verily, said Malik, the spirit of God animates you, and inspires your mind; for you have attained the full expression of words, and are perfect in rhymes. They went on, passing over the wilds and the deserts, until they approached their own country, when Malik sent forward one of his

men to give notice of his coming. The messenger preceded them, and informed King Zoheir of the approach of his son, and of Antar the bold warrior, at which being greatly rejoiced, he went out with all his noble comrades, except Rebia and Shas, to meet them: for these two were not pleased at the return of Antar; and Malik also, the father of Ibla, would not congratulate him. But Shedad mounted with King Zoheir, and went to meet Antar, for his entrails yearned after him. They went out thus, and did not stop till they met the Prince and Antar; and when they came near, Antar dismounted, and hastening towards him, kissed the hand of King Zoheir. But the King bent down towards him and kissed him between the eyes, and congratulated him on his safety. Think you, O Antar, said he, that we have forgotten you since you quitted us in anger? Could our homes give us any pleasure when thou wert absent, and hadst abandoned thy country?

O King, replied Antar, having kissed the King's feet, thou whose command is obeyed among the whole nation of Arabs, O high minded Prince! I swear by your unbounded generosity and your noble mind, my departure was not the effect of passion; I am but a lowly slave and dependant; I did indeed depart the night I had been with your majesty, for my tongue had swerved from the road of propriety with my father; my ambition aimed at impossibilities, and I demanded what in fact only a fool

would have demanded. As soon as I was safe from his vengeance, and his kindness and favour were withdrawn from me, I could not, after such a fault, do otherwise than change my home; till at last my lord Malik interested himself so much about me, and delivered me from death and perdition; he has also informed me what interest you have taken in me: so that my situation is improved, and I am reconciled to my master Shedad; and you have loaded me with obligations, mountains could not sustain. May you ever be under the protection of God! Thus Antar went on talking with the King, when, Shedad coming up to him, Antar ran towards him and kissed his feet in the stirrup, thus saying;

" O my Lord, I am come begging forgiveness;
" the slave is come like a criminal; the sword and
" warhorse would fail, should presumption ever
" bear sway."

When Shedad heard these words, and saw his humility, and considered all he had done, and his wonderful intrepidity, and truly Arabian nobleness of soul; all his affections were excited, and his eyes almost shed tears as he said in his heart, may God curse every one who from this day forward would renounce him, and may the sword despoil his life! He kissed him between the eyes, and Antar walked before his father, after he had saluted his uncles, and his relations. The whole tribe of Abs were astonished at his noble conduct and courage, and

they said one to another, No one possesses what his masters possess.

Now Antar felt no unworthy thought of fear respecting his father or his uncles, and only the passion that humbles warriors, humbled him. Malik presented the plunder to his father, and pressed him to accept it; and he divided the cuirassés, and armour, and horses, and coats of mail among the tribe of Abs who were with him at first. But King Zoheir took Aminia to his own tent, saying, This is a Princess, and the daughter of a King, it is not proper that she should be bought and sold. Thus they all departed home after the King had made up matters between Antar and his family and relations, and recommended him to their kindness. The King soon after heard from Antar an account of all his adventures, and how he had obtained his horse Abjer. And when he looked at him he was quite surprised at his qualities, and he said to his son Malik, This horse has been made for no one but Antar. And from that day he was surnamed Aboolfawaris.

Now Ibla's father addressed his son, saying; My son, verily death would be preferable to this state of things; how is it that this slave of ours, one whom we employed in tending our flocks, is now raised far in dignity above us with our King? And this it is that makes him so presumptuous with us and your sister Ibla, and thus will our honour be

debased. There is nothing else to be done, said Amroo, but to marry my sister Ibla to one who can protect her against him, and then let us depart from this land; for King Zoheir and his sons are strong in his favour. But, said his father, O my son, must we leave this slave safe and well? No, by the faith of an Arab we must contrive his death. So they all retired to their tents, and were united to their families.

Now Antar came to his mother Zebeeba. Why, my son, said she, do you not by my side tend the flocks and the camels? It would be more agreeable to my heart than all this intrepidity and boldness, which every day expose your life to perils and dangers. Antar smiled at her sayings; O mother, he replied, thou shalt see in thy son Antar what shall be registered and recorded.

Antar gave away to his father and his uncles all the plunder he had obtained; though this was not his own idea, but at the instigation of Prince Malik. This Prince, when they were all established in their tents, related to his father and his brothers all he had seen Antar perform, and his undaunted conduct. The King took great pleasure in what he told of Antar, and being very desirous of hearing all he said both in verse and prose, ordered Antar into his presence, and as soon as he arrived, he made obeisance, and prayed for a continuance of his power and beneficence. Zoheir and his sons

welcomed him, and the King made him sit down by him, and supplied him with wine; and his kindness for him increased. Aboolfawaris, said he, I wish to hear from yourself, the account of your expedition, and what happened to you, with your comrades; for my son Malik has related some of your hardy deeds, and has repeated some of your poetry; but there is no reporter of words and acts like the actor himself. Upon that, Antar commenced and told them all that occurred with Ghegadh and his comrades, how he happened to associate with them, and how he agreed to their proposal of giving him half of all they should gain, and how they wished to kill him for buying the horse Abjer, and how they gave up their design on hearing his verses and discourse. Will you, said King Zoheir, let us hear the verses you made on your mistress Ibla, when you came nigh home?

"When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi, "their freshness cools the fire of my love and my "transport." And he continued the repetition, till he came to this part, "She is elegantly formed, "and the soft magic of her eyes would arrest the "bones of a corpse from entering the tomb."

When Antar had finished, the King's astonishment and delight were unbounded at his eloquence; and he turned towards his brother Asyed, and said, O my brother, I wish you would pay attention to Antar, and write down all he says, that we may

be reckoned amongst the most eloquent Arabs for poetry and propriety of conduct. They continued to drink their wine, and the hours passed in mirth and pleasure. But when Shas saw that his father became so exceedingly kind to Antar, his agony and distress of mind increased, and from the excess of his indignation his heart was near bursting; however he resisted till Antar accidentally left the tent for a while. When Shas being alone, turned round to his father; indeed, my father, said he, this black slave, this baseborn, has brought indelible shame upon us, and it is all on account of his love of Ibla, the daughter of Malik; and you also approve his conduct; but verily the whole tribe will be shocked with his wickedness when they hear his verses.

The King was exceedingly angry, and wrath appeared in his countenance. My son, said he, what say'st thou? Who is able to thwart the decrees of Providence? Perhaps God has resolved to testify in him his divine favours! And know, my son, the most ignorant of men is an envious man. Now Antar just then entered, and as he had overheard all their conversation, he thus spoke:—

"This flame is for Ibla, O my friend, her lustre "illumines the darkest night. She blazes—her "form is in my heart, and the fire of love is in my "soul. Her gently waving form has kindled it "like the branches whose motion refreshes the

" breeze. Her breath diffuses a lively odour, and " in her perfumes I pass the night in paradise. " She is a maid whose breath is sweeter than " honey, whenever she sips the juice of the grape. " When I taste a coolness from her lips, she leaves " in my mouth a hot burning flame. The moon " has stolen her charms, and the antelope has bor- " rowed the magic of her eyes. O grant me thy " embrace, O light of my eyes, and save me from " thy absence, and mine own griefs. Be just, if thou " wishest, or persecute me; for in thee is my para- " dise, and in thee is my hell. No happiness is " there for me in my troubles, but my lord, who is " called the generous Zoheir. Wherever he goes, " death anticipates him; and he destroys his foes be- " fore he meets them. Let them not abuse him if he " aid a solitary creature, who spends the live-long " night without sleep, and in tears. He is my sup- " port and stay against those who, when they see my " exaltation, would trouble me the more. He is a " King to whose name Princes shall bow, and shall " point at him to pay their homage. He is the " asylum of all who refer to him to dissipate their " sorrows, as he relieves my griefs. May fortune " never deprive me of my King! May he ever live " in the purest joy and felicity!"

The King was so pleased with Antar, that he said, O Aboolfawaris, whatever I can give you for your poetry will be an insufficient return; even were I

to give all I possess; for my property will pass away as if it had never been, but thy praises will endure for ever. So he presented him two virgin slaves, beautiful as moons, and two rows of large jewels, and some perfumes, saying, Aboolfawaris, you have often mentioned me in your poetry; it would be disgraceful in me to let you go away from me unrewarded, so calm thy heart and cheer thine eye; for by the faith of an Arab, I will not be separated from you until you obtain every thing you wish, and accomplish all your desires. Did you belong to me, I would admit you to my rank and connections, in spite of the blame the Arabs might heap on me.

Shas could not endure this, and rose up and quitted the place, but Antar remained drinking with the King till the evening, when he arose, and his hand was in the hand of Prince Malik; and they all departed from the tents, and went their way each to his own dwelling. Antar did not stop till he reached the habitations of the family of Carad, where he perceived a very strong light: he understood it not, but he went towards it and entered his mother's tent, and asked what was the reason of this light at such an hour. Know, my son, said she, the men of the camp are absent; they are gone with your master Shedad, and with him are also ten horsemen after the cattle, in order that they may release them from some Arabs; and the women are watching to this

hour in the expectation of seeing you, that you may relate to them all that has happened to you in your expeditions; and Ibla the daughter of Malik is more delighted than any of them.

When Antar heard the words of his mother, he joyed in his heart, and a smile lighted up his countenance. So he immediately arose and sought the dwellings of his uncles, and entered the womens' apartments. As soon as they saw him they arose and received him, and saluted him. Semeeah kissed him. O Antar, said she, you have been with the King from the beginning of the day, and we are sitting up on your account. O my mistress, said Antar, I knew nothing of it, but had I known it, I would not have tarried, had my legs been even tied and fettered; and he thus addressed them:

"Darkness hovers over, and my tears stream down
"in copious torrents. I conceal my love and com-
"plain to no one. I pass the night, regarding the
"stars of night in my distraction, and the tears rush
"violently from my eyes like a hail storm. Ask
"the night of me, and it will tell thee that I am
"indeed the ally of sorrow and anguish. I live
"desolate, there is no one like me; a lover without
"friends or a companion! I am the friend of sor-
"row and desire. I am o'erwhelmed by them, and
"I am worn out with patience and trials in my
"grief. I complain to God of my afflictions and my
"love; and to no one else do I complain."

Ibla heard these verses, and perceived his tears and distress and his sorrow; she pitied him; and as she remarked the violence of his tears, they interceded greatly for him, for she loved him for his courage and his eloquence; and as she noticed him with the flattering soothing expressions,—Where, said she, is my share of the plunder; or am I now of no consequence or value to thee? At these words the sight of her beauty and loveliness overpowered him. O my mistress, cried he, by the light of thine eyes and the black of thine eyebrows, to me the most sacred of oaths, thy slave Antar has obtained of plunder neither a small nor a large portion, but the whole I have given to thy father and thy uncles. So he presented her the two slave girls and the two strings of jewels that King Zoheir had given him; and he added—the perfumes thou hast no occasion for; thy breath is more delicious and more heavenly; thy perfume is sweeter and more luscious. So he divided the perfumes between the wives of his father and his uncles. And to his questions about his father and his uncles, whither they were gone?

"Know, Antar, said Semeeah, that your master told us that there is a horseman of Yemen, called Kais, the son of Dibgan, and he is a horseman of the land of Yemen, and under his subjection are the lands of Senaa and Aden; he has at this time invaded the land of Hejaz with forty horsemen: he is now on his return, and with him an immense plunder, and he is

seeking his own country. Shedad enquired of the peasants who gave him this information, where Kais was to rest this night and sleep: they told him at the lake of Jaree, in the country of Doom. Then said Shedad, by the faith of an Arab, I will go against him in the dark, and will attack him and take his plunder from him, and will reduce him to shame and disgrace; and if there should be a thousand horsemen, I will not permit the tribe of Cahtan to escape with plunder taken from the land of Abs and Adnan. He accordingly mounted, and took with him ten horsemen, and he set out to follow their track."

When Antar heard this, he got up without delay, and kissing the mother of Ibla, and also Ibla between the eyes—this is the kiss of farewell, said he, for I know not when we shall meet again: and having eased his heart by gazing upon her, he returned to his mother, and put on his armour and his cuirass: he mounted his horse, and taking Shiboob with him, he departed in quest of his father and his uncles. And when they had advanced some way, said Shiboob to him—O my brother, a female slave of my master Shedad said to me—"Tell your brother Antar to be on his guard against his father Shedad and his uncles, for they have resolved on putting him to death. This Ibla heard from her brother Amroo and her father Malik, and told Semeeah, and directed her to warn you of it: now I

have told you be on your guard." 'Run on, father of the winds! was Antar's reply. He urged forward Abjer and they went on for some time till it became very hot, when a horseman met them coming from the centre of the plain. 'Antar marked him, and behold he was one of the men that had accompanied Shedad, and he was covered with wounds. When they came nearer to him, said Antar, Where is the plunder? O Aboolfawaris, he replied, I have got these wounds which you see in my body on account of it, for truly we sallied out with your master Shedad at night-fall, that we might overtake Kais, the son of Dibgan, and when we came up with him, we saw him carefully guarding his spoil. As soon as he perceived us he started up, he shouted out and assaulted us with the vehemence of a lion; first he speared me, then after me your father Shedad; I have returned to seek you and bring you; so if you wish to overtake them, make haste, and if you rescue them 'twill be noble of you.

By the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Antar, never will I return till I have destroyed the whole party with my sword, and have liberated my father and my uncles; and I will not return but with the whole plunder before me; so away home, and I will revenge you. Aboolfawaris, he replied, I am not able to retain my seat on the back of my horse. So Antar ordered Shiboob to place him by the side of

a pool of water. Shiboob came to him and placed him by the side of the lake, and tied up his horse, where they quitted him, and proceeded over the plains and deserts until the day closed, when they came up with Kais and his prisoners that were marching before him, Kais following them with his comrades. As soon as Antar saw his father and his uncles tied across their horses, he indeed knew not then the heavens from the earth, and he gave a shout that made the mountains tremble. "Ye ignoble dastards! Quit your plunder. Come on! Slaughter is the word!"

No sooner heard Kais the shout of Antar, than he was alarmed and confounded; he pricked on his horse, and turned round upon Antar; but Antar cried out to him—Son of Dibgan, who hast urged thee against the warriors of Abs and Adnan, whom none shall attack but the eagles shall devour his flesh? Thou vilest of Negroes, cried Kais, thou shalt soon see that I am a man not to be wearied in the contest of spears; and as he fell on Antar like the fall of fate and destiny, he thus burst forth—

"I am renowned in every nation for the thrust "of the spear and the blow of the sword. I am the "destroyer of horsemen with the lance, when the "spears are interwoven under the dust. How "many contests have I waged on the day of battle, "whose terrors would turn grey the head of "infants! Long ago have I drunk the blood of

"horsemen, with which they fed me before I was "weaned. This day will I prove my words when "the blood streams from my sword. This foul "wretch I will slay with the edge of my sword, that "cleaves through the flesh before the bones. His "dwellings shall this eve be found waste and deso-"late, and I will not swerve from my word: his body "shall lie on the deserts, cut down, and his face "thou may'st see grovelling in the dust."

As soon as Antar heard this speech of Kais, son of Dibgan, Silence, said he, may thy mother bewail thee! and thus he replied to him.

"Verily, thy spirit has urged thee to abuse me, "and thou hast spoken the words of a vile dastard: "thou art ignorant of my exploits in every battle, "from the land of Irak to the sacred shrine: thou "shalt have no time to reply, no justice but the "sword; for ignorance among mankind is a trait "that conducts the ignorant to their death. This "is the scene of conflict, and in it doubtless will be "proved the skill of the coward and the base-born. "Let him repent who has only shewn his vanity, "and let him prefer flight to resistance. I am Antar, "and my name is far spread for the thrust of my "spear and the blow of my sword."

When Antar had finished, equally impetuous was his assault: he drew forth his scimitar, and struck him between the eyes, and split his helmet and wadding, and his sword worked down to his thighs,

down even to the back of the horse; and he cried out—Thou wretch, I will not be controuled—I am still the lover of Ibla. Thus Kais and his horse fell down; cut into four pieces!

When Shedad and Malik and his son Amroo saw what Antar had done, they trembled and were afraid, and from that day a dread of Antar filled their hearts. But Antar rushed amongst the remainder like a devouring lion. When the tribe of Dibgan perceived the force of Antar's blows, and how he overthrew their chief, and split him and his horse into four pieces, they wheeled about their horses and fled. Antar pursued them, and having slain twenty of their men, returned. He roared even as a lion in his wrath;—he took possession of the plunder; he released his father, his uncles, and the other horsemen, and they all rejoiced in their delivery, except Malik and Amroo his son, who said:—Oh! that we had fallen by the sword, rather than be rescued by Antar, the slave of Shedad! But they concealed their anguish, and appeared to be stout of heart, and thankful to Antar, though, in fact, their galls burst with spite. They drove forward the plunder, and returned seeking their own country, whilst Antar embraced his father and uncles, and thus spoke.

"As I approach my friends, my transports in-
"crease, and on their account my cheeks are
"bedewed with tears. This day I march towards

"them, and I am surrounded by the chiefs of my "tribe. I have slain the son of Dilgan, a lion in "battle, and with my Indian scimitar I have cured "my pains. I have engaged to cleanse their hearts "from sorrow. I have rescued my tribe, and that "is my dearest reward. My companion, whenever "I march by night, is my sword and my spear; and "the Dæmons of the earth dread my vehemence. "O Ibla, how many horsemen have I raised up on "my double-edged cleaving scimitar in my strength! "O Ibla, how many horsemen, in the midst of the "war throng, as soon as I come, fling away their "arms in fear of me! Ask every lion hero of my "exploits; they will tell thee every lion is terrified "at my violence. My tribe abuse me that I am "black; but my deeds in battle are fairer than the "dawn. If I wish, I will seize whole countries "and subjugate them, and all the princes of the "earth are within my grasp."

Thus they travelled on till they came to the pool near which Shiboob left the wounded man, and they perceived that he was dead; they were exceedingly vexed. Verily, said Shedad, we have lost horsemen more valuable than the plunder!

Now that plain was very extensive, and as evening was advancing, they halted till midnight, and then departed, seeking their own country, where they arrived in the morning: and they met King Zoheir at the lake of Zatool-irsad, and with him

were his sons, and Rebia son of Zeead. As soon as they saw the King, they hastened to him, and saluting him, laid the plunder before him, and told him what Antar had done, how he had joined them, and liberated them from misery and destruction, and had slain Kais, and dispersed part of the tribe of Cahtan. Confer this great obligation then, on thy son, he so longs for, said Zoheir to Shedad, that you may be rewarded by his great actions, and be ennobled by his sword to after generations.

Rebia, Shas, and Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, were greatly enraged at this; but Prince Malik, the friend of Antar, rejoiced.

He then divided the spoil in equal portions, but out of respect for Antar would not take even a halter. And Antar immediately presented the whole of it to his father and his uncles; and all the tribe of Abs were astonished at his noble conduct and filial love. Zoheir sacrificed camels and sheep, and ordered a feast to be prepared, and as they ate and drank, King Zoheir turned towards Antar and said, recite, Aboolfawaris, some of thy verses; and he thus complied.

" May fortune bring thee every wish of thy heart,
" live in peace, for every result will secure thy
" comfort! This is the lake whose residence thou
" hast sweetened; and were it not for thee, its
" rain fraught with exhalations would not fall upon
" us. Thou art present, and all its herbs are

" green or yellow, and all their wonders and charms
" are expanded before us. The breeze of musk
" wafts the essence of its flowers, and it smiles from
" east to west. O then, let us do it ample justice
" with wine; let us mix it till its banks o'erflow.
" Let us drink with thee out of cups of joy, and
" let us hold up thy train, thou lord of honor!
" Thy countenance is decked in smiles, laughter
" lives in thy teeth, and there is a sword whose
" blows draw the blood of thy foes. O do not
" then reproach me if I weep for Hima, when I
" call to mind the friends that dwell there, and its
" neighbours. In my heart is an ever burning
" flame, but I am ever in alarm about these dear
" warriors and these tents. Over the extent of the
" waste are marvellously rich canopies, and the
" whole is ornamented with fine curtains of Grecian
" velvet, painted with every surprising form, that I
" am amazed at their starry brilliancy. My heart
" was in agony the day they quitted Hima, but it
" soon returned to hail its royal master. Should it
" be said amongst the people—Who is the most
" determined hero? What youth is ennobled high
" o'er the rest? We will say it is Zoheir, illustrious
" in his birth, towering above all men, who can
" never attain his eminence. His exploits avert
" from us the obscurity of night, and all is
" luminous, so that his star is one mass of onyx.
" May he ever succeed in every enterprize; may
" death ever march wherever his armies march."

These verses delighted the King. May God never renounce thy mouth, or man do thee harm, said he. By the faith of an Arab, thou art one of the wonders of the world; and he continued to praise and thank him; when lo! a great dust arose, and there appeared a hundred horsemen, all clothed in steel, headed by a Knight like a lofty date tree on an elephant, on his head was a turban of Kufian cloth, and over him a painted mantle of Grecian fabric; beneath him was an Arabian steed; they came down towards the lake, and when they reached it, the formost rank stopped short, and their leader dismounted, and presented himself before King Zoheir, bowing before him. His tears began to flow, and with a heart rent with anguish he thus addressed him.

" O thou, the defender and protector, be my " defence and support against mine enemies. Thou " art the defender of orphans, and thy beneficence " heals the wounded spirit. Fortune has over- " whelmed me, my bosom bursts, and my soul is " full of grief. A perfidious minded oppressor has " overpowered us with his strength, and has " violated our virgins. Wherever he goes, death " precedes him, so he destroys his foes before he " presents himself. Protect us from his violence " before all our women are dragged prisoners by " their hair."

BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER IV.

The suppliant had not finished his intreaties, ere Prince Malik sprung towards him, and throwing his arms round his neck, O my brother, said he, may God never permit thy eyes to weep! What is it that has called forth thy grief? Now this suppliant was Prince Malik's foster-brother, and his name was Hassan the Mazinite. The King had taken the mother of this youth a prisoner from the tribe of Mazin; he was an infant at her breast, and as his father was slain in the affair, King Zoheir carried her away, and as Temadhur had just then brought forth Prince Malik, she consigned her child to her, desiring her to suckle the infant with her own child. So she remained with her a long time, and suckled and weaned her son and Prince Malik together, till her sister, who had heard of her, came to her and pressed her exceedingly to return home. She asked permission of Temadhur, who granted it, and gave her and her sister many very valuable presents. She then departed with her sister for her native land, and employed herself in educating her son Hassan, until he grew up and his limbs strengthened, for in him was the essence of the

noble tribe of Mazin. And he became a blazing flame, and a fiery thunderbolt, and the tribe of Mazin loved him for his courage, and they made him the protector of their land.

And Hassan's sudden arrival at King Zoheir's tent was occasioned by the following circumstance. Hassan had a maternal uncle, whose name was Nedjem the Mazinite, and he had a daughter perfectly beautiful and lovely, and her form was symmetry itself. Hassan was in love with her, but he was never able to address her, till a man of the name of Awef the son of Alkem, of the tribe of Terjem, presented himself one day to his uncle. He was also a renowned horseman, and a valiant hero, rich in property and cattle. And when he came, his uncle invited him to a feast, and slew camels and sheep, and poured out wine for him; and when the liquor began to play about the head of Awef, he threw himself at his feet, and demanded his daughter, and won him by his wealth and riches. Hassan was present, and when he perceived that if he remained silent, his cousin would be betrothed to another, he started up and eagerly exclaimed: O my uncle, do not marry thy daughter to this man, for I am to be preferred to him on account of my rank and consideration: never will I permit the daughter of my uncle to quit her tent for a stranger's, were my limbs to be torn asunder! Ignoble wretch, cried Awef, canst thou presume to address; where I have already put

in a claim? for thou art numbered amongst the herd of orphans.*

Wert thou not in mine uncle's tent, replied Hassan, I would soon tear off thy head, and silence thy existence. And if thou wouldst boast of thy wealth, know, that all the property of the Arabs is mine, and in the grasp of my hand; and if thou wouldst domineer over me with thy courage, come, let us to the field! that I may make an example of thee amongst the horsemen.

At these words the light became dark in the eyes of Awef; he instantly sprang on his horse's back, and Hassan did the same; and they both rushed to the plain, and dashed at each other, and the earth quivered under the feet of their horses, and all the tribe of Mazin sallied out in order to see what might be the result of the battle and contention. Naeema, the daughter of Nedjim, was there with many other women. And when Hassan observed his cousin, and that she was viewing the engagement, he instantly seized his antagonist and grappled him, and pressing him hard, stopped all means of escape; then catching hold of the rings of his coat of mail, he made him his prisoner, dashed him on the ground, and almost smashed him to atoms. He instantly dismounted to cut off his head; but his

* Young orphans did not inherit at the death of their fathers; all property belonged to the tribe; as they had not laboured, they had not merited.

uncle sprang towards him, saying, O my son let him go, accept of my intercession, for he has eaten of my meat and been under my protection. So Hassan admitted his uncle's interference, and pardoned him. Awef quitted the tribe of Mazin, for shame and mortification overwhelmed him; and the event was spread among the Arab tribes, and every one stood in awe of Hassan.

About that time a female slave came to Hassan. Your uncle, said she, has been just saying to his wife, Verily Hassan is a valiant and a brave fellow, but he has not wherewithal to keep up an establishment, and I fear, should I give him my daughter, she will be reduced to penury and difficulties with him. As soon as Hassan heard this, he assembled all the men in whom he could confide, and took them away, and he went in search of plunder from some of the Arab hordes.

Now, among the Arab tribes of Cahtan, there was a King whose name was Oosak, and he was one of the thousand warriors of that period of ignorance, who could engage a thousand heroes at once. He had at his command an intrepid army; but a famine having wasted his lands, he departed with his troops and his armies, and attacked the land of the tribe of Mazin, amongst whom he settled. And it happened, that as he rode out one day, and was amusing himself by the streams and the fountains, he rode on till he came to a pool of water, when it happened by

fate and destiny, from which there is for man no retreat or escape, that in that day Naeema, the daughter of Hassan's uncle (who with her friends was gone to procure a dower for her) came also to the lake. Oosak, as he looked at her and the young girls employed in their games and amusements, distinguished Naeema, for her face was brilliant like the moon when it is full; and as she was smiling, with her teeth like rows of pearls, and as the weight of her haunches prevented her from standing up, Oosak was quite surprised, and his senses failed him. But the women turning towards him perceived Oosak looking at them, so they all surrounded Naeema. O brother Arab, they exclaimed, are you not ashamed of this action, thus to come and stare at the daughters of warriors?

Oosak smiled and laughed at what they said, and called out to an old woman who was with them, and asked her about the damsel. Whose daughter is she? Whether she was a virgin or a married woman? This is Naeema, the daughter of Nedjim, said she, and is unmarried. When Oosak heard this, his love and passion increased. He staid quiet that night, but as soon as the day dawned, he sent to Nedjim to demand his daughter in marriage. But Nedjem refused him, saying—Verily, I have but one daughter, and have affianced her to my nephew Hassan, who is now on an expedition, seeking a dower for her. I cannot therefore dispose of her,

for he is a horseman that would not put up with such an affront, and also a man of a harsh disposition. The messenger reported this to Oosak, who swore in his wrath that he would not take her but as a captive, and that he would pour down death and destruction on the whole tribe of Mazin.

About that time arrived Hassan, bringing with him immense wealth; and as soon as he approached the dwelling, he gave his uncle the marriage present for his daughter. He also made a partition amongst the warriors of the tribe, and put aside five hundred camels for the marriage feast, and besought his uncle to have the ceremony performed. His uncle then informed him what Oosak had done, how he had demanded his daughter, and how he had refused him. On hearing this the light became dark in the eyes of Hassan. If Oosak dares to molest me, said he, I will tear out his lips and crush him to pieces, and I will drive him out of our land, even against his will. I will repair to King Zoheir, and will relate the affair to him, and then will I come upon him with the warriors of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, who heed not even Chosroe Nushirvan.

Thus Hassan calmed the mind of his uncle, and they made ready the marriage ceremony, and sacrificed the camels and the sheep, and poured out the wine; and seven days they continued in mirth and jollity; but on the eighth day, as they were adorning

the bride with jewels and robes, and were about to wed her to Hassan, intelligence reached them that Oosak had resolved to make all the women his slaves, plunder their property, and slay the men.

On hearing this, Hassan stood in front of his party, as they were consulting what was to be done. Hassan, said they, we are not able to contend with Oosak, for he has assembled all the tribe of Cahtan, and there comes with him the tribe of Zerker, and the tribe of Anka; and he has sent to Masood, the son of Moosad the Kelbian, and with him also is Awef, whom you made prisoner, and whose hair you cut off; and we have not that confidence in ourselves to suppose that our means can resist such accumulated forces. Upon this Hassan went to his uncle. Uncle, said he, have patience with me for ten days, and I will shew you what I will do with those haughty boasters.

So he took with him an hundred horsemen, and went his way till he reached the lake of Zatool Irsad, and on seeing King Zoheir, he told him what we have now related as the cause of his coming. Antar was present and heard all that had happened to Hassan, and being much interested about him, he instantly arose and kissing the King's hand—O my lord, he cried, let me be deputed by you for this service; let me go with Hassan, and I will destroy his enemy. Go, my son, cried Zoheir to Malik,—go to the assistance of your brother, and

take with you whomever you please of our warriors, and Antar among the rest, and return not till you have blotted out every vestige of Oosak.

The King then ordered the dinner to be prepared for Hassan and his companions, whilst Malik was employed in getting ready for the expedition, and chose from the tribe a thousand experienced warriors; and in three days, Hassan and his associates all mounted their horses with Prince Malik, and Antar the impetuous horseman, and Shiboob as his attendant; and Hassan was the happiest of men in the assistance of the tribe of Abs. Thus they marched on, clad in steel, and their bright cuirasses sparkled on their bodies. And as they rode, said Malik to Antar—O Aboolfawaris, recite to us some of thy verses. Willingly, my Lord, he replied; and thus spoke:—

"I lust after the blows of the cleaving scimitars,
" and I idolize the thrusts of the well made spears.
" I long for the cups of death, when they are pure,
" and they circle round the heads of the illustrious
" brave. It is the blow and the thrust when the
" horses stumble among the death-bearing lances,
" and the armies are in confusion, that please me
" under the shades of the dust, like the wings of
" darkness, as the coursers storm over the earth,
" the barbs of the lances plunge into obscurity, and
" start from it like the sparkling stars. Faulchions,
" gleam in it in every direction, like the flashes of

" lightning in the darkness of night. O by thy life,
" honour and glory, and eminence, and the accom-
" plishment of hopes, and exaltation of fame are for
" him who rushes into the combat magnanimously,
" where alone in the height of glory are the highest
" honours. Let him thrust among the warriors and
" the chiefs with a heart unmoved in the fall of sword
" blows. Let him brandish furiously his sabre and
" spear in the boldness of his spirit, undaunted
" at calamities. Let him do justice to the lance of
" Cahtan in the contest, and let him stretch forth
" proudly his shoulders with the edge of the sci-
" mitar. Otherwise, let him lead a contemptible
" life in ignominy, and when he dies, his friends
" will not mourn over him. The beauteous virgins
" will not weep in anguish for any but the
" horsemen noble in the hour of trial. I am the
" hero well known in the field of battle, and I am
" the eager knight amongst my relations. I am
" the assaulting lion, and the hero who defends their
" dwellings and habitations."

O Aboolfawaris, said Hassan, verily you surpass all the horsemen of the age in eloquence and courage, and generosity and nobleness of mind. You are in truth the jewel of the times. Antar thanked him, and they travelled on for three days, and on the fourth day (for the Lord of Heaven had decreed the glory of Antar, and that no one should exceed him in prosperity) Antar happening to stray a

little out of the way, descended into a deep valley: and lo! there were two horsemen engaged in desperate combat. Antar urged on his steed, and coming up to them, Stop, ye Arabs, he cried; and tell me the cause of your quarrel. At the instant one of them stepped aside, and came up to Antar Noble horseman of the desert and the town, said he, I refer myself to you, for you are able to protect me. I will take your part, said Antar, I will protect you, I pledge myself to you but acquaint me with your story, and what has rendered necessary this combat between you.

Know then, noblest knight of the age, said the youth, that I and this horseman are brothers, of the same father and the same mother; he is the eldest, and I am the youngest; and our father was one of the Arab chieftains, and he was called Amroo, the son of Harith, the son of Teba, and Teba was our ancestor; and one day as he was sitting down, his flocks strayed away, and one of his camels was lost, and as he was very partial to it, he questioned some of the herdsmen about it. One of them said, Know, my Lord, yesterday this camel strayed away from the pasture; I followed behind it, and it still continued to run away, and I after it, till I became tired, and perceiving that it lagged behind, I stretched out my hand and took up a stone, black in appearance, like a hard rock, brilliant and sparkling. I struck the camel with it, and it hit the

camel on the right side and issued out on the left, and the camel fell to the ground dead. On coming up to it I found the stone by its side, and the camel was weltering in its blood."

On hearing this, my ancestor mounted his horse, and taking the peasant with him, went to find out the pasture. They passed on till they came to the camel, which they found dead, and the stone lying near it. My ancestor took it in his hand, and considered it very attentively, and he knew it was a thunderbolt; so he carried it away and returned home. He gave it to a blacksmith, and ordered him to make a sword of it. He obeyed, and took it and went his way; and in three days he returned to my ancestor with a sword two cubits long and two spans wide. My ancestor received it, and was greatly pleased when he saw it, and turned towards the blacksmith and said, What name have you given it? So the blacksmith repeated this distich: "The sword is sharp, O son of the tribe of Ghalib, "sharp indeed, but where is the striker for the "sword?" And my ancestor waved the sword with his hand, and said, As to the smiter, I am the smiter; and struck off the head of the blacksmith, and separated it from his body. He then cased it with gold, and called it Dhami, on account of its sharpness. He laid it by amongst his treasures, and when he died it came in succession to my father, with the rest of the arms, and when my father perceived his death

was at hand, he called me to him privately. O my son, said he, I know your brother is of a tyrannical obstinate disposition, one that likes violence and hates justice, and I am aware that at my death he will usurp my property. What measures shall I take? said I. He answered, take this sword and conceal it, and let no one know any thing about it; and when you see that he takes forcible possession of all my property, cattle and wealth, do you be content, my son, with this sword, for it will be of great benefit to you, for if you present it to Nusliirvan, King of Persia, he will exalt you with his liberality and favours, and if you present it to the Emperor of Europe, he will enrich you with gold and silver.

When I heard these words, I consented to what he demanded, and took it out, in the darkness of the night, and having buried it in this place, I returned to my father and stayed with him till he died. We buried him, and returned home; but my brother took possession of all my father had, and gave me nothing, not a rope's end; and when he searched for the arms, and saw not the Dhami, he asked me for it. I denied knowing any thing about it; he gave me the lie, and abused me most violently; at last I confessed, and told him I had buried it in such a spot; so he came with me hither, and searched for it, but could not find it. Again he asked me where I had buried it; and when he saw me roaming about

from place to place, he rushed upon me, and cried out, saying—Vile wretch! you know where the sword is, and act thus to deceive me. He attacked me, and sought to slay me. I defended myself until you arrived, and now I demand your protection.

When Antar heard this, his heart pitied him; he left the youth, and turning to his brother, said, Why do you tyrannize over your brother? and do not divide with him the property your father left? Base slave, cried he, highly incensed, look to yourself, and interfere not so arrogantly; and he turned upon Antar, thinking him a common man; but Antar gave him no time to wheel, or direct his reins, ere he pierced him through the chest with his spear, and thrust it ten spans through his back, and threw him down dead. And now, young man, said he, to the other, return to your family, and assume the rank of your father, and should any one molest you, send and inform me; I will come and tear his life out of his sides. The youth thanked him and expressed his gratitude. Now my brother is no more, said he, I have no other enemy: and he departed home. But Antar fixed his spear in the ground, and dismounted from Abjer, and sat down to rest himself; and as he was moving the sand with his fingers, he touched a stone; on removing what was about it, behold! the sword the youth had been seeking. He still cleared away, and drew it forth, and seized hold of it, and it was a sword

two cubits in length, and two spans wide, of the metal of Amalec, like a thunderbolt. And Antar was convinced of his good fortune, and that everything began and ended in the most high God.

Antar mounted and pursued his comrades and Prince Malik, bearing the sword in his hand. He shewed it to Malik, and told him all about the youth and his brother, and the sword; of his having buried it, and all that passed between them; and Malik was greatly astonished, saying, This is a gift sent you by the Lord of Heaven.

They marched forward, passing over the wilds and the deserts that day and night; and the next day at dawn, behold there was great dust, and when dispersed, five hundred horsemen appeared all clothed in steel. Go and learn for us, said Antar to Shiboob, what means this dust, and what news there is beneath it. Shiboob quitted them, and returned as quick as a bird on the wing, O son of my mother, cried he, these are your enemies, the army of Gheidac. But the circumstance that occasioned the approach of this horseman was this: it happened that Oosak had demanded assistance of Gheidac, in his meditated attack on the tribe of Mazin.

Now there was blood revenge between Gheidac and Antar, because Antar had killed his father, and he had been brought up an orphan, but when he grew up he became a valiant horseman, and

destroyed his opponents; and he was a blazing thunderbolt, and overthrew knights and slew warriors. And when his name was spread abroad among the tribes, they gave him supreme command, and he sat in the place of his father. He became proud, and behaved haughtily to his people.

Now there was a man in the tribe called Codhàah, and he hated Gheidac. , O Gheidac, said he one day, thou art a marked man; it does not become thee to behave so haughtily towards the horsemen, when thou hast not yet revenged the murder of thy father: how canst thou presume to boast over the brave and the valiant? And Gheidac said, Who is the stout king on whom I am to be avenged? Thy revenge is on Antar, son of Shedad, said he. Then the light became darkness in his eyes, and he cried out to the horsemen of his tribe, and he ordered them to prepare for an expedition to attack the tribe of Abs, and he swore he would slay Antar, and make him drink the cup of perdition, and destroy the whole tribe of Abs and Adnan. The tribe assented to his directions, and took with them all their warlike instruments for the expedition.

Just at that time arrived Oosak's messenger to request Gheidac's assistance against the tribe of Mazin. So Gheidac gave up his former intention, and went with the messenger of Oosak to perform what he required of him, and he was marching on this object when he met Antar and the Absians, and

Antar dispatched Shiboob, as we before stated. This day, said Antar, I will unite Gheidac to his father; I will curse his family and his relations. As soon as Gheidac saw the tribe of Abs, and Antar the destroyer of horsemen, his heart was overjoyed, and he cried out to his party—This is a glorious morning; to day will I take my revenge, and wipe out my disgrace So he assailed the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and his people attacked in his rear like a cloud when it pours forth water and rains. And the Knight of Abs, Antar, assaulted them likewise, anxious to try his sword, the famous Dhami. They all rushed forward, and horsemen encountered horsemen. Cowards fled, and the weak-hearted were disgraced; but the bold were firm in the assault, and the equals in courage met each other in the field. The earth trembled under trampling of the horses,—the heavens were obscured with the clouds of dust,—the warriors were covered with wounds, and the swords laboured in the cause of death; exertion was alive, and all jest was at an end. Thus they continued fighting till mid-day; and the impetuosity of Antar was the impetuosity of a resolute hero. When Gheidac observed the deeds of Antar, the bold warrior, he roared like a lion in his den, and he rushed down upon the lion Antar, who met him, his heart undaunted in the midst of terrors, and occupied him in the contest, and continually drew him on, as a lion draws on weaker cubs, until having

wearied him, he shouted at him and struck him with horror; then assailed him so that stirrup grated stirrup; and he struck him on the head with Dhami. He cleft his vizor and wadding, and his sword played away between the eyes, passing through his shoulders down to the back of the horse, even to the ground: and he and his horse made four pieces; and to the strictest observer, it would appear that he had divided them with scales.

Gheidac's companions beheld their chief, and that he was dead; and they said one to another—Never did we see such a blow; were not this slave endued with the whole power of courage, he could not at one blow have thus destroyed our chief. So they took to flight and ran away, exclaiming—May God curse thy harlot mother! how fierce is thy blow! how piercing is thy thrust!

Antar and the horsemen soon returned from the pursuit, having filled the earth with the dead, and having collected the scattered horses, and all the booty and plunder from the plains and deserts; as they prosecuted their journey towards the tribe of Mazin, Antar preceded the troops of warriors like a noble lion, and thus addressed them.

"I am he that makes the warriors drink of the "cups of death with the sharp-bladed glittering "Indian scimitar. I am the raiser of their dust, "and the atmosphere is thick and darkly turbid with

"blows at which cowards are humbled and ter-
"rified. I am the death that never rushes into
"the fiery day of battle without a tongue to speak.
"I have slain Gheidac, because he was oppressive
"and insulted me, and soon will I send Oosak after
"him. I charge right and left through their horse-
"men, and dash through the midst of them. I cut
"down to the ground the warriors in the fight,
"whilst the horses stumble and slip over their
"heads. O Ibla, though they abuse me for my
"blackness, yet the fairness of my exploits shines
"and flashes. O Ibla, the men of my tribe have
"witnessed my spear-thrust and sword-blow rag-
"ing among the sculls. I destroy the heroes
"of war with my scimitar, and whole armies are
"extirpated at the edge of my sword. How many
"horsemen throw away their arms in terror of me,
"when they behold me robed in black gore. My
"ambition is raised above the Pleiades, and the
"fortune of my star is suspended from heaven."

They marched forward without delay, until they reached the tribe of Mazin, where they perceived the glittering of spears, the glare of armour, the flash of swords, and warriors engaged round the tents whilst the women were earnestly encouraging them to the contest and battle. Who is it that fights with children and women? and who is it that shrinks from his enemy and foes? cried the heroes. When Antar saw and heard the cries of the women,

and the screams of the children from the crowd (for he was particularly solicitous in the cause of women), the light was darkened in his eyes, and he knew not the right from the left. Do you take your warriors towards the quarter of the women, cried he to Malik, and I will attack these horsemen who have taken their property, and have dispersed them in the plains and wilds. And he shouted forth in his well known voice when incensed—Ignoble dastards, he roared, I am Antar, the son of Shedad! He attacked, and at his assault the mountains tottered. He rushed down upon the enemy, and at once overpowered the warriors and destroyed the heroes, driving away the enemy out of their tents; and at his second attack all the scene of action was expanded; he shouted in front of the horses and forced them back upon their haunches; and when the horsemen crowded about him, he snatched hold of one from the back of his horse, and grasping him by his feet, and whirling him round as a sling, with him he struck down a second, and the two instantly fell dead. Thus the battle was raging among them, when Antar heard the voice of Prince Malik, crying out, O son of Shedad, haste to my assistance."

Now the Prince was engaged with the party of Moosad, the lord of the waters of Tracer; he had dispersed them, and was about to repeat his attack, when Moosad came upon him roaring like a lion. He was an experienced horseman: he attacked Prince

Malik, and pressed him hard; and when Malik saw that his life was in danger he cried for Antar's aid; who no sooner heard him than he turned Abjer round, and like a ferocious lion rushed down upon Moosad, who was about to gallop around and charge at him; but Antar gave him no time. Come on! he cried: and he terrified him, and struck him with Dhami on the chest, and he divided him down to the girdle of his back, and hurled him down, hewn in two. He then assailed the army of Oosal, his heart undaunted at death.

And when the tribe of Mazin saw Antar's prowess, the hearts of the heroes were encouraged, and they hastened to the combat; men met men, and heroes heroes; blood flowed and streamed, scimitars glittered, and spears goaded; armour was riven; lives were plundered; the ground was discoloured with blood; the warriors were covered with glory; the flames of war greatly raged; innumerable were the blows and the thrusts, and the easy became difficult: the battle field boiled like the boiling of cauldrons; mighty was every act, and fate descended amongst them. The eagles and vultures hovered round; cowards were overthrown, and the brave were overwhelmed: heroes were slain on both sides. The horror of the scene was tremendous, the universal cry among them, was Death! Hands and arms were torn asunder. Antar cut through the troops, and made heads fly

off like balls, and hands like leaves of trees. The van cried out to the rear; they roared against Antar from afar; but not one dared to approach the spot where he fought.

Antar eagerly sought after the plume that floated above the head of Oosak, and he stopped not in his attack until he was beneath the standard where Oosak was waiting for his people to bring him his beloved Naeema: neither could he be roused till Antar came before him and encountered him. Then ensued a dreadful engagement. The combat lasted an hour; when nerveless sunk the arm of Oosak. Antar seeing the state he was in, clung to him and grappled him; and drawing his sword from his scabbard, he aimed a blow at his head, but Oosak received it on his shield. The sword of Antar came down upon it and shivered it in two, and split his vizor in twain, and it penetrated even to his thighs, down to the back of the horse; and the rider and the horse fell in four parts; and he cried out—O by Abs! I am the lover of Ibla; never will I be controuled! I will not be restrained!

When the troops of Oosak saw this deed, they were bewildered; they became confounded; and they said to one another, this is no human being, —every one that comes before him drinks of the cup of death. So they wheeled about their horses and retreated into the rocky deserts, whilst Antar and the tribe of Abs and Mazin pursued them, and

having driven them away out of that land, they returned to the scattered cattle and dispersed horses; and as they all came back to the tents, the tribe of Mazin dismounted, and met Antar, and marched by the side of his stirrup, celebrating his victory and triumph till they reached their camp, where the women and the men came out, and the tribe of Abs were accommodated with the best spots. Hassan was the happiest of them all with Antar and the Absians. He prepared feasts and festivals and entertainments, which lasted for seven days; and on the eighth night Nacema was married to Hassan.

Early the next morning all the Arabs went to their respective countries and homes, and the tribe of Abs also departed; but all the tribe of Mazin, in order to take leave of them, accompanied them a whole day's journey, when Antar besought them to return home, and he and Malik pursued their journey towards their own country, over wilds and plains. And when they were nigh, Prince Malik sent on a messenger to announce their approach. All the tribe of Abs were extremely anxious about that expedition, particularly King Zoheir, with respect to Antar; because his enemies, and those that envied him, exceeded his friends and well-wishers.

Now Rebia the son of Zeead had a brother, whose name was Amarah: he was one of the nobles, but a great coxcomb, was very particular in his

dress, fond of perfumes, and always keeping company with the women and young girls. About that period, happening to hear much said about Ibla, and what Antar had reported of her, and repeated of her in his verses, a passion was kindled in his heart, and from hearsay, he conceived a violent love for her; and as Poets term it, his ears fell in love before his eyes. Amarah sent for one of his female slaves, and said to her, Go to the habitations of the tribe of Carad, and obtain some account of Ibla for me, and learn if what Antar says of her be true, or disbelieved amongst the people, for if she has all the beauty and charms that are attributed to her, I shall demand her in marriage, and will be lawfully wedded to her. She promised to obey him, and departed. She came to the habitations of the tribe of Carad, and presented herself to Ibla, pretending to come on a visit; so Ibla gave her a kind reception. Thus the slave girl ascertained the point about Ibla, and found her a perfect miracle of beauty and loveliness. She remained about an hour, and returned to Amarah. Blessed be God, how great is his power, and how fair are his works, cried she, as she entered the tents, and in Amarah's hearing; and he asked her what had occasioned her so much astonishment. O, said she, it is that damsel, whose equal exists not; for the most high God has granted to her such beauty,

and such charms, as he has never yet bestowed on any one of the daughters of the greatest Kings.

At this his heart fluttered, he was agitated, he instantly leaped up, and put on his best clothes, and perfumed himself all over, and let his hair float down his shoulders, and mounted a white-faced horse, and set out for the habitations of the tribe of Carad. He happened to meet Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, on the road. Amarah saluted them, and said to Malik—Come along with me, my uncle, for I have something particular to communicate. If you have any business with me, replied Malik, you might have sent a servant to me, and I would have waited on you. What I want of you, said Amarah, must be done personally between us. I wish to be nearly related to you, and am most anxious to be connected with you. I am a suitor with you, and am desirous of wedding your daughter; and I have only done this out of my anxiety for her on account of her shepherd, who has disgraced her among the Arabs of the desert.

Thus Amarah continued his talk, till Malik's eyes wept tears of joy: his bosom was elated and transported with delight. O chief, said he, my daughter is your slave, and I and my son Amroo are the most obedient of you servants—and he stretched out his hand to Amarah, and promised his daughter

to him; and when they all returned home, Amarah informed his brother Rebia of all that had passed between him and Malik, son of Carad. I shall not permit thee thus to connect thyself, said Rebia; have nothing to do with such fellows; for if Antar hears it, he will not leave a single man alive of all the tribe of Zeead. And pray who's Antar? asked Amarah—have I not a thousand slaves like him? and if the foul wretch presume to interfere with me, I will shew him the valour of Amarah the munificent; I'll shew him what I'll do with him. If you can effect the marriage tomorrow morning early, said Rebia, give her father the dower and marriage presents without delay, and introduce yourself to her in the absence of Antar; for he is an uncontroulable horseman, and a man rough and harsh in his manners; but if you can gain her whilst he's away, there will be an end of it. Amarah assented to the proposal of Rebia, and thought his advice prudent; for he feared Antar would kill him and make him drink of the cup of death and dissolution.

So the next day Amarah mounted his horse and went to Malik to give him the dower and marriage presents; and just at that moment arrived a messenger at the tents of the tribe of Abs, announcing the approach of Prince Malik son of Zoheir, and Antar son of Shedad, and all the noble warriors in their suite. Every one mounted his steed to go

and meet them. And friends saluted friends. Antar went home, and entered his aunts apartments, and staid till morning with his mother, whom he questioned about Ibla, enquiring whether she had mentioned him during his absence? God be with thee, my son, said his mother; talk no more about Ibla, and that lovely form—if thou art asleep, awake! Antar upon this instantly jumped up—What king or prince, exclaimed he, has taken her away! The chief Amarah, said his mother, has taken her. Every thing is completed but the giving of the dower and marriage presents. By the faith of a noble and faithful Arab, cried Antar, to morrow will I slay that Amarah, were he even concealed within the chambers of Nushirvan, king of Persia; tomorrow will I tell the whole affair to my friend Prince Malik, and ask his counsel.

He remained at home that night, but early in the morning, he repaired to the habitations of the Prince, entered his tent, and kissed his hand. Malik received him kindly, seated him by his side, saying—how hast thou passed the night, Aboolfawaris? My night was the night of thy most accursed foe, replied Antar. What means this? said Malik; inform me what's the matter, and be sure of success and triumph. Antar told him what Malik had done, and how he had betrothed his daughter to Amarah; but my lord,

I must indeed slay that Amarah, and the whole race of Zeead, and I will depart from this land and country. But why quit this land? said Malik, greatly disturbed; I am a foe to those who are thy foes, and a friend of those who are thy friends; have patience until we go out to the chase, and then will I speak to thy father Shedad, andwill urge him to acknowledge thee as his son, and that thou art a part of his heart. Then take Ibla from her father; and if he does not assent, I will put my name on her, and will keep off any suitor or wooer till the ceremony is performed, and thou art in possession of thy wife.

At this, Antar's grief and anguish were appeased. So they mounted their horses and sought the habitation of King Zoheir, whence they all went out on a hunting party. And Amarah rode by the side of Ibla's father: he was dressed out in his finest raiments, and his limbs were perfumed and scented, and his hair flowed down his shoulders. Go, Aboolfawaris, to my tent, said Malik to Antar, that I may speak with thy father Shedad. Antar departed, and Prince Malik, riding up to Shedad, said—How long will you reject your son Antar? does not your heart lean towards him? and do you not yearn after him? all the horde envies you on his account. Grant me this request, Shedad, and let me make a noble entertainment, and let me raise his head above a state of servitude, and you will see

what he will do in return for such a favour. Who, answered Shedad, whilst his wrath was evident in his features, who is the Arab that ever did such a deed before me? Do you wish that it should be said of me that Shedad was captivated with a Negro woman, even to desire to marry her, and she bore him a son, and he acknowledged him as such because he became a great warrior, and a destroying hero. And who is he, said Malik, that having a son that resembles your son Antar would deny him, even were swords to cut his body in pieces?—According to my opinion, you should glory in him. Let the Arabs follow your example.—Good practices are to be admired, even though they be new. My lord, we'll consult about this, said Shedad; and he went his way home; Prince Malik also returning unsuccessful, found Antar in the greatest anxiety—he required what had passed with his father—Malik told him.

Antar remained that night with Prince Malik, but early next morning he mounted his horse and went towards his mother's tent, and as he was passing along the road, he met Amarah in the quarter of the tribe of Carad. He had been that night consulting with Malik, Ibla's father, about the marriage, and in the morning he was returing home followed by his attendants. He was riding in a most affected, coxcomical manner; and as soon as he saw Antar he trembled, and was in great dismay;

however, he plucked up courage, and let his tongue run glibly on. Son of Shedad, said he, where wert thou last night? thy masters were seeking thee; for I was there with them, and having heard of thy talent for eloquence, it was my intention to give thee a robe suitable to such as thou art.

On hearing this, the light became dark in Antar's eyes; he came up to him—Amarah, he exclaimed, I am not worthy of receiving a robe or present from thee; but when thou enterest unto my mistress Ibla, the daughter of Malik, verily, vile wretch, I will wrench thy neck off thy shoulders; I will curse thy family and thy parents, and I will make thine the most fatal of marriages; and Antar ran close up to Amarah, and seized him by the waist, heaved him up in his hand till he had raised him above his head, and then dashed him on the ground, and almost smashed his bones. Amarah fainted with fright, and gave unfeigned signs of cowardice and alarm.

Immediately there arose an uproar among the tribes of Abs and Zeead, and soon appeared Prince Malik at full speed; for as soon as he heard the news, he was afraid some mischief would befall his friend. He came up with his drawn sword and joined Antar, who stood firm, with his trusty Dhami in his hand. By the faith of an Arab of Medder, said Malik, verily Antar in the tribe of Carad, is

like a rare onyx amongst people who know not its value or worth. Come on, Aboolfawaris, he continued, now for the family of Zeead! and he plied his sword among them. Were the tribe of Zeead in any other place, cried Antar, hastening towards him, and kissing his hand, I would shew thee what I would do with them in battle and war; but I am afraid of blame and reproaches; and least the noble Arabs should say, that a slave of the tribe of Carad put his cousins to the sword. Malik was amazed at Antar, and his magnanimity; and just then Rebia came up at full speed with the intention of killing Antar the lion-hearted hero, for he too had heard of the event: so he mounted his horse, and came greatly alarmed lest his brother should be killed and buried; for he had previously told his brother that he did not wish him to interfere with Ibla, or expose himself and family to danger with the slave Antar. He rushed upon Antar, eager to destroy him. Stop, Rebia, cried Malik, or by the faith of an Arab I will not spare one of your people or warriors. Matters were in this state, when lo! King Zoheir arrived, with all his heroes of the tribe of Abs and Adnan. The attendants cried out, hold! stop! fight not! ye have put in motion King Zoheir, the ruler of the age.

Now on that day King Zoheir had received intelligence that the tribe of Tey were coming down

upon him on account of Aminah, the daughter of the Blood-drinker, and with them were twelve thousand horsemen. King Zoheir was therefore troubled in his heart, and he kept it secret, for he feared that death and ruin were coming upon the tribe of Abs. At that moment also reached him the account of Amarah and Antar; and he was greatly alarmed that dissentions should arise amongst the tribes: so he mounted his horse and came to them. As soon as King Zoheir arrived, they held back from the fray, and they presented themselves, both Amarah and his brother, whilst all the people cried out unanimously—O great King, there is no security for us in your country, unless you permit us to slay this diabolical black slave, Antar; for he rebels and revolts, and no one but you can restrain him. O my cousins, said Zoheir, tell me what is the matter, what has Antar done?

Rebia came forward and told him that Amarah had demanded in marriage Ibla, the daughter of Malik, and what Antar had done to him. So the King knew that Antar had been ill-used, and that what they had told him about the marriage of Ibla was only to deceive him: but observing how many complained of Antar, he said, tell me what is your intention, or what shall I do to him. O King, said they, either kill him, or banish him from our country, or send him back to tend the sheep and the camels. As to killing him, replied the King, I cannot

submit to you, because he has eaten of our meat, and our protection is on him; and as to banishing him or sending him back to tend the camels and the sheep, that does not depend upon me—it is Shedad's affair.

So the King sent for Shedad; and when he came—these people are much exasperated against your son, said Zoheir, but you have the entire disposal of him, therefore do with him what you please, and I will be witness for you. I am quite bewildered and distressed about this business, replied Shedad, but my opinion is that he should return to the care of the sheep and the camels, and repent of his conduct. Call Antar here, cried Zoheir, and make the compact with him in my presence. Shedad called for Antar, and he came. Thou wicked slave, said his master, it is my determination that thou return to the care of the sheep and the camels, for I will not irritate the whole tribe, and submit to thee. I will not molest my brother Malik, and obey thee.

When Antar heard his father's orders, the tears rushed from his eyes, and he regretted greatly what had passed. Do, said Antar, what you please, for I am one of your servants, and a slave has only to obey his master, though he torment and afflict him every day of his life: and from this day will I never mount a horse, and will never be present in battle, nor go anywhere but by your permission. And

King Zoheir and others witnessed for Antar, and for his promise; and this flame that had blazed was extinguished; and they all returned to their tents; and his enemies, and those that envied him, exulted over Antar, particularly the family of Zeead.

And Now, my cousins, cried Zoheir, prepare your warlike instruments this instant, to fight the tribe of Tey, for they are coming down upon us, with twelve thousand horsemen, on account of Aminah, the daughter of the Blood-drinker, in order to release her from slavery and indignity. They all assented, and separated to prepare immediately. But Antar was rejoiced and glad at hearing this intelligence, for he knew the tribe of Abs would be beaten and routed, and that they would be in want of him. So he went home and entered his mother's apartment, and asked about Ibla. Ibla was with me just now, said she; and she said, soothe the heart of my cousin Antar, and tell him from me that if my father even makes my grave my resting place, none but him do I desire, none but him will I choose."

Antar's heart rejoiced and gladdened when he heard what Ibla had said of him. He staid at home that night, and the next day he took his brothers Jereer and Shiboob, and went to the pasture, driving the cattle and the camels before him.

And King Zoheir mounted his horse with all his warriors of the tribe of Abs, in number four

thousand, all armed and accoutered, and set out to meet the tribe of Tey, leaving in the tents, for the protection of the property, three hundred horsemen, with the sons of Shas and Cais, and Rebia the son of Zecad. He traversed the deserts: and the tribe of Abs remained in safety one night; the next day Antar conducted the cattle and camels to the pasture, and Shiboob and Jereer went out also with the cattle and the sheep, seeking the pastures. No sooner had they quitted the tents, but a dust arose that darkened the whole country. It was a party of the ribe of Tey, who had passed King Zoheir on the road, and reached the land of Sharehah like a blazing flame.

What is your counsel now? O Ebereah, said Antar to Shiboob. If you listen to my advice, said his brother, to-day you will obtain all you wish and desire, and you will become the noblest of the tribe of Abs, and be admitted to the rank and consideration of of an Arab, and be reckoned one of the horsemen of Arabia. My opinion is, you should take the camels and the cattle, and ascend this eminence towards Mount Saadi; I will bring you your horse and your armour: for I know that the tribe of Abs will be routed, and will stand in need of you; and they will come to you, and will intreat you: but do not mount your horse, do not take part in the contest till your father admits you to his own rank, and acknowledges you as a son, and as a part of his heart, and

your uncle gives you his daughter in marriage, and makes you a partner in his wealth—then descend and destroy your enemies and those that envy you; and thus, my brother, you will attain the object of your wishes.

Antar heard this advice of Shiboob; and he drove away the cattle and the camels, and ascended the hill of Mount Saadi; whilst Shiboob went and brought him his horse and his armour, and they all three sat down to watch the result of the contest between the tribes of Abs and Tey: but the Teyans attacked the pastures of the Absians, and carried off their camels and their cattle, with their shepherds; and the whole country and vicinity were filled with them. Many of the herdsmen returned in flight, and spread alarm among the tents, informing the Absians of the arrival of the Teyans, and of their attack upon them, and that their army was like the tempestuous sea. They were amazed, and confounded; for they knew that King Zoheir must have missed them on the road.

Shas called out to the warriors, and assembled the men. Come on, my cousins, cried he, behold the enemy, let us fight for our women and our tents, and let us infuse fear and terror into their hearts, or they will cut in among ye, and nothing will secure us against the cup of death, but the blows with the sword. They all mounted, the men were encouraged, and rushed on to the combat; man opposed man, and

hero encountered heroes; blood flowed and streamed, limbs were hewn off, and horrors were spread among them for an hour; when at length the noble Absians were so hard pressed, that the Teyans overwhelmed them, for there were twelve thousand of these, and the Absians only three hundred. Shas and Rebia and Amarah were wounded, and nearly dead. The Absians abandoned their property and families, and sought the wilds and the deserts, and the enemy took possession of their country and lands.

Alas! said Ibla's father to Shedad, O my brother, where is thy son? Let him come to us in such a dreadful day as this, and liberate us from death and misery. We cannot raise our heads towards Antar, said Shedad; but were he present, our condition would indeed be the reverse of this. Shedad raised his eyes towards the hill, and he saw Shiboob and Jereer and Antar seated on the ground and contemplating the tribe of Abs, and their defeat. So he ran towards them, and his brother Malik followed him—Canst thou, in an hour like this, said Shedad, employ thyself in tending the cattle and the camels? Behold! the enemy have succeeded in their attempts, and have plundered our property and slain our horsemen, and have threatened to capture our women and our families.

What dost wish me to do? said Antar; I am indeed grieved at thy distress. O that I could rescue thee from destruction and defeat; but I am a slave,

and am not capable of doing any thing, and am not worthy your consideration; I am indeed a poor slave, and one who conducts cattle and camels to the pastures, and one employed in milking, and picking up wood, and tending cattle and sheep—am I not for this contemptible and despised? And he quitted his father and his uncle Malik where they stood, and went away from them.

Shedad was vexed at his conduct. What means this indifference about us, said he? What do you want of me? Said Antar—Hast ever heard of any one asking protection and countenance from a slave? And abandoning noble princes? Mount, descend, and destroy the enemy, Antar! cried Shedad, and I will grant thee all thy wishes and hopes, and I will raise thee to the rank and honour of an Arab. But what will be this rank and honour? said Antar. I will, said Shedad, recognize you as my son, and as a part of my heart. O my nephew, descend and drive away the enemy from us! exclaimed Malik, and I will acknowledge thee of our family.

Whilst all this was going on between Antar, Shedad, and Malik, the Teyans attacked the tents, and plundered the property and goods, and captured the women and families, even the females of King Zoheir's family; and his daughter Mootejeredah and his wife Temadhur were both taken prisoners; and they seized Ibla, and Shereeah and Semeeah; and dreadful was the wailing of Ibla when they

threw down their dwellings to their very foundations, and they left nothing worth a halter; for they were Arabs, and greedy of plunder, and only conquered for spoil; and there were men among them who loaded their horses, and loaded themselves with a good horse load besides; and in a short time they left the whole country a barren waste, driving away with them the females and the families, as they departed over the hills and the deserts.

Malik, Ibla's father, looked towards the women, and seeing Ibla was a captive among the warriors, O my nephew, cried he to Antar, dost thou not see thy beloved Ibla, and wilt thou not defend and protect her? If I mount this instant, Malik, said Antar, and destroy this party, and release Ibla from her affliction, wilt thou give her to me in marriage? Yes, said Malik, by the God that created her and beautified her. And he extended his hand towards Antar, and swore by the God of mankind, and said, If thou dost liberate Ibla, she shall be thy wife for ever: and Shedad admitted his pretentions to honour and rank, and swore he would not deny him again, were the foe to tear his body to pieces.

Shedad and Malik having finished speaking, and Antar having made them confirm their oaths, Shiboob brought him his horse Abjer. Now mount, O my brother, said he, for thou hast no more to say

to thy father and thy uncle—Put to the rout these hateful foes. Antar clad himself in armour, and encased himself in arms 'till he was like a tower, or a mass rent from the mountain's side. He rushed impetuously down from the height like a tremendous lion, his heart harder than stone, and his soul more buoyant than the waves of the sea when it roars. He shouted with a voice so loud that the whole country and vallies trembled at the shock—Ye ignoble dastards, I am Antar the son of Shedad! and he thus spoke:

"Soon shall ye behold my deeds this day with "the foe in the field of spear-thrusts, and the battle "fire; and my furious courage amongst the tribes; "so that in my sublimity, I will mount above the "Pisces. I plunge into the flames of war with the "cleaving scimitar, and I extirpate them with the "goring lance. I drive back the horses on their "haunches from the lofty seat of my thin-flanked "Abjer, and with the blade of my sword Dhami, "at whose edge flow the waves of death over the "enemy. This day will I exhibit my ardent soul "with my Indian sword, and I will meet the chests "of the horse with my thrusts. I will establish the "market of war in its field on the top of my steed, "in the protection of my country. My sword is "my father, and the spear in my hand is my father's "brother; and I am the son of my day in the "heights of the deserts."

He bent his head over the saddle-bow, and made his attack. First, he sought the horseman who had captured Ibla; he was in the rear, and his assault was the assault of fate and destiny. He wished to pierce him through the chest, but he feared the point might touch Ibla, and she be slain with him: so he wheeled his horse on one side, and came upon his right like a ferocious lion, and shouted out in a voice like thunder when it bellows, and pierced with his spear his right side; the point issued out on his left, and he hurled him down dead, weltering in his blood. Ibla was terrified at the thrust of the spear, but she was unhurt. Antar dismounted and came to Ibla. "Fear not, thou light of my eyes, said he, thou shalt behold thy Antar perform to day, deeds that shall be narrated and recorded."

Again he rushed upon the enemy like an outrageous lion; and Shiboob attended him shooting his arrows, with which he transfixed the hearts of the warriors. At the first attack he dispersed the troops from the tents, and in the second he laid bare the whole plain. He poured down upon them and he destroyed them, and overwhelmed them with shouts, and horror and death. He hewed off their arms and their limbs, and put to flight both the right and the left. And God prospered him in all he did, so that he slew all he aimed at, and over threw all he touched. How numerous were the

heroes he terrified! and at his shouts all the land trembled.

Now the tribe of Abs distinguished his voice through the confusion and thick dust, and they said to one another, "he has indeed routed them." They returned from the mountains and ravines, and joined the battle, and their hearts gained courage at the sight of Antar, the lord of war. But when Shas saw how Antar moved amongst the enemy, and how he overwhelmed them in slaughter and destruction, his gall burst, and his hatred increased. He turned towards his brother Cais, and said—dost not behold the deeds of that foul Black, how he cuts down the enemy with his sword? Verily, he has discomfited them, and dispersed them among the wilds and the plains, and his greatness will raise him above us all. But I wish, my brother, to take him unawares and kill him whilst he is engaged in the conflict, and make him drink of the cup of perdition, that we may be relieved from his foul influence; and it will be said that the Teyans have slain him.

What mean'st thou, O Shas! replied Cais; does Antar deserve this of us, after having defended our wives and our families? How can we be guilty of such an act? Had it not been for Antar's sword, the enemy would not have left one of us alive—not one to tell the tale. My advice is that we should aid him in the conflict, and drive away from us these warriors, or we shall become a common proverb.

Cais continued to make such representations to Shas, till he dissuaded him from his project. The whole tribe of Abs then collected together, and made one united effort against the enemy; and men encountered men, and heroes heroes, blood flowed, limbs were hewn off, and the Absians exerted all their powers to join the lion warrior; but it was impossible at that time, for Antar had plunged into the midst of the Teyans, on account of their horseman whose name was Rebeeah, who was the leader of the troops. He was eminent for his bravery, and it was he who had wounded Shas, and had destroyed many Absians, and had dispersed them among the mountain sides. And Antar continued slaughtering, and searching him until he overtook him, and did not give him time to turn or move his bridle, 'ere he struck him with Dhami upon his breast, dividing him down to the thong that encircled his back, and he tumbled over cut in twain.

When the Blood-drinker saw Antar smite the warrior, he was terrified and confounded, and said to his troops about him, this is no mortal man; all that have dared him, have drank of the cup of perdition. And as soon as he had released his daughter, he placed her behind him, and sought the wilds and the deserts, followed by the tribe of Tey and all the troops that had survived. And they fled to the mountains and the rocks, their standards reversed.

But the tribe of Abs pursued and drove them before them full three parasangs from their country, and then returned for the dispersed horses and the scattered property. And they went back to their own tents, Antar at their head, like the flower of the Judas tree, thus exclaiming:

"I have abused fortune, but how can she humi-
"liate such as me! I too that have a spirit would
"cut down mountains. I am the warrior of whom
"it is said, he tended the he and she camels of his
"tribe. When I assaulted Kendeh and Tey, their
"hands brandishing the long spears, with armies,
"that when I thought of them I imagined the
"whole earth filled with men; and as their hardy
"steeds trampled our lands, whilst you might see
"them talking and exulting, 'twas then their
"steeds fled away horrified at me, and the redoubled
"thrusts that gored them as they sought the fight.
"The noble hero feels no fatigue; him no challen-
"ger need call to the combat. It was the slave
"alone that drove back the horsemen whilst the
"flame of battle was blazing,—then speeded away
"their troops in terror of my arm,—light they
"fled, burthened though they had been. Crushing
"were the stamps and tramplings on their necks,
"and the horse shoes dashed and pounded their
"skulls. How many warriors were laid low by my
"sword, whilst they tore, in very rage, their hands
"with their teeth. I rescued the maidens and

" virgins, and not one did I leave but bereft of " sense. Mine is a spirit for every enterprize, high " is my fame, exalted is my glory."

These verses excited surprize and admiration among the chiefs, and they thanked him. But Malik, Ibla's father, and Shas and Rebia, and the tribe of Zeead, cherished a flame in their hearts; they thanked him in appearance, but in their soul their gall was burst. When they approached the tents the women came out to meet them, beating the cymbals, and the slaves brandishing their swords; and Ibla stood in front of them like a full moon when it shines, as she cried out—May I never lose thee, O thou defender of women, and destroyer of every foe and enemy. At these words, Antar's grief and anguish vanished, and he thought that in her presence he could slay a host of enemies. The warriors then went down to their tents, and no one but talked of Antar, how he slew, and fought with the invaders; and they passed a night of joy, glorying in the deeds of Antar the invincible hero.

The next day arrived in haste King Zoheir with his companions, for he had heard that his foe had passed him on the road: he feared his family might be destroyed and cut off; and he could scarcely believe he should find his family safe from the treacheries of the times; and as he approached the tents he saw dead bodies scattered about, broken

scimitars and shattered spears, and his heart misgave him. But when he reached the tents, the chiefs came out to meet him: they saluted him, and related what Antar had done. And when King Zoheir heard this of the great Antar, he said to his surrounding heroes—Verily by the faith of an Arab, we are glorified in Antar above all that inhabit the wilds. And Antar came out to meet him; the King approached him, and kissed him between the eyes—O Aboolfawaris, said he, we are unable to reward thee for this act, even were we to give thee all we possess in dominions and property.

Then the warriors went to their tents, and the King to his own pavilion. And his wife, Temadhur, came up to him, and kissing his hands—O King, said she, if you are wise and good, be kind to Antar; for it is he that has protected your wife and children. Thus was his joy in the deeds of Antar augmented, and he slept at ease until the morning dawned, when he ordered the sheep and camels to be slain, and a feast to be prepared, and a magnificient entertainment to be made ready for all the tribe of Abs and Adnan. The most highly honoured were Antar and the horsemen of the tribe of Carad. After dinner they began conversing, and Shedad related to the King all his son Antar had done: how he himself having acknowledged his relationship and connexion, and his brother Malik

having promised him to Ibla, he mounted his horse and routed the enemy, and dispersed them amongst the wilds and the deserts.

This struck to the heart of Shas, and his soul was filled with indignation and rage, and his whole frame was ready to burst. Shedad, said he, how could you take upon yourself to introduce Antar, the son of a slave, to our tribe, and admit him to our rank and our consequence? Now we shall become a shame amongst the Arabs to the end of time, and they will say the tribe of Abs has associated itself with black slaves.

O Shas, said Cais, give up this envious disposition, in which no one partakes with you. And King Zoheir turned also towards his son Shas, and rebuked him. O my lord, exclaimed Antar, standing up, the heart of Prince Shas is not inclined towards me, I will therefore retire from you to another tribe. Tears flowed from the eyes of Antar, and King Zoheir and the tribe of Carad gazed at him in astonishment; when at length the King arose, and having kissed Antar between the eyes, he thanked and praised him. Then turning towards the warriors of Abs, he cried out—"O ye tribes of Abs and Adnan, and all ye that are here assembled, ye all know the purity of my connexion and rank, and my father and my mother, yet let Antar be called as I am called, for he is, by the faith of an Arab, my cousin, the antidote to all my

sorrow and my grief, and he who honours him, honours me; and he who despises him, despises me,—and he cried out—Welcome, welcome to my cousin, thou reliever of sorrow!"

Among the first who succeeded Zoheir was Prince Malik; he sprang towards Antar, and embraced him and kissed him between the eyes; and he likewise cried out—Welcome, welcome to my cousin, the reliever of sorrow! When the horsemen saw what King Zoheir and his son had done, they could not avoid following the example; so they sprang towards Antar and embraced him, and kissed him between the eyes, and admitted him to the honour and rank of an Arab, and all cried out—Welcome, welcome to my cousin! But Shas was violently enraged; he was nearly bursting with passion; he arose hastily and went to his tent. But the warriors sat down and began talking and jesting, anxiety and sorrow left them, and they were all joy and merriment; they ate meat and drank wine till night brought on the darkness; and at the termination of the feast the King clothed Antar in a robe worked with red gold, and girded on a trusty sword, and gave him a pike of Khata, and mounted him on an Arab horse, and called him the Champion of the tribes of Abs and Adnan. And Antar returned with his father and his uncles towards the tents; and his glory and honour were exalted among all the horsemen; the warriors of the tribe of Carad

rejoiced, but his enemies and the envious were grieved, particularly the family of Zeead.

Amarah went home, and his regret and affliction increased; he laid himself down at full length, and a fever and trembling attacked him, and his knees and legs pained him, and he was fearfully indisposed. He sent for his brother Rebia, and wept before him; O brother, said he, if Ibla escape me, I shall die of grief, and no one will know of my death. Amarah, said Rebia, verily you have done a deed you ought not to have done. We must now consider this slave as our equal. From the first, I never wished you to interfere with Ibla, or connect yourself with the tribe of Carad; and now that this vile slave has liberated her from slavery we can do nothing with her, and cannot succeed, unless her father indeed be inclined towards you. To morrow I will go and see about your business, and if I find that he still wishes for you, it may be accomplished: otherwise make your heart easy, Amarah; for if he inclines towards Antar on account of his courage, we will consult how to destroy him, and annihilate his life ere he actually obtain her.

Thus were his alarms and jealousies in part relieved. He waited patiently till the next day, when he dressed himself in fine clothes, and perfumed himself, and sent for Malik and his son Amroo, who attended him and complimented him; and instantly

Amarah arose and received them with all due courtesey. And Malik said to Amarah, what do you wish of us? Most noble and excellent sir, I only invited you to day, he replied, that I might see whether your heart was pleased in marrying that guarded pearl and concealed jewel to that black slave, that feeder of camels and sheep, whom the horsemen have preferred to their rank and condition. Thus will your daughter be disgraced amongst the noble Arabs. If indeed you do such a deed, it will be impossible for us to remain in this land. We only promised so to Antar, and only admitted him to our relationship and rank, said Malik, when he assisted us in the battle and conflict; but we never thought he could escape safe out of those perils, and rout such armies.

Well, said Amarah, to morrow when we repair to King Zoheir, and when we are in full assembly, I will demand your daughter; do you assent and settle the amount of the dower, and when once the dower is decided on, neither King Zoheir or any one else can say any thing to the contrary: and I promise you that the dower shall be a thousand he and she camels, and a thousand head of sheep, and twenty Ooshareeyi camels, and twenty horses of the noblest breed, and a hundred silk robes, and fifty satin garments spangled rich in gold, and twenty strings of the finest jewels, and a hundred skins of wine for

the marriage feast, and a hundred male, and as many female slaves.

Malik overjoyed, agreed to this proposal; Amarah too, flattered himself he should succeed in his expectations; and soon after Malik and his son went home and tarried there till the morning. The next day King Zoheir was sitting in his tent, surrounded by the nobles of the tribe of Abs, when Amarah and the family of Zeead presented themselves before him; they had greatly enlarged their turbans, and seated themselves according to their rank on the left of the King, and Antar and the Carad tribe were on the right, and the horsemen took their places. O Chief, said Amarah, turning towards Malik, do you think my rank mean, or my connexion low? Are you not, said Malik, one of our illustrious horsemen? We are now in the presence of King Zoheir, continued Amarah, and I come to you as a suitor to your daughter, and I am solicitous for your favour; therefore decide on the marriage dower and donation, and demand even what the princes of the universe would fail in giving.

All this passed, and Antar sat still and heard it and observed; and he was convinced his uncle Malik favoured the Zeead family, and he feared that if his uncle should decide on fixing the marriage donation with Amarah, and should confirm it, Ibla would pass out of his hands, and he would have no

more to say—in vain he would reproach and revile. Thus roused by the urgency of the moment, he started up, and turning towards Amarah, exclaimed, "thou he goat of a man—thou refuse!—thou villain! Dost thou at such a time as this demand Ibla in marriage?—thou coward, did not I demand her when she was in the midst of twelve thousand warriors, waving their bone-cleaving swords, and thou and thy brother were flying among the rocks and the wilds? I then descended—I exposed my life in her dangers, and liberated her from the man that had captured her; but, now that she is in the tent of her father and mother, thou wouldst demand her!' By the faith of an illustrious Arab, thou dastard, if thou dost not give up thy pretentions to Ibla, I will bring down perdition upon thee, and I will curse thy relations and thy parents, and I will make the hour of thy wedding, an hour of evil tiding to thyself and thy posterity!"

O Antar, said Amroo, Ibla is our daughter, and it is for us to command; no prince or chief is empowered to oblige us to marry her to any one but whom we choose and approve.

At these words the light became dark in his eyes—his hand hurried to his irresistible Dhami—he sprang from the ground on the back of his Abjer, resolved to put Malik and his son Amroo to death, and Rebia and Amarah too, and the whole family of Zeead; and to carry off Ibla, and live

with her in the mountains; but he thought of King Zoheir's kindness, and how he had transferred him from servitude to honour and freedom; so he immediately changed his mind, and thus addressed the Absians:

"When the family of Carad are ungrateful, and "the family of Zeead are violent in their acts, then "there is no blame or reproach to me, if I protect "mine own honour and rights by arms or by stra- "tagem. Is not fire kindled from a Zanad when the "stone is rubbed against the Zanad? Enjoyment "is ever desired after absence, and approximation "is wished for after separation. I have been mer- "ciful to those who are not aware of the value of "my mercy, and my friendship has not been pro- "perly appreciated. But after this forbearance I "shall act in another manner, till the towns and "deserts shall flow with my blood, and my sword "shall complain of fatigue in my hand, and my "joints shall murmur at the burthen of my belt. "Ye observed me well the day of Tey, and my "deeds with my Indian spear; and had my lance "a tongue, it would tell ye of the splitting of ribs "in the battle. How many challengers called to "me on the day of conflict, and hailed me, and I "answered each antagonist. O family of Zeead, "ye have opposed a noble lion that never flinches "from the fight—artless in speech and deeds—with "a sword that cleaves heads and arms. Be on thy

" guard then, O Amroo, on thy guard against him.
" Let not thine eyelids be weighed down with sleep.
" But had I not a chief who commands me, liberal
" in speech, and exalted in power, I would do
" myself justice with my sword, and soon would I
" shew the difference between virtue and outrage."

When Antar had finished, the chiefs admired his eloquence: King Zoheir went up to him, and made him dismount. May God never renounce thy mouth! said he: may no one ever harm thee, O thou protector of the tribes! And then turning towards Malik, Ibla's father, he said—How is it that you will not marry your daughter to a hero? You engaged her to him when he liberated her from her perilous situation! My lord, my daughter is in my tent, said Malik, you may command her, and marry her to whom you please; I will not oppose your directions, and I will not swerve from your orders. Then said King Zoheir, Ibla can belong to no one but our defender, the brave Antar. So they sat down and ate, and thus they remained till dark, when they went home, each to his tent.

CHAPTER V.

Now then, said Amarah to Rebia, when they had retired, now that Antar has vanquished me, and has taken Ibla by force, I can no longer remain in this country; I must go and roam about the wilds and deserts. Cheer up, Amarah, said Rebia, let us still contrive the means to overthrow him, and to make him drink of the cup of destruction and death. Rebia left Amarah and went home, and sent for Malik and Amroo, and when they arrived he said unto Malik, pretend to be good friends with Antar; appear very kind to him, and do not prevent his entering your tents. Sooth him with gentle words, and when he comes to you, ask him about the dower for Ibla; then he will say—what do you wish? tell him you only demand a thousand Asafcer camels, that your daughter may pride herself in them above the high and low.

Know then, Malik, that these camels are in the possession of Monzar son of Massema, the King of the Arabs, and the lieutenant of Nushirvan; and I know that Antar in the greatness of his courage, will go in search of them among the tribe of Shiḥan, and he will expose his life to danger and death, and

you will never see him again. Malik eagerly listened to his advice; and it happened on that day that Antar was out hunting; and when he returned in the evening, his uncle gave him the kindest reception, and ordered a slave to take away what he had brought in; he introduced him into his house, and gave him meat to eat, and wine to drink, and he spent part of the night in his company. Antar was much pleased at this reception and kind treatment, and thought that his wishes with respect to Ibla would be accomplished, for he knew not the plot conceived against him. So they continued to shew these civilities to Antar, and he was in raptures in the enjoyment of Ibla's conversation for ten whole days.

On the night of the eleventh, Malik was more than usually kind to him, and when the noble warriors had all separated for the night, and Shedad had gone home, and also Zakhmetulgiwad and the rest of the tribe of Carad: and no one remained but Antar, his uncle Malik, Amroo, and Shereeah, Malik's wife, and Ibla, their daughter, Malik plied Antar with wine till he made him drunk, when he addressed him and said; Tell me, I pray you, what you wish to be done for my daughter Ibla; you have prohibited all suitors; and do you intend to take her by force without any marriage gift or dower, and will you bring disgrace upon us in every part of the world? That can never be, said

Antar, were I even to drink of the cup of death and condemnation. God forbid that this guarded pearl and this concealed jewel should be thus sold to the highest bidder. I am only waiting orders—tell me what you demand, ask whatever you choose, that I may grant her what will give her reason to pride herself above the chiefs of the earth. Nephew, said Malik, I will not make you engage for what is beyond your power, and I will not demand of you but what an Arab would demand; such as he and she camels. I ask of you then a thousand Asafeer camels, that my daughter may boast of them; for in our tribe there are none; nor are there any like them in Cahtan. Then will you and I obtain all our wishes and our desires, and we shall destroy our enemies and those that envy us,—this is all I ask of you, and then will I make your marriage feast out of my own property, and will give you whatever may be required of my own he and she camels; all our possessions shall be united, and we will live in perpetual felicity. Malik continued talking with Antar in this manner till he gave way and consented; and he knew not that the camels were in the kingdom of Monzar, the King of the Princes of the Arabs, and the lieutenant of Chosroe Nushirvan, whose armies were innumerable.

Uncle, said he, I will give you these camels loaded with the treasures of their masters; but give me your hand, and betroth me to your daughter,

and thus shew me the purity of your intentions. So Malik gave him his hand, and a fire blazed in his heart. Antar's joy was excessive, his bosom heaved, and he was all delight—he started on his feet—he took off his clothes, and put them on his uncle; and Ibla saw Antar's arms, and smiled. What art thou smiling at, fair damsel? said Antar. At those wounds, she replied, for were they on the body of any other person, he would have died, and drank the cup of death and annihilation: but thou art unhurt by them. Her words descended to his heart cooler than the purest water, and he thus addressed her:

"The pretty Ibla laughed when she saw that I "was black, and that my ribs were scratched with "the spears. Do not laugh nor be astonished when "the horsemen and armies surround me. The "spear barb is like death in my hand, and on it are "various figures traced in blood. I am indeed "surprised how any one can see my form in the day "of contests, and survive."

He then departed to his mother's tent, for he was restless, and the words of Ibla were as a blazing fire in his heart. He wakened his brother Shiboob, and told him to get ready his horse Abjer—he did as he was bid; Antar clothed himself in armour, and stood like a tower. Where art thou going? said Shiboob, that I may shew thee the nearest roads. Well, said Antar, tell me the nearest road to the land of Irak, for there are many

Arabs in that country, and their property and camels very abundant; with them is my object, and what my uncle has demanded.

Shiboob trembled and was confounded at this intelligence, for he knew the country. Why not stop till morning, said he, that thou mayst acquaint King Zoheir and Prince Malik? for they may perhaps be able to assist thee in this affair. Return my brother, and expose not thy life to difficulties and dangers. Away! away! cried Antar; not a word; none but the Creator of mankind can aid me; I must destroy my accursed enemies. Mine be the dark and nightly course, after the manner of mighty heroes; for if I travel by day they will lay plots against me. Shiboob was convinced he was right, and conducted him to the land of Irak. And they continued their way over the wilds and the deserts till the third hour, when on a sudden there arose a great dust, and there appeared a troop of horsemen like eagles. As soon as they saw Antar, they closed their vizors and waved their lances, and slackened their bridles and fixed their spears: and when they came near to him they cried out, down, down, from that steed, thou dastard, strip off those accoutrements of war and armour, or we annihilate thee! whither art thou going over the plain? Here we have remained in expectation of thee. As soon as Antar heard these words, he shook his spear in his hand, rushed on,

and roared like a lion, and darted towards them with a heart fearless of death and danger,—thus speaking:—

"Fortune insults me as if I were day and night "her foe, the enemy seek me in every peril, and "imagine I am unable to fight; but were they to "present to me the form of death itself as an anta-"gonist, I would imbrue its hands in the blood "of its own wounds."

He attacked them, and his assault was like the assault of the most furious lion: he rushed upon their chief, when lo! he let fall his vizor from his face and cried out, check thine arm, O Knight of the age! sufficient is the mischief and danger, for I am thy friend Harith, son of King Zoheir. Antar threw down his spear, dismounted, and ran towards him, and kissed his hand.

Now Harith was an undaunted warrior, in the prime of youth, and eloquent in speech; he loved Antar, and was much interested about him, like his brother Malik; and the cause of his meeting Antar in the deserts was, that he had been invited to a feast by the tribe of Ghiftan, and was returning. He met Antar, and the above passed. And when he saw that death was hurrying from the ends of his fingers, and that destruction was stamped upon his spear, he let down his vizor, and Antar recognized him, and dismounted and saluted him.

Why, my lord, said he, why hast thou acted thus?

Thou hast endangered thine own life, and those that were with thee. Harith smiled, and was surprised at his humility, after such proof of his superiority over him. God prosper thee, O Aboolfawaris, said he, jewel of the multitude! whither art thou bound, and what great expedition hast thou undertaken? He who wishes, replied Antar, that his nuptial ceremony should be performed, must expose his life to danger. Thou knowest what dangers and what disgraces I have submitted to on account of my cousin Ibla, in order that her father might give her to me. He has demanded of me a marriage dower, and a settlement, and I must bring what he requires from Irak.

Terrified at Antar's words cried Harith, what is it thou sayst, Aboolfawaris? For God's sake return with me, trouble not thyself about such matters, and do not banish thyself from amongst us; our property is not so small; and verily I am astonished how my father and brother could let thee depart alone. I told no one of my departure, said Antar; My lord my uncle demands of me camels that we have not, and are not in our tribe, and I have engaged to procure them, and I have said yes: and he thus continued.

"Say not no, after thou hast said yes, for thou "wilt be clothed in shame, and repent. Truly, no, "after yes, is foul; and base is the word, no after "yes. When thou wouldst have a friend, associate

" with a noble person, one who is chaste, modest, " and liberal; and when he says no to a thing, do " thou also say no, and when thou sayest yes, let " him also say yes."

Harith was surprised at his eloquence and virtuous mind, and his admiration of him increased. If such is thy business, said he, I will accompany thee and assist thee in all thy difficulties. I cannot possibly consent to that, replied Antar; return with thy warriors to thine own country. So Antar bade him farewell and departed over the wilds and deserts, and Harith and his people returned, praising Antar's intrepidity and eloquence. Antar and Shiboob proceeded on their journey, Shiboob ever shewing the way, till evening coming on, they sought a pool of water where they might repose from their fatigues, and at length they reached a tent pitched near a spring; and behold there was an old Shiekh, with his back bent. They made towards him.

" An old man was walking along the ground, " and his face almost touched his knees. So I said " to him, why art thou thus stooping? He said, as " he waved his hands towards me, my youth is lost " somewhere on the ground, and I am stooping in " search of it."

He welcomed them, and brought them a cup of milk, cooled in the wind; Antar took the milk and drank, and gave some to his brother, and came to

the door of the tent. The old Shiekh laid pillows for them, and presented viands, receiving them in the most hospitable manner. And when they had finished eating, the Shiekh made bold to ask Antar his adventures, and why he was travelling. So he related to him all that had passed with his uncle Malik, and what he had demanded as a marriage dower.

May God disgrace and overthrow and destroy thy uncle, and not save him! exclaimed the old man; for his only object in making this demand of thee, is to annihilate and ruin thee. How is that, said Antar, how so? Know, Aboolfawaris, replied he, that these Asafeer camels are only to be found among a tribe called the tribe of Shiban, and their chief is King Monzar, son of Massema, the lieutenant of King Chosroe, whose armies are innumerable, whose power is irresistible, and he rules all the Arabs of the wilds and the deserts; and if thou wert to carry off these camels, who is able to protect thee from King Monzar, or shelter thee? My advice is, that thou shouldest return home, and not expose thy life to dangers and death.

Antar remained that night in the tent, and the next day mounted his Abjer, bade the Shiekh farewell, and thanked him. Shiboob attended him by his side, and they sat out in quest of the land of Hirah, and when they had advanced some distance,

Antar thought of Ibla, and his absence from her, and what he had suffered for her, and thus spoke:

"In the land of Shurebah are defiles and valleys; "I have quitted them, and its inhabitants live in "my heart: fixed are they therein, and in my "eyes; and even when they are absent from me, "they dwell in the black of mine eye; and when the "lightning flashes from their land, I shed tears of "blood, and pass the night leagued with sleepless-"ness. The breeze of the fragrant plants makes "me remember the luscious balmy airs of the "Zatool-irsad. O Ibla, let thy visionary phantom "appear to me, and infuse soft slumbers over my "distracted heart! O Ibla, were it not for my love "of thee, I would not be with so few friends and so "many enemies! I am departing, and the back of "my horse shall be my resting place; and my "sword and mail my pillow, till I trample down "the lands of Irak, and destroy their deserts and "their cities. When the market for the sale of "lives is established, and they cry out, and the "criers proclaim the goods, and I behold the troops "stirring up the war-dust with the thrusts of spears "and sharp scimitars—then will I disperse their "horsemen, and the foe shall be cut down deprived "of their hands. The eyes of the envious shall "watch; but the eyes of the pure and the faithful "shall sleep; and I will return with numerous

" Asafeer camels that my love shall procure, and " Shiboob be my guide."

As soon as he had finished, his tears flowed abundantly. They travelled on till they reached the land of Hirah, where they saw populous towns, plains abounding in flowing streams, date trees and warbling birds, and sweetly smelling flowers; and the country appeared like a blessing to enliven the sorrowing heart; and the camels were grazing, and straying about the land: and they were of various colours, like the flowers of a garden; and there were she camels, and young camels, and slaves and attendants. And as soon as he saw them he was all anxiety, quite out of breath with eagerness. And he felt that his uncle had sent him on this commission to insure his death and destruction, unless his intrepidity should guide him through.

Ebe Reeah, said he to Shiboob, I well know that this is a land great in power, and in no region is there one to be compared to it. We have nothing for it but prudence and daring fortitude in danger, and a timely submission to power, that we may obtain what we are in search of, and return rejoicing and successful. Hasten then, son of my mother, and look after these Asafeer camels, and mark them, whilst I let my horse Abjer rest himself. Shiboob consented to what he directed, and leaving his bow and quiver, disguised himself in the clothes of a slave and feigned himself sick. Thus he went

towards the pastures, where he saw the camels like young brides; and when the slaves marked Shiboob, they sprang towards him, welcomed him, and made him sit down, and took out some of their provisions, and made him eat, asking him whence he came, and what had happened to him.

I am a slave of the tribe of Zebeed, said he, and Shedad is my master's name; and he is a stubborn cruel man, and had no compassion for his slaves, male or female. So I have run away and have left him, and my wish is to meet some one who will protect me from him. Remain with us as long as thou pleasest then, my cousin, said the slaves pitying him, and be welcome! and thy time shall pass pleasantly enough.

Very thankful was he, and remained with them the rest of the day, and he told them all manner of lies and deceitful tales till he had marked out the Asafeer camels, and he saw they were the miracles of the age; and when evening came on, the slaves and attendants drove away the camels, and sought their habitations and homes, and Shiboob went with them. But when they came nigh to the tents, it being now dark, he separated from them and gave his feet to the wind, seeking the plain till he was in the presence of Antar, who sprang up to meet him, exclaiming—Tell me, O Ebe Reeah, what news hast thou! Nothing, said Shiboob, but that we are in a dangerous position, and under fate

and destiny, unless the Lord of Heaven is our defender and protector.

O Shiboob, said Antar, is it not well known that when a slave exposes his life to the abyss of danger, he is exalted to the height of glory? They then concealed themselves till morning dawned, when Antar clad and incased himself in armour till he appeared like a tower, or a fragment rent from a mountain; and he went forward till he reached the pastures, crouching along as a wolf after a sheep.

And when it was day, the Asafeer camels were driven to graze, and behind every thousand she camels were ten slaves to attend them, that the males might not annoy them. The she camels ranged about grazing, and the slaves began to amuse themselves; for they were slaves of the King of the Arab chiefs, and knew not what it was to be attacked.

These are the Asafeer camels, said Shiboob, so make thy plan, and act as it seems best to thee. Run on, said Antar, and occupy the road to Hirah, so that their cries be not raised against us, ere we be far away out of this country. As thou pleasest, brother, said Shiboob. And he moved along on tiptoe over the plain, till he came in the rear of the slaves, when he seated himself on his knees, and emptying his quiver of arrows before him, waited their attack. As to Antar, he urged on 'Abjer, and plunged amongst the he and she camels, and cut off a thousand of the

Asafeer camels with his spear, crying out to the slaves—Ye base born, drive away these camels, and on before me! or my sword will be stained with your blood.

When the slaves heard Antar, they were terrified at his enormous bulk and gigantic shape, and the rolling of his eyes, and the weight of his arms. They drove the camels before him, and goaded them on with the points of their spears, and they fled away before them like eagles. And thus they proceeded till about the third hour, when behold a great dust arose and darkened the land; and when it dispersed there appeared a party of Arabs of the tribe of Zakhm and Juzam, about twelve thousand horsemen; all hardy warriors, armed with sharp swords and long spears, screaming out—Whither are ye going, ye dastards—hence is there no escape out of this land!

Now the cause of the arrival of this troop of horsemen was as follows—The slaves that had escaped from Antar and Shiboob sought their homes and habitations, and it happened that they encountered the train and equipage of Monzar on a hunting party, attended by his warriors and his troops; who, turning towards his son Numan—Speed your horse on a little, my son, said he, and bring me intelligence of these shepherds. Now Numan was his eldest son. So Numan directed his horse towards the slaves, and enquired whither they came. O Prince,

said the shepherds, a black Knight, mounted on a black steed, and whose voice is the roar of a lion, darted down upon us and seized a thousand of the Asafeer camels, and carried them off.

No sooner had Numan heard this account of the shepherds, than he cried out to the men and the warriors that accompanied him, and slackening his horse's bridle, galloped after Antar, and twelve thousand in number were the lion heroes that followed him. And they halted not till they overtook Antar, as we mentioned, and cried out as we described.

When Antar saw them, he smiled, for battle was his joy and delight. O! thou black, born, said he to Shiboob, I want thee to guard the camels, whilst I shew thee a day of horrors among these miscreants. He then turned the camels into a mountain cave, and received the warriors as the parched-up earth receives the first of the rain; and he penetrated through the thick dust with blows irresistible and never failing. Whatever he struck, he slew, and wherever he thrust, he hurled down; and for one hour he overwhelmed them in death and perdition; and the foremost shrunk back upon the rear, crying out at him from a distance, for no one dared to approach the spot where he was. As to Shiboob, the slaves betrayed him, and refused to drive on the camels.

But when Numan saw that his troops and men

BRANCH OF THE PUBLIC

fell back, and perceived how Antar was handling them in the combat, his mind and senses were greatly agitated, and he cried out to them—May God disgrace you among the Arabs!—are you reduced to this by a single black slave, a mean, paltry herdsman? The horsemen took courage, and poured down upon Antar from all sides, but Antar continually slaughtered them, always gaining upon them, never flinching, though their numbers were immense. Thus was he in the midst of dangers, when lo! his horse stumbled, and throwing him on the ground, rushed from out the thick dust and tumult, his saddle unoccupied by his master Antar. Shiboob thought he was killed and trampled to death! the tears flowed from his eyes, he gave his feet to the winds, and he sought the wide desert, whilst the slaves and shepherds cried out to the horsemen and warriors, who pursued Shiboob from all quarters; and they were seventy in number, all after Shiboob, who depended on the power of his muscles. The horses were straining themselves to catch him, but they could not pass him, or come up with him, from the grey dawn of day till the sun became tinged with yellow. But when evening came on, woe and dismay fell upon him, and just as he was convinced of his ruin and death, he reached a cavern in the hollow of a mountain, and near it stood a swarthy youth tending sheep; before him was a fire blazing; and he was sitting down

preparing his dinner, and his sheep were grazing in front of him. As soon as Shiboob saw him, he made towards him, O young man, he cried, help me—I put myself under thy protection, for I am a stranger, and I am exposed to peril and danger in this land. I am nearly dead, and my enemies have already slain my brother. Yes, by thy father, said the youth (for his heart had compassion on him.) I will indeed protect thee, and I will not deliver thee up till I am myself slain. Enter the cavern, and consider thyself secure from the deceits of the wicked.

Shiboob entered the cave, where he had scarcely concealed himself, when the horsemen also arrived, fleet as eagles, shouting aloud—Boy, son of a two thousand horned cuckold, bring out to us that devil who has slain our horsemen, and staggered our senses, that we may tear his body in peices with the points of the spear, and hack him with the blades of our scimitars. God curse him who gave him birth! how strong are his muscles!

O Arabs, said the shepherd, grant him to me, I pray ye, and accept of my guarantee for him, for I have protected him, knowing nothing about you; he is under my security and protection. Thine is not and never shall be any protection, cried they, so bring him out, or we will slay thee together with him; for his brother has destroyed three thousand of our famed horsemen; he is indeed a very devil,

and we have experienced from him what we never even saw from the Genii.*

When the peasant heard them he was fearfully alarmed, for were he to oppose them, they would soon destroy him. O Arabs, said he, do but remove about seventy paces from the cavern door, that I may enter and bring him out of my protection. Do so, said they; and they retired from the cavern, and the shepherd entered, and perceived Shiboob trembling for his life. You have heard, young man, said the shepherd, what has passed between me and these men. My vows have been overruled, and I have exposed myself to death and annihilation. I can do nothing towards your escape, but at the hazard of my own life; yet will I not forfeit my protection. Had I but ten horsemen of the tribe of Asad, they should not approach you, no not one of them; but I am alone in this wilderness and desert. So throw off your clothes, and put on mine; take these provisions and this wallet, sling it over your shoulder, and with my staff in your hand, hasten out of the cavern, and drive away the sheep, and when you come up to them, say—O Arabs, I went into the cave, in order to bring him out, but he will not stir, so come along, and I will shew him to you—they will dismount and enter the cavern, and then do you look after yourself.

* This is one of the very few passages which occur throughout this work, containing any allusion to supernatural agents.

Shiboob thanked him from his heart for his kind assistance: he slung on the wallet, and took the staff in his hand, and went out of the cavern, and the darkness of night concealed him from the eyes of observers; and when he came up to them he spoke to them as the shepherd had directed him: they immediately dismounted and went towards the cavern;, but Shiboob gave his feet to the wind, and traversed the rocky crags until he was far off among the wilds and the deserts: and thus he secured his life from death and destruction, and sought relief from the contents of the wallet.

In the mean time the Shibanians entered the cave, and dragged out the shepherd, thinking it was Shiboob; they looked at him by the light of the fire, and they saw it was the shepherd dressed in Shiboob's clothes; for he had preferred to expose his life to death and torture, rather than discredit his protection. Why hast thou done this deed, cried they, and given up thy life to death and perdition for the sake of a stranger?

Arabs, replied the shepherd, he sought my protection, and I protected him. You came in search of him; you would not accept my proposal, and I was not able to drive you away. But if I have enraged you, kill me at once, and I shall have rescued him by the sacrifice of my life and existence, and shall not have forfeited my word, or broken my faith. Moreover between you and me, there is no

blood or revenge. I have indeed fallen into your power; but if you will have the kindness to release me, I will thank you in every part of the world, otherwise do as you list, and decide as you judge best.

The Shibanians were astonished, and they could not find it in their hearts to kill him. He indeed rejoiced in his friendly act, and the preservation of his duty; so they let him go, and returned vexed and dispirited. As to Shiboob, as soon as he was safe, he travelled on till morning, passing over plains and deserts; but what was most grievous to him was the thought of returning to the tribe of Abs, and the triumph of his foes and the envious; particularly the family of Zeead, and the ruffian Amarah, and Shas and Rebia; then he wept for his brother Antar, in these verses:

"O Knight of the Horse, why, alas, has the steed "to mourn thee? why, alas, has the barb of the "spear to announce thy death in wailings? O that "the day had never been, that I saw thee felled to "the earth, cut down—stretched out—and, the "points of the lances aimed at thee! Could the "vicissitudes of fortune accept of any ransom, oh! "I would have redeemed thee from the calamities "of fortune! Thine uncle has in his wiles and "frauds made thee drink of the cup. But may "thy cup-bearer, O son of my mother, ne'er taste "of the moisture of dew! and thy cousin will "mourn thee, and she belongs to thy foe, whose

"slave thou wouldst never consent to be. O "Knight of the Horse, I have no strength of mind "—I have not a heart that can ever feel consolation "for thee in my sorrows! and the war-steed "amongst the troopers as he neighs will turn "towards thee, mourning for thee, like a childless "woman in despair."

When Shiboob had finished these verses, he went on passing over deserts and wilds, seeking the tribe of Abs and Adnan, whilst his tears flowed in streams. But as to Antar, when his horse stumbled beneath him, he started on his legs, he brandished his sword in his right, and supported his shield on his left, and he made towards the warriors—he slew them till he made mounds of dead, he overwhelmed them with his shouts, bellowing out—"O Ibla, by thine eyes, will I slay this day these horsemen!" and he rushed upon them like a furious lion, till the blood flowed from all parts of his body And in the thickest of the battle he happened to step on a skull, and his feet slipping from under him, he fell down at his full length. And they gave him not time to rise ere they bound fast his shoulders, his arms, and his ribs and his feet, and brought him before Numan.

He was all astonishment at the horror of his make, at the immensity of his stature, and the agitation of his eyes. Numan ordered them to tie him across the back of his horse and convey him to the King, that he might do what he thought proper

with him. They obeyed his orders, and bound him on the back of Ajer, and they all returned to the land of Hirah. At the moment of their arrival, King Monzar returned from hunting. When, behold there appeared against them a lion of the lions of Khifan. Now the wild beasts of Khifan were proverbial; and he came upon them with a loud roar, and the fierce warriors attacked him. Numan presented Antar to his father, and when he looked at him, he was terrified and confounded.

What Arab art thou? said he. My lord, replied Antar, I am of the tribe of the noble Abs. One of its warriors, demanded Monzar, or one of its slaves? "Nobility, my lord, said Antar, amongst liberal men, is the thrust of the spear, the blow of the sword, and patience beneath the battle dust. I am the physician of the tribe of Abs when they are in sickness, their protector in disgrace, the defender of their wives when they are in trouble, and their horseman when they are in glory, and their sword when they rush to arms."

Monzar was astonished at his fluency of speech, his magnanimity and his intrepidity, for he was then in the dishonourable state of a prisoner, and force had overpowered him. What urged thee to this violence on my property, added Monzar, and seizure of my camels? My lord, said Antar, the tyranny of my uncle obliged me to this act: for I was brought up with his daughter, and I had

passed my life in her service. And when he saw me demand her in marriage, he asked of me as a marriage dower, a thousand Asafeer camels. I was ignorant, and knew nothing about them; so I consented to his demand, and set out in quest of them; I have outraged you, and am consequently reduced to this miserable state.

Hast thou then, said Monzar, with all this fortitude and eloquence, and propriety of manners, exposed thy life to the sea of death, and endangered thine existence for the sake of an Arab girl? "Yes, my lord, said Antar; it is love that emboldens man to encounter dangers and horrors; and no lover is excusable but he who tastes the bitterness of absence after the sweetness of enjoyment; and there is no peril to be apprehended, but from a look from beneath the corner of a veil; and what misfortune can drive man to his destruction, but a woman who is the root and branch of it!" Then tears filled his eyes, and sighs burst from his sorrowing heart, as he thus exclaimed:

"The eyelashes of the songstress from the "corner of the veil, are more cutting than the edge "of the cleaving scimitars; and when they wound "the brave are humbled, and the corners of their "eyes are flooded with tears. May God cause my "uncle to drink of the draught of death at my "hand! may his hand be withered, and his fingers "palsied! for how could he drive one like me to

" destruction by his arts, and make my hopes
" depend on the completion of his avaricious pro-
" jects. Truly Ibla, on the day of departure, bade
" me adieu, and said I should never return. O
" lightnings! waft my salutation to her, and to all
" the places and pastures where she dwells. O ye
" dwellers in the forests of Tamarisks, if I die,
" mourn for me when my eyes are plucked out by
" the hungry fowls of the air. O ye steeds,
" mourn for a Knight who could engage the lions
" of death in the field of battle. Alas, I am an
" outcast, and in sorrow. I am humbled into
" galling fetters, fetters that cut to my soul."

When Antar had finished, Monzar was surprized at his eloquence and fortitude, and strength of mind and virtue. Now Monzar himself was one of the most eloquent of Arabs, and he was convinced that Antar was sincere in his grief; but he knew not the story of his life. Whilst Antar and Monzar were conversing, behold the people ran away from their presence. On inquiring what was the matter, O victorious and irresistible monarch, they exclaimed, a savage lion has appeared among us, is destroying the horsemen, and dispersing the brave heroes. Spears make no impression on his carcase, and no one dares to attack him. Assault him, cried the King, before he takes refuge in the forest, and cuts off the road of the travellers, and renders the ways unsafe, and we therefore be dis-

honoured. As soon as Antar heard this, his afflictions were relieved. Tell your people to expose me to this lion, said he to the King, and if he should destroy me, you will be amply revenged, and your dishonour be cleared up: for I have slaughtered your troops, and destroyed your warriors; but should I slay the lion, reward me as I deserve, and do not refuse me justice. The King ordered the cords to be loosened: the guards came up to him and untied his hands, and were about to untie his feet also; but he cried out, Loosen only my hands, leave my feet bound as they are, that there may be no retreat from the lion. He grasped his sword and his shield, and jumping along in his fetters, he thus exclaimed.

"Come on, thou dog of the forests and the hills! "this day at my hand will I make thee drink of "death. Soon wilt thou meet a Knight, a lion "warrior, a chief tried in battle. O then, attack "not one like me, for I am a chosen hero. Attack "the horsemen, thou dog of the waste, but whither "wilt thou escape from me this day? Take this "from my cleaving sword, that deals sorrows, deaths "and pestilence from the slave of a tribe, that braves "death and woe, and never fails."

Monzar was much astonished at his address to the lion, and he advanced with his attendants, to behold what Antar might do. And when they came near him, they perceived it was an immense lion, of the

size of a camel, with broad nostrils and long claws, his face was wide, and ghastly was his form; his strength swelling; he grinned with his teeth clenched like a vice, and the corners of his jaws were like grappling irons. When the lion beheld Antar in his fetters, he crouched to the ground, and extended himself out; his mane bristled up; he made a spring at him: and as he approached, Antar met him with his sword, which entered by his forehead, and penetrated through him, issuing out at the extremity of his back bone. O by Abs and Adnan! cried Antar, I will ever be the lover of Ibla. And the lion fell down, cut in twain, and cleft into two equal portions; for the spring of the lion, and the force of the arm of the glorious warrior, just met. Then, wiping his sword on the lion, he thus spoke.

"Wilt thou e'er know, O Ibla, the perils I "have encountered in the land of Irak? My uncle "has beguiled me with his hypocrisy and artifice, "and has acted barbarously towards me in demand- "ing the marriage dower. I plunged myself into a "sea of deaths, and repaired to Irak, without friends. "I drove away the camels and the shepherds "single handed; and I was returning home burn- "ing with the flame of anxious love. I quitted them "not till there arose behind me the dust of the hoofs "of the high mettled steeds. I encountered on "every side the war dust, and illumined it with "my thin bladed faulchion, whilst the horsemen

" clamoured beneath it, so that I thought the thun-
" der had let loose its uproars. As I retired, I
" found that my uncle had deceived me with his
" frauds and stratagems. But I did not fail till
" my horse was exhausted, and faultered in the
" charge, and the crush of combats. Then I dis-
" mounted and drove away whole armies with my
" sword, as I would have driven away the camels.
" I rushed upon the horsemen that fiercely scoured
" the plain, piercing chests and eye balls; but at
" the close of the day I was wearied and made
" captive; for my elbows and my legs were depriv-
" ed of all strength. They dragged me to a noble
" prince, high and magnificent—May his glory
" endure! Then too, I engaged a lion, fierce in
" the onset, and harsh of heart, with a face like
" the circumference of a shield, whose eye balls
" flashed fire like hot coals. I rushed at him with
" my sword. I met him in my fetters, so that Mon-
" zar might bestow on me what might gratify my
" uncle, and favor me with the desired camels."

Monzar heard him, and beheld his acts. This is verily a miracle of the time, and the wonder of the age, and world, said he to his attendants; his intrepidity and eloquence and perseverance are enough to confound the universe; with him I will effect with Chosroe what is the object of my wishes, and I will establish the superiority of the Arabs over the Persians.

Now Monzar was an intelligent man, and very regular in the administration of justice, and prudent in policy. For this reason Chosroe had appointed him King over the Arabs; and when he was present in the palace of Chosroe, he enjoyed superior dignities, and he was never stiled but as King of the Arabs. And Chosroe used to treat him as a friend, and to eat and drink with him; and when they were busy in conversation, Monzar used to describe to him the peculiarities of Mecca and the sacred shrine, and their glory over the Deelimites and the Persians, and used to recite to him the verses of the eloquent men. And Chosroe, in his impartiality, was pleased with him, and enjoyed his society, and loved to dignify him with presents of gold and silver, for the Chosroes of Persia were renowned for their love of justice and impartiality, and abhorred oppression and violence, ruling mankind with liberality and generosity. He had over his head a bell of red gold, and a chain attached to it on the outside of the palace; and whenever he touched the bell, the attendants went out and complainants entered his presence; and he decided such matters himself.

Now it happened that Monzar, previous to Antar's falling into his hands, had visited Modayin, and presented himself to Chosroe, and staid with him some days, and he was honored with a rich robe and various presents. One of the officers envied him, and when he was alone with the King,

he ventured to say, Why do you so honour, O King, this wild Bedoween, this worshipper of stone, and raise his dignity so high? Whether he is absent or present, he is a poor despicable wretch; for all the Arabs are but shepherds, and worshippers of images; there is no religion and no faith among them, and they are only ennobled by theft and cunning, and robberies and rogueries.

This officer thus became jealous of the honours enjoyed by Monzar, and his heart was estranged from him. And he was one of the warriors of Deelim, and was a leader of twenty thousand Persians, and he was called Khosrewan, the son of Jorham. He was always talking contemptously of the Arabs, repeating falsehoods of them, till at last he effected a change in the heart of the just King.

If, O King, said he, as he ended the conversation, thou art desirous of thoroughly understanding this man whom thou hast appointed over the Arabs, and of having a proof of his ignorance and ill-breeding, ask him to come and eat meat and dates; order the servants to give him dates from which the stones are not extracted, and to place before you dates ready stoned; and let there be instead of stones, almonds, sugar plumbs, and skinned nuts, and see what he will do. Chosroe complied, and invited Monzar to eat meat and dates; and he ordered the servants to do as Khosrewan had recommended. So after dinner, the servants produced,

the plates of dates. Chosroe and the Persians ate away and swallowed them, for there were no stones to throw aside. Monzar looked at them, and thought within himself—Most certainly to day is a festival with them, for they are worshippers of fire; so I must eat like them, and must fashion my manners to theirs. So Monzar ate, and swallowed the stones; but one sadly puzzled him, so the attendants burst out into a loud laugh; and Chosroe also laughed. And Monzar was abashed at their pleasantry. May your glory last for ever, O King, of the world, said he. But the wrath and indignation of Monzar increased. What makes your attendants laugh? said he. You have eaten dates and swallowed the stones, said Chosroe; 'tis for that we are laughing at you. I, O King, said Monzar, imitated you and your companions, and I ate as you ate, for I perceived you eating the dates and swallowing the stones, and I wished to do as you had done. Our dates, said Chosroe, are without stones; and instead of stones there are almonds and sugar plums and peeled nuts, so that we eat them without trouble or annoyance. Why, said Monzar, did you not give me some of what you eat yourself? Still I am your guest. Yet this is a proof that I am an object of ridicule to you, and you have only invited me that you and your companions might expose me. But I am still at all times your slave, and indebted to your bounty for whatever you have thought proper to do unto me.

He remained some time longer with Chosroe, and then returned to the land of Hirah, having asked permission to revisit his family and native country. And when he reached his capital, he wrote letters to the tribes of Wayil and Bekir and Jelhema, and he said in the letters—Attack Modayin, plunder the people and the inhabitants, lay waste the villages, and put to the sword the merchants of Persia, and plunder the property of Deelem. Be afraid of no man should any oppose you; but slaughter them and seize their property, and plunder them.

When these letters, in which the whole circumstance was described reached the different tribes, they were greatly incensed, and sent Sewid the son of Amil to plunder the inhabitants. And Handala ransacked the stores and granaries, and seized the property of the travellers; and Harith the son of Joshem plundered the lands of Zilah, sparing neither high nor low. After this, confusion and rebellion rose up in the villages, and the whole country dreaded the Arabs. Many of the Persians were beheaded, and the Persian merchants cried out from all quarters against Chosroe. The day of judgment seemed to have come upon him, and he was overwhelmed with shame. He desired his minister Mubidan to write to Monzar an account of all that had passed, and that he should punish the Arab tribes, or he would disperse them among the plains and the deserts.

So the minister wrote to Monzar a letter, in

which he said "To him, whom we recognise as King of the Arabs! Truly the heart of the just King is greatly irritated against you, on account of the depredations committed by the Arabs on his subjects. You must slay the rebels and offenders, and chastise those that have oppressed the weak, if you are obedient to the Persian government, and attend to the orders of the imperial monarch; and peace be with you from the protecting fire!". He folded up the letter and sealed it and sent it to Monzar, and when it reached him he opened it and read it, and wrote in answer to it these words:

"To him whom we recognise as the just King! Truly my character is despised amongst the Arabs, my reputation is on the decline, my authority amongst them is weakened, and my honour is considerably discredited, since they heard what you did to me about eating the dates. My power is at an end, because they think I am an object of ridicule with you; so they have therefore renounced their allegiance to me, and have separated themselves from my dominion. Such are the acts they have committed, and they will not obey my commands. You must look after your own country, and mind your own administration."

When Chosroe received this answer, he read it, and understood its contents. Verily, said he, these vagabond Arabs have a design upon me, and this dog of dogs would trample upon me. But if I do

not degrade and humble him, I am not the King of the age.

Who, O King of the age, said the satrap Khosrewan, the original cause of all this trouble, is this Monzar, that you should trouble yourself about him? By your life, I am able to take him prisoner, I will slay his horsemen, and will destroy his allies. I will bring him and his children to you, all bound with cords; and if you order me, I will kill them all, and will bring you his sons and his daughters, and most costly plunder.

Khosrewan, said Chosroe, you are the only person for this expedition, for it is all your doing; so prepare, and march with the troops under your command; and if you conquer the King of the Arabs, kill him not, but bring him to me a prisoner, that I may disgrace him and punish him, and let him feel his own situation; and afterwards I will grant him his life. Khosrewan accordingly made his preparations in three days, and set out with twenty thousand horsemen, armed with gilded shields and cleaving swords; and Khosrewan was at their head, like a lion.

But King Monzar, as soon as he observed Antar's blow at the lion, and remarked his eloquence and his poetry, felt assured that he was a distinguished hero and warrior, and he thought it wiser to spare his life, and not put him to death: but for the ends of justice he determined to keep him a

prisoner. So he detained him in custody; saying, by the faith of an Arab, I will not proceed to extremities with respect to this black warrior, for his equal is not to be found in the whole world. Guard this horseman, said he to his sons, until an answer reach us to our letter from the Persian King; and we will then persuade him that it is this wretch who has plundered the cities and killed his subjects, and who has excited against us the Arab hordes. This will give a strong colour to our excuses in all points, and thus we shall gain our objects upon our enemies. So Antar remained with the King imprisoned and chained; and Monzar entered Hirah and awaited the answer.

It was about the beginning of the day when Monzar mounted his horse and rode out to inhale the news; when lo! a dust from the direction of Persia appeared, and the whole country was blackened and darkened, and from beneath it came forth Persian horsemen, and the armies of Deelem. Take your implements of war, cried Monzar, ply the blow and the thrust, and protect the families and the women, or eternal will be your disgrace; for truly the offences against propriety in conversation, and the blunders of the tongue are the calamities of man. And he sent for all the clans of the tribe of Shiban, and all the Arab hordes; and the Persian troops gave them no rest, but poised their spears, and grasped their swords. The two

parties met, and attacked: blood abundantly flowed, eyes were fixed, and were scared. Khosrewan advanced: he assailed the tribes of Arabia, and his heart was overjoyed; he dashed towards the standard of Monzar; he overset them, and he destroyed the horsemen, and annihilated them.

Now Monzar had encountered the Persians with only twelve thousand men, and the evening did not close before four thousand of them were slaughtered, and the remainder returned, seeking safety in flight; the Persians pursuing them until the shades of night surrounded them; when the Persians dismounting to repose themselves, Khosrewan also halted and shouted aloud; and when they had pitched their tents and lighted their fires, he ordered his satraps and generals to surround the whole city of Hirah, and to guard the roads and highways.

But Monzar, who entered Hirah routed and discomfited, gnawed his hands from shame, and was quite bewildered and beside himself. He sat down attended by his three sons, Numan, Aswad, and Amroo; and whilst they were consulting and debating, in rushed a slave—O my lord, cried he, that Absian warrior who is in my custody, when he heard the uproar in the morning, asked me what was the matter? We informed him what had happened; then, said he, Conduct me to your King, that I may point out to him the means of destroying

his enemies, even were they as numerous as the sand of the desert. Produce him, said Monzar, let us hear what he has to say, and let us release him from his fetters. But Antar was that day thinking of his cousin, and of his expedition to procure her dower, and to seize the Asafeer camels, and his falling into captivity, and his failure. Then, as he sighed from his overcharged heart, he thus recited:

"Tell Zoheir and Malik of me, tell Ibla of me
"in unvarnished language, that I seized the
"camels flaunting over the plains, and that I felled
"down the armies on the day of terrors; say
"that I was marching away with the property and
"the beautous camels, when the stern faced horse-
"men of Saklim forced them from me. My steed
"hurled me on the battle field, and betrayed me,
"and subjected me to the thrusts of every shield-
"armed hero. Then I retired as a hostage, in
"chains: and I have merited them; and I moved
"along in them, like one overwhelmed with con-
"fusion. Had it not been for the assault of the
"lion among them, and their cry to me—Aid us,
"O Antar! when I met him, fettered as I was—
"they never would have acknowledged that I was
"the slayer of armies. When the furious beast
"flew at me, I feared not. My sword cleaved the
"body of the lion, and I forced it out through his
"thighs in an instant, and I wiped it on his skin.

" They have cast me into a sea of deaths, anxious
" for my destruction, but I tumbled him down like
" one precipitated from a mountain's height."

We have told King Monzar, said the attendant as he entered Antar's prison; he now demands you, in order to hear your proposal. Antar got up and went with them into the presence of the King, who ordered the fetters to be taken off from his feet, and the cords to be cut that bound his hands. Then he sighed, and thus spoke.

" May God forgive me that my soul is hardened,
" for my uncle beguiled me and exposed me to
" perils, and in his vile artifices has cast me into an
" abyss of fire, whose flames encompass me. I am
" become tortured of heart, fettered, my fingers and
" hands bound round my neck. Few are there like
" me in the day of the wood-entangled spears, when
" heroes contend in the fierce charge: O King of
" the world, thy sea is expansive as the glittering
" sword among men and dæmons. When the
" warriors charge—then expose me to them and
" try my assault—my battle among them. Be
" thou victorious, with Antar's aid, and convert, my
" lord, thy fears into security. Protect but my rear
" with a thousand lion heroes, and thou shalt view
" the wonders of my sword and my spear. Thou
" shalt see a lion driving away the horsemen with
" a scimitar that surpasses the lightning's flash in
" brilliancy. Grant me the dower for my beloved

" Ibla, of the thousand camels, that have excited " me to this enterprize. O Ibla, fear not the foe " on my account, when they crowd about me, and " the war horses charge: for death is but my own " form—my own qualities, and there is no pros- " perity but what is attached to my bridle. I am " the youth that fells the horsemen in my strength " —a youth whose equal exists not on earth. O " breezes! I implore ye by the pillars at Mecca, by " Zemzem—by the sacred plains and Mesdelifa,— " when ye pass the land of Sheerebah, waft my " salutation to Zoheir and his royal sons, and say " to the sorrowing Shiboob, hast thou forgotten my " faith—renounced my vows? for thou art my " foster brother, my stay, my support when my " friends betray me and persecute me—O Shiboob, " haste then, my brother, haste that thou mayst see " what I have suffered, and what has befallen me " —that thou mayst see a battle that will make " thee forget the past, and that thou mayst see, O " Shiboob, the boundless height of my glory. " For my ambition soars above the Pleiades, and " my fortunate star sparkles with brilliant rays."

The King was exceedingly surprised at Antar's bursts of poetry and strength of mind; and he was convinced of victory with his sword and spear. O Absian, said he, what is this I have heard of you to day, when you heard the shouts and the attack of the enemy? Truly, my lord, replied Antar, my

gall was nearly bursting when I heard that you had been obliged to fly from these cauldrons of dogs; this disgrace can never be erased from the Arabs. What can men do, said Monzar, when double their numbers attack them? and they are overwhelmed by those who do not fear their carnage? Man, said Antar, must patiently resist, and drink of the cup of death as he drinks the purest water, and not fly or run away. I am now in your power, and I demand of you the marriage dower of Ibla, my uncle's daughter; restore me my sword, my cuirass, my arms, and my horse, and give me a thousand men to defend my rear; and you shall see what my courage and force will effect against your foes.

By the virtue of the Kaaba, said Monzar, O Absian, if you perform what you state, and destroy this army—all my property, my he and she camels are all at your disposal. Not one of us shall remain behind the tent wall, but we will exert our utmost energies against the foe, and we will strike with our swords, and thrust with our spears. And he ordered his horse and his arms and his cuirass to be restored. And early on the morrow, a loud shout arose from amongst the Persians, eager to plunder the property and capture the women and the children; but the Arabs went forth against them, and at their head was Antar, the hero of conquest; and he cried out—Your hopes have failed, you cauldron

of dogs, you shall this day see Antar perform what nations shall record. Then he cried, O by thy eyes, O Ibla, and thus repeated:

"On the day of battle exquisite is the carnage.—"Come forth then against me, ye men of abomina-"tion—in me ye shall meet a Knight whose blow "strikes life dead. I am the Antar of horsemen in "the contest, that makes armies and warriors drink "of ignominy, a draught from his hand with the "polished sword that glides through the neck, in "the battle field. Soon will I plunge into the war "dust till I encounter Khosrewan, and make him "drink of the cup of death; I will make him taste "from my sword a draught, after which he shall "never taste of pure water. Ye shall see the horse "scattered o'er the wastes—the Himyarite chiefs "shall be bound on their saddles. I am the lion, "foremost in war, and mine arm is the horror of "warriors. Mine is honour and good fortune and "glory, and my star is high above the brilliant "Arcturus."

He then received the attack of the horse as the parched up ground the first of the rain; and his thrusts were the thrusts that blinded vision, and equalled fate and destiny. He overthrew heroes and destroyed warriors, and in an hour blood was flowing and streaming, and bowels were ripped open. When the Persians observed these dreadful deeds, they advanced from all quarters. The voice of

Antar was like the thunder's peal, and his thrusts more rapid than the flash of the lightning; and the Arab warriors, encouraged at his steadiness, felt convinced of victory after defeat; but as soon as the Persians saw these descending misfortunes, their hearts regretted what had passed, and the land and the region appeared too confined for them. The whole country was blackened in their eyes, their avidity was frustrated in the capture of the sons and daughters.

Affairs continued in this position till mid-day, and they toiled in the battle fiercer than a blaze of fire. And when the heat oppressed the warriors, the Persians gave way, and sought refuge in their tents, and gave a loose to their despair. Many were the horses deprived of their riders. Their chief, Khosrewan, stood under the standards, and the delay seemed tedious, for he was expecting that his companions would return with the captives and the spoil; when, lo! they indeed returned, but in flight. O my lord, they cried in reply to his questions, the Arabs have vanquished us—we have seen a prodigy among them—and if you do not come down upon that chosen horseman, not a head or tail of us will survive; for he fails not where he aims; he succeeds in whatever he undertakes; and if he attacks a whole troop, he disperses it; if he assaults a horseman, he overthrows him, and his voice is like a crash of thunder; the moment a man

hears it a universal ague seizes him; and he is like a lion when he assaults, and he drives away the warriors before him like a flock of sheep.

As Khosrewan heard this he was greatly enraged, and fire flashed from his eyes. Whence comes this horseman, he exclaimed, to this country? and to what Arabs is he related? Then starting from beneath the standards he sought the place of slaughter, and the scene of attack. In his hand he bore a long mace with which he assailed the troops; he dived through the dust, and the heroes trembled at his mace, as the dust rolled over his horse.

Now Monzar was directing his sons to move beyond the precincts of Hirah, when the form of victory and triumph appeared to him in the odour of that black lion. He sat down in his tent, and seated Antar by him, for he was dearer to him than all his family and relations; he congratulated him, and gave him to eat, and there was no end to his attentions and kindness; and as he engaged to him every favour, he said, if I knew your heart would be gratified by remaining with me, I would send a messenger to your King, and would offer him my friendship, and I would direct him to take Ibla from her father, and send her to us, whether he will or not. But I fear you will not allow me to do, what your heart would not sanction.

I cannot possibly remain here, replied Antar;

every day appears a thousand years to me; but I swear by all your munificence towards me, were even my heart to burst with the fierceness of my love and passion, I will not quit this country till I have accomplished your wishes in destroying your foul enemies: to-morrow, by the grace of God, I will rout their army. To-morrow I will go out to the field of battle; I will challenge Khosrewan; and I will invite him to terminate the affair, and if he engages me, I will make him drink of the cup of death; and afterwards I will put to flight these troops of horse over the plains and the deserts. When they had finished eating and drinking, and their conversation about the battle and the contest, they retired to rest and sleep. As soon as the morning dawned with a smile, the horsemen rushed on anxious for the fight, and the conflict; and as Khosrewan was preparing to proceed to the field; lo! from the Arab army there came forth a man between the two ranks, and stood conspicuous amidst the two armies, and both parties gazed at him. He was like a strong battlement, quite immersed in steel; in his hand was a sparkling blade, and he had a long spear slung over him, and under him was a steed of the colour of gold, indefatigable in labour, as an Arab poet has described.

"Praise a yellow steed of the colour of gold, for "he is of the horses noblest in pedigree; his rider

" shall outstrip every warrior in the beauty of his " shape and paces. He may be in the evening at " Tekmet, and in the morning at Aleppo."

And he galloped over the plain to and fro, and he disclosed a countenance like that of a Ghoul; the warriors and heroes marked him: and lo! it was the illustrious chieftain and intrepid warrior, Aboolfawaris, Antar the son of Shedad; and he came forth to put an end to the Persian contest, and to slay their general; and thus return to his family and country with wealth and riches. He dashed into the centre of the army; he disdained the common herd, and would not condescend to challenge them. He burst on the right, and discomfited it; and slew threescore and ten—he rushed on to the left, and forced it in confusion on the right; he returned again to the centre, seeking carnage and bloodshed. He was mounted on a mare, for his horse Abjer, wounded the day before, was still unfit for the day of encounter. And when he was in the centre, between the two armies—he thus spoke.

" Relieve my pains—ease my sorrows. Sally " forth, aye, every lion warrior. Taste a draught " at the edge of my sword, more bitter than the " cups of Absynth. When death appears in the " crowded ranks, then challenge me to the meet- " ing of armies. Ye Persians, I heed ye not, I " heed ye not. Where is he who wishes to fight

" me, and wants to make me drink the liquor of
" death. Bring him forth, let him see what he
" will meet from my spear under the shades of the
" war-dust. I swear, O Ibla, he shall eat of death.
" By thy teeth, luscious to the kiss, and by thine
" eyes, and all the pangs of their enchantment, and
" their beauty, were thy nightly visionary form
" not to appear to me, never should I taste of
" sleep. O thou my hope! O may the western
" breeze tell thee of my ardent wish to return
" home. May it waft thee my salutation, when
" the sparkling dawn bursts the veil of night.
" May God moisten thy nights, and bedew thee
" with his rain-charged clouds. May peace dwell
" with thee as long as the western and northern
" breeze shall blow."

When Antar had finished—behold Khosrewan—he appeared on the plain, and he was mounted on a long tailed steed, marked with the new moon on his forehead, and on his body was a strong coat of mail well knit together, the workmanship of David; and armed with an imperial casque and a glittering sword; and under his thighs were four small darts, each like a blazing flame. And when he came forth on the field of battle he roared aloud, and contemptuously of the Arabs. Antar assailed him: high arose the dust about them, so that they were hid from the sight. They exhibited most extraordinary prowess; they separated, they clung to each other,

now they sported, now they were in earnest; they gave and took, they were close, they were apart, until it was mid-day, and both had severely toiled. But whenever Khosrewan attempted to assail Antar and strike him with his mace, he ever found him vigilant and on his guard, and aware of his intent. So he darted away from him in order to gallop over the field, and would exhibit all his manœuvres and stratagems; but Antar kept him employed, and wearied him, and prevented his executing his designs, so that the chieftain's wrath became intense. He snatched up one of his darts, and shook it and hurled it at him—it flew from his hand like the blinding lightning, or descending fate. Antar stood firm, and when it came near him, he met it, and dexterously turning it off by his shield, it bounded away, and fell upon the ground far off. Khosrewan snatched out a second dart and levelled it at him; but Antar sprang out of its way, and it passed harmless. He aimed a third; but Antar rendered it fruitless by his dexterity and his persevering activity. He hurled the fourth, but it shared the same fate as the others.

When Khosrewan saw how Antar had parried the darts, his indignation was extreme. Again he took up his mace, and he roared even as a lion roars —then stretching himself out with it, he hurled it, backing it with a howl that made the plains and the air rebellow. Antar threw away his spear

and met the mace and caught it with his right hand in the air; then, aiming it at Khosrewan, he cried out, take that, thou son of a two thousand horned cuckold! I am the lover of Ibla, and am alone—the Phœnix of the world. Khosrewan saw him grasp the mace in the air, and was horrified, for his strength and force were exhausted. He retreated, and attempted to fly from his antagonist, for he was now convinced of his destruction. He moved round his shield between his shoulders; but he felt that his fate was nigh at hand, for the mace fell upon his shield more forcible than the stone of a sling; furiously it rattled on the Persian chief, and hurled him off his saddle to the distance of twelve cubits, and broke his ribs and snapped his spine.

Every warrior was intensely agitated at this surprizing deed; and when the Persians saw it they were bewildered; they rushed upon Antar, agonized as they were at this calamity, and exposed their lives to certain death. The Arabs received them with undaunted courage at the points of their spears; and their spirit was exhilarated by the acts of Antar. The two armies assailed, and the earth was pounded under the trampling of the horses. The horsemen and the clans encountered, clouds of dust thickened over their heads. And their fury increased, till they were like the waves of the boisterous ocean. Spears penetrated through hearts and waists, heads were flying off, blood was

boiling, cowards were scared, the courageous full of fire; the King of Death circled round the cup of mortality; and the commands of the Most High were executed upon them.*

Antar, the ferocious lion, felt his heart assuaged in the midst of slaughter, and in the concussion of heroes and warriors. He exhibited terrors amidst the concourse of heroes, and scattered whole armies over the plains and the mountains. King Monzar cried out aloud to his troops, and they exposed themselves to the enemy: roused afresh was the flame of war; it fiercely raged, and its sparks flashed; the dust blackened the whole land, so that both earth and heaven were veiled. The ground tottered under the hoofs of the noble steeds, until the sweat even moistened their entrails. Blood flowed from the throats of the chiefs. Antar strewed the brave on the earth, and souls complained of their sufferings to him who knows the secrets of the world. Heads were hewn from the branches of their bodies; and the Persians saw in the deeds of Antar that day, what terrified them, and magnified their horror. They fell back in flight upon the plains in agony at their dispersion and discomfiture, and complaining of what had befallen their nobles and their chiefs. The Arabs in their rear drove them on to their fate, and truly their desires and wishes were accomplished. As they exulted in the realiza-

* Διος δ' ἐπλήσθη βυλή.

tion of their hopes and expectations, they crowded round Antar to thank and praise him, and he stood before them like one immersed in a sea of blood. Then as he recollected the horrors he had suffered, these verses boiled in his heart, and he thus exclaimed :—

" Ask, O Absian maid, my spear and my sword " what they did on the day of the battle of the Per- " sians. I steeped them, whilst the spear gored " through the horse, in the blood of the foe mixed " with bitter Absynth. I dispersed the army that " bellowed out their thunders, and beneath it flashed " the lightning of their swords, mounted as I was " on a noble Arab charger, that flies when the " sword blades crash in the fight; he neighs for joy " whilst the spears are directed at him, that vibrate " like speckled serpents. I urged him into the sea " of deaths; he snorted, and plunged into the " tempestuously roaring waves. How many horse- " men, O Ibla, at the edge of my faulchion have torn " their hands with their teeth in repentance! but I " felled them down on the battle plain, that the wild " beasts and eagles and hovering vultures might " drink of their blood. I must love the tribe of " Abs, were they even to shed my blood unre- " venged,—such is my love for thee, thou daughter " of noble chiefs! I will endure the burthen of " grievances, and sorrows, and captivity, and shew " that I am a warrior and the son of a warrior.

" May the peace of God be with thee, O Ibla—soon
" will I come to thee with my trophies! "

Antar having finished these verses, the chiefs and the warriors were astonished at his eloquence, and they repaired with the spoil and plunder to the presence of King Monzar, who started up to meet Antar, kissed him between the eyes, and could only congratulate him on his safety, for he was confounded at such instances of his bravery. Horseman of the day, he cried, protector of Abs and Adnan! all that the Persians have left this day be thine, O Knight of the time and age! for thou hast earned it by thy sword and thy spear. Thou hast brought peace and comfort to the Arabs. Let this plunder be a grant from me to thee, together with the Asafeer camels; and moreover, out of mine own will I bestow immense wealth on thee; but I cannot permit thee to wed the daughter of thy uncle any where but here with me in this land, and I will fulfil all thy wishes and thy desires; for I am resolved to send letters to the tribes, and to assemble the hordes from the waters and the springs, and make ready for war against the just King.

O my lord, expel that thought from your mind, cried Antar, for by the life of the eyes of Ibla, to me the strongest of oaths, I alone will stand thee in stead of the whole race of Arabs—never will I cease from the blows of my Indian sword till I have not left in your presence one of your enemies alive,

not a cuckold of them. Moreover, 'tis my intention to put you in possession of the throne of Nushirvan. Monzar expressed his thanks, for he knew he could perform what he promised, from what he had observed of his intrepidity in the black rolling dust.

Thus they entered Hirah, and rejoiced in their victory and triumph; and Antar went to the habitation that was prepared for him. Monzar retired to rest; but he was greatly disquieted, and feared Chosroe and his stratagems.

BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER VI.

On the next day when Monzar was seated on the throne of his kingdom, and the horsemen of his clan were around him, they consulted and deliberated, and they were unanimous that the Arabs should be written to, and precautions be taken against Nushirvan. And when they had come to this resolution, an attendant entered, and kissing the ground, said —O King, excellent tidings for you in the arrival of your Vizier Amroo, the son of Neefeela! Now this vizier was one of the oldest men of the age, for he was four hundred years old; he was well versed in history, and acquainted with every event, and he was one of the wise men who had predicted the mission of Mohammed the seal of Prophets and delegates; and he generally resided at Mecca, expecting his appearance, that he might be directed by his light.

When Monzar heard of his arrival, he was rejoiced and delighted at the good news. In a short time he presented himself, and saluted him. Monzar sprang up to meet him, congratulated him, and saluted him. O Chief, said he, you are come just at the very moment you are required, for I am overwhelmed with anxiety; and for its removal I depend

first on God, and then on you. I am quite disconsolate at the state of my affairs, and I have repented of what I have done, and I wish for you, O Vizier, to bear some of my burthens.

And when he had informed him of all that had passed between him and Chosroe—You have indeed acted wrong, O King, said Amroo, in this business; verily as soon as I heard the news, I came as fast as I could from the land of Mecca and the sacred shrine, fearful lest your country should be laid waste, and the Arab chiefs destroyed by the hands of the worshippers of fire, and you would be thus involved in disgrace and in misery. Indeed, I have recommended to you a thousand times not to make the fire-worshippers your enemies, until you should hear that Mecca is illuminated with the light and appearance of the chosen Prophet to be sent from Adnan, for then will the temples of fire be extinguished, and the palace be rent: but now you have only to bend to error, and take care to obey the orders of this monarch, even should he outrage you. For you have slain his satrap and cut up his horsemen; so beware of his deceits. Moderation is now most advisable; renounce writing to the Arabs, but have patience till I go to Modayin, and observe its inhabitants, and mark the state of affairs. I will visit their minister, Mubidan, and request him to give up this point, and direct him to avert from us the ill-will of Nushirvan.

Your advice is most judicious, said Monzar; act, O Vizier, as it seems fit to you; I will oppose nothing you say. So Amroo went to repose himself; and then Monzar reported to him the deeds of Antar, how he had slain Khosrewan, and destroyed an army of twenty thousand horse, and had given victory to the Arab warriors after their defeat and flight; the Vizier was astonished at Antar's acts, and intrepidity, so superior were they to any thing hitherto known in deserts or towns.

On the third day the Vizier Amroo mounted his horse and repaired to Modayin, having first recommended Monzar to treat Antar with attention and kindness, and to prevent him from returning to his own country. He traversed the deserts and cultivated places till he reached Modayin, when he presented himself to Mubidan, the Cazi of the worshippers of fire, without ceremony and without permission. Mubidan rose up in haste to meet him, and received him with the highest honour and distinction; he made him sit by him, and spoke to him in the most friendly manner, saying,—What has induced you to visit me? What has made you trouble yourelf about me? I was not at hand when these events took place, said the Vizier, and I was not present at these occurrences; I was at Mecca, and in those parts; but as soon as the news reached me, and I heard how King Monzar had eaten the dates with the stones, I was convinced that troubles

would arise between them. I came at full speed, for I feared some great disaster, and I wished to settle the business ere I died. But I did not arrive till all was over; so I have hurried to you, in order to arrange matters, fearing that these human considerations would bring about unnecessarily disagreeable consequences. Therefore, O Chief, be benevolent as long as kindness is in your power, and be not revengeful on account of a difference in religion.

Mubidan was pleased from his heart, and the flame of his anger was extinguished. O Amroo, said he, before you arrived, I had resolved to arrange this business: the army has returned routed, and its chief has been slain; but I have not reported this circumstance to the just King, fearful that blood would be shed, and men be slaughtered. I have also my anxiety about events which have lately occurred, and I wish to relieve the heart of the King of some of his burthens; for governments sicken as men sicken, and they have no other physician but their Viziers; and these are acquainted with the evils and the remedies.

What is it, cried Amroo, that has troubled the heart of the just King; for he is the ruler of all the tribes! You know that the Emperor of Greece, answered Mubidan, has always been accustomed to send to Chosroe a vast quantity of goods, and precious stones and metals and jewels, and male and female European slaves, and other objects, in short, that the

tongue fails in describing. At this present time a Grecian chief is come with the treasure, and in his suite are five hundred horsemen of his nation, and ten priests, and five monks; he presented himself before Chosroe in his palace, and spoke to him by an interpreter saying—O mighty King, I am indeed come with the wealth and jewels and rich presents, such as fire cannot consume, and beautiful virgins and slaves; but I must make one stipulation with you, viz. that I will not deliver them to you, unless you have a horseman that can vanquish me in the field of battle.

Now the cause of the arrival of this Chief, continued Mubidan, and of his appearance before Chosroe, was this extraordinary circumstance.—He had quitted the Isles of the Sea, in order to visit the holy shrine at Jerusalem, and the fountain of peace; and when his pilgrimage was terminated, he heard a good report of the cities of Syria, so he repaired thither, and resided there some time; and one day being in the presence of Harith, in the course, he exhibited his horsemanship and intrepidity, far superior to the other horsemen. Harith having remarked his extraordinary prowess, sent for him and presented him with a robe, and exalted him in rank above the nobles of his court, accommodated him in a house suitable to his station, and supplied him with provisions.

And Harith for a long time engaged him against

the warriors, and he overcame every antagonist in force and ability, and in course of time he conquered all the armies of Syria, who acknowledged his intrepidity and superiority, and yielded to him the highest honours, so that Harith greatly rejoiced in him; and he said, this is indeed the sword of Jesus; and he resolved to present him to the Roman Emperor. So he wrote to the Emperor, and mentioned what feats this Chief had performed. Keep him with you, said he in his letter, and prevent his returning to the Isles of the Sea, in order that you may obtain, through him, what you wish and desire from the Arabs and the worshippers of fire; and he sent his letter by a messenger.

On the next day Harith dispatched the Chief with a party of his attendants to wait on the Emperor. The messenger travelled with the letter till he reached Antioch, and being admitted to the presence, he delivered him the letter, which he took and read, and having understood its secret meaning, was rejoiced in the Chief. He even went out to meet him with all the nobles of his court. and ministers of the kingdom. So when the Chief reached the suburbs, he was greatly surprised, as were all his companions, for he thought this meeting of the Emperor was accidental, not being aware of the letter Harith had sent forward. The Chief dismounted and crossing his face before he spoke, kissed the earth in the presence of the Emperor, who, much

surprised at the courtesy of his manners, desired him to remount his horse, and taking him by his side, they all returned together to Antioch, every one gazing on the Chief, and astonished at his gigantic shape and stature, till they arrived at the city, when all their anxiety and trouble being at an end, every one returned home. And there being no one present, the Emperor sat down, and made the Chief do so likewise by his side, and invited him to tell his adventures, and offered him riches and possessions.

O most beneficent monarch, said the Chief, I left not my country in search of wealth, but the reason of my departure was to seek the reward of virtue and meritorious acts. I have reached your presence, and my wish is to exhibit my prowess before the inhabitants of this land, that I may attain the object of my desires. The Emperor showed the warrior every possible attention.

Now the name of this Chief was Badhramoot; he remained three days as the Emperor's guest, on the third he appeared on the plain, and the horsemen came out against him; but they retreated from before him in shame and disgrace, and he remained galloping about like a dæmon. For three days he continually exhibited himself on the course, till he had marked all the troops of the Emperor in the combat; and when the Emperor perceived his superior skill, he was much surprised, and wished to detain him with him, that he might, through him, be victorious over

his enemies; and amongst other things he thought of marrying him to his daughter, and of sharing with him his dominions.

One day Badhramoot came to the Emperor and found him sitting down, and all his treasures before him; he was selecting the best metals and jewels, and was putting them in cups, and was sealing them up, and was packing them up in boxes, and was preparing them for a long journey by land. Badhramoot was much agitated and surprised at this. To whom do you intend sending this treasure? he asked. To Chosroe Nushirvan, the lord of the crown and palace, replied the Emperor, for he is the King of Persia and Deelem, and the ruler of nations. O monarch, this King, is he not of the religion of Jesus the son of Mary? the chief asked. He is the great King, he replied, and he worships fire; and he has armies and allies whose numbers are incalculable, and on this account I send him tribute, and keep him away from my own country.

At these words the light became darkness in Badhramoot's eyes. By your existence, O King, said he, I cannot allow any one to adore aught but the Messiah, in this world. We must wage a sacred war, and have a crusade against the inhabitants of that land and those cities. How can you submit to this disgrace and indignity, and humble yourself to a worshipper of fire; you who are the Emperor of the religion of the Cross, and the Priest's

gown? I swear by him who withdrew a dead body from the earth, and breathed into clay, and there came forth birds and beasts, I will not permit you to send these goods and presents, unless I go also against those people, and fight them with the sword's edge. I will engage the armies of Chosroe, and exert my strength against them; if I am slain, then you may stand to your covenant.

Rid us of this affair, exclaimed the Emperor; avert and withdraw from us the supremacy of Chosroe and his armies; but do not open upon us a gate which we shall not be able to close: and if you wish to make a journey to the land of the King, go with these presents, and when you are in his presence, tell him your own story—examine the extent of his dominion, and his horsemen, and the number of his troops, and his allies. Ask him to let you fight his bold warriors—whatever you desire, he will grant you; and when you have engaged the horsemen and succeeded in your attempt, then inform me, that I may shew you what I can do. But if you find that his power is too great, conjure him to spare this land and realm.

Badhramoot agreed to this proposal, and he departed with the presents, and he arrived at Modayin, his heart free from fear. He went to Chosroe and presented his letter, and said through an interpreter, O most glorious King, you know that Kings will not submit to tribute until they have been van-

quished in battle. I am now come with all this property as presents to you; but I wish to avert this disgrace from the Christians, and I will engage your warriors in your presence. If they slay me in the combat, my blood is rightfully your's; but if I am superior to all your heroes and combatants, then relieve us from tribute, and do not expose mankind to difficulties and hardships, for in all religions it is tyranny and oppression to shed blood.

All this being interpreted to Chosroe, his anger and indignation, though considerably excited, were softened by the mildness of the Chieftain's representations. He pondered the subject some time, and then, being convinced that he had only made a reasonable demand, he turned towards his satraps and said—Take this Chieftain, and conduct him to a mansion suitable to his rank, with his suite, and provide them with every thing to eat and drink, that we may comply with his requests; let the property be left with him, that we may likewise fulfil his intention: to-morrow we will go to the plain to view the combat of the horsemen, and we will not receive the presents but on your terms.

Accordingly the satraps conducted the Chief and his suite to a spacious mansion, and left all the property with them. The next day the armies mounted and repaired to the plain, and all being assembled, Chosroe mounted his horse, surrounded by the standards and ensigns; and when the

two parties were drawn up, the Chief came forward like a huge camel, his priests and monks attending him; he urged on his horse into the field of contention, and the brave heroes were rushing upon him from all sides; but Chosroe issued orders to his people that they should draw lots, and thus proceed in rotation against him, and whoever should conquer him should receive all the presents he brought with him.

When the combatants heard this, they retired from the scene of combat and drew lots, and the lot fell upon the first of the generals named Shirkan, son of Tirkan. He sallied out against the Chief; but the Grecian warrior waiting till he came close to him, drew his foot out of his stirrup, struck him on the breast with his foot, and hurled him on the ground. The whole body of horsemen were confounded, and their limbs trembled within them. Again they drew lots, and the lot fell upon a sturdy warrior, one of the worshippers of fire: he fought with various arms, and he was indefatigable in the combat: he rushed at him armed with a mace, roaring like a lion; he opened wide his arm as he came near to him, and endeavoured to strike him and knock him down; but the Chief struck him with the but-end of his spear, and dashed him to the earth; he had already drawn out the barb from his spear; and there was not a combatant that came forward but he stretched him on the ground:

and before the close of the day he had vanquished a hundred valiant warriors. Then Chosroe sent for him, and received him kindly, and gave him a robe. By the burning of fire and its flames, said he, you have earned all this property from these vile miscreants.

Chosroe then returned, and he was greatly enraged with his own troops; but the Chieftain was rejoiced, and he reposed that night in security. The next day he returned to the contest, and Nushirvan also mounted his horse, and the combat was the same as the first day; and the Grecian quitted not the scene of action till he had overcome more than a hundred warriors, many with their ribs broken, suffering the pangs of death and perdition. And Chosroe was exceedingly wrath with his troops.

Thus continued the Chief to engage the heroes of Persia for fifteen days, and he excelled them all; and the armies of Chosroe were disgraced. In affliction he passed the night, and he rose up to grief and gloom. Matters were in this situation, when lo! Mubidan entered. O Vizier, cried Chosroe, watch over us in this important affair; behold what is befalling us with respect to this experienced Greek, for verily, he will tear our empire in pieces with his intrepidity; and we are unable to rid ourselves of his power. I wish to write to Khosrewan, to come to us with his horsemen against this Grecian devil.

Refrain from such expressions, O King, said Mubidan, for you may still accomplish your wish, and degrade and hold in contempt this Chieftain, and the affair terminate to your glory and success. How can that be? said the King, and what do you propose? My opinion is, said he, that you write to your Lieutenant, King Monzar, the ruler of the Arabs, under whose command are all the tribes, and order him to send you a few of his slaves, and they will subjugate for you this obstinate Chief, and will accomplish what you covet and desire; for the Arab horsemen are the horsemen of victory and conquest; they only are brought up in plains and rocks, in battle and slaughter; in such emergencies the horsemen of Hijaz are most renowned; but our horsemen, O King of the world, are only famed for magnificent entertainments.

The King laughed, and said—How can this be brought about, Mubidan? Monzar is irritated against us by what has happened between me and him, owing to the satrap Khosrewan, who is now gone against him with his troops and forces, and I have no intelligence of him. Live for ever, O King of the world, said Mubidan; but for your Satrap, the fire has received his soul, and its smoke and its flames have consumed him. His army is returning routed and beaten. I have kept this circumstance a secret from you, but now the fire has made me think it proper to disclose it to you.

O Vizier, said Chosroe, greatly distressed—In this extremity, what is your plan; how can I possibly send to Monzar, now that he has rent in pieces my honour, and slain a satrap of my government?

O King, said the Vizier, the honor of your Empire is in his hands—he alone can save it; for he possesses a warrior of the race of Adnan, who would encounter every horseman and hero you possess. Then informing him of all that concerned Antar from beginning to end—It would, in my opinion, be right, added he, to send to King Monzar a robe and presents, and direct him to produce before you this lion horseman, for he will surely destroy yon Chief, and will remove this distress and affliction from your heart. But, said Chosroe, I fear Monzar will not obey my orders, and he will suppose that dismay has stricken us.

Be assured, O great King, said Mubidan, that Monzar is terrified at your wrath and your vengeance, and just now his Vizier Amroo, the son of Nefeelah, came to me, and asked me to intercede with you, and request you would pass over what he has done, and forgive his improper conduct. Well, said Chosroe, do what you think proper; perhaps the difficulty may be removed. Order this horseman into our presence, and promise him on our part all manner of riches. So Mubidan departed, and having acquainted the Vizier Amroo with what had occurred on this important point,

he desired him to write to Monzar, and tell him what had passed, ordering him to bring Antar into the presence of the King at Modayin.

The Vizier wrote the letter, as follows—"To him whom we acknowledge as King Monzar, King of the Arabs, Ruler of the tribes Lakhm and Juzam and Shiban! Know, O King, that the business on which I came has been effected, and all your projects are accomplished. Moreover, I have promised Chosroe, the monarch of the world, that Antar shall overcome this Grecian Chief, and shall relieve his heart from his present distress and affliction; come therefore hither without delay, and be there no other answer to this letter but placing your foot in the stirrup."—He folded and sealed the letter, and dispatched it under the wings of a bird, and they remained expecting the result. But the Chief, as soon as the day dawned, sent some of his people and horsemen to demand of Chosroe permis- to go out to the plain that he might again engage in his presence his armies and his warriors. So Chosroe mounted, and all his people and horsemen also came forth: and the Greek overpowered the heroes of Persia, who combatted with him even to the close of the day, when they returned; and the glory and honour of the Persians were tarnished.

The next day the two parties mounted and were

drawn up in order; and the Grecian fought, and galloped, and charged, and sought for the combatants and antagonists, when lo! a horseman from Deelem, Bahram by name, the son of Johram, engaged him, and he was a warrior rapid as a burning flame, and he fought with different sorts of arms, indefatigable in war. He was the son of the uncle of that Khosrewan whom Antar had slain, Antar, the destroyer of horsemen! On that day he fought on the plain, and he wore a Davidean cuirass, solid and firm, that blunted the javelin's point, and in his hand he bore a pike with which he gave the blow of death. He was also girt with a cleaving faulchion, and under his thighs were four short javelins. He assaulted the Chief with all his force, and engaged with him in the combat.

Their engagement at first was sport and play, but it ended in impetuosity and fury. They continued their labours and exertions till mid-day, and the Greek having experienced Bahram's might and strength, at length put forth all his powers and energies in the contest; and the pike of the Chief was without a barb, as he had agreed on in the presence of Chosroe Nushirvan. But he stretched his hand over the pommel of his saddle, and plucked out a barb like the tongue of a serpent, and fastened it on the end of his pike, and rushed upon Bahram in his rage; he extended the barb

towards his chest, and he gave a loud shout; but Bahram struck it with his sword and clipped it off. The Greek threw away his pike, and drew forth his sword from the scabbard, and they engaged with their sabres till both were near partaking of the draught of death. Then the ranks closed upon them, and the Deelemites rejoiced in their warrior, and their expectations were raised high. The warriors ceased not the battle and the contest till the end of the day, when they separated unhurt; and neither had marked his adversary. So they retired, and each related to his companions the circumstances of the conflict. Chosroe sent for Bahram and gave him a robe.

Early next day Chosroe mounted, attended by the Persians, and Turcomans, and Deelemites, drawn up in ranks on the plain of battle. The Grecian Chief came with all his suite, and charged and galloped over the plain. Bahram came down upon him, and they dashed at each other and charged to and fro, and ranged over the plain, extending their long spears till every eye was sickened: then they commenced the battle, and continued till sun-set, when they again separated unhurt. But Chosroe was greatly distressed, and he ordered the Magi to make a circuit of the fire in his presence, and to throw aloe of Comorin into it, praising the unity of the adored King: so they did as he ordered. And the Chief performed the same ceremony, and his

priests and monks recited the Gospel, and marked themselves with the Cross, and both parties reposed in blasphemy and heresy.

The next day at dawn the horsemen were ready for the contest, when lo! a dust arose and obscured the land; and there appeared coming forth a hundred horsemen, all sturdy Arabs, armed with long spears and sharp swords, mounted on noble coursers. King Monzar headed them, and by his side was Antar. The Vizier and Mubidan went out to meet them with a party of satraps and horsemen, and the troops on all sides crowded to look at them. Mubidan related to Antar all that had passed between the Grecian and Bahram.

O Vizier, said the lion Antar, assure the just King, whose beneficence and liberality are well known, that I will encounter this Grecian, and Bahram, and all the warriors of Persia, Turkistan and Deelem, and will not leave a man in Modayin. Mubidan smiled, for he was convinced he could execute what he said, observing the immensity of his bulk, and the horror of his form, and the rolling of his eyes, and the muscular powers of his arms.

O Horseman of the age, said he, should you not execute your engagement, and not slay this hero of the Cross?—If I do not fulfil my agreement, cried Antar, drag me by my feet through the temple of fire, and make a sacrifice of me. Mubidan smiled,

and he introduced him to the officers of Government who wore golden bracelets on their arms, and afterwards to those who wore crowns on their heads. King Monzar dismounted, and all his horsemen, and then entered the apartments of the Nobles, and the Viziers, and Satraps, and Grandees, and Dignitaries. Antar was in amazement at what he saw, and the people also stared and gazed at him; and this continued till they came before Chosroe. Monzar stepped forward and saluted him, and prayed for a continuance of his glory and power. Then Antar too paid his homage, and thus spoke:

"May God avert from thee the evils of fortune, "and mayst thou live secure from calamities! "May thy star be ever brilliant in progressive "prosperity, and increase in glory! May thy "sword be ever sharp, and cleave the necks of "thy foes, O thou King of the age! May thy "renown be ever celebrated in every land, for thou "art just and beneficent. So mayst thou ever live "a Sovereign in glory, as long as the dove pours "forth its plaintive note."

Chosroe was stonished at Antar's eloquence, and was confounded at the height of his person, and his prodigious form, and the rolling of his eyes, and the strength of his arms. O King of the world, said Mubidan, this is he who has slain your satrap Khosrewan, and destroyed his army of twenty thousand bridles, and he is come now to

take away the life of this Greek, and to remove every grief and sorrow from your heart, and no doubt he will slay all that are with him. Should this be the case, said the Monarch, we will pardon his fault, and ennoble him with gifts. Let them repose: treat them with all kindness and hospitality. And he sent for King Monzar, and gave him a robe. O King of the Arabs, said he, the error was mine at first, and his who raised this rebellion amongst you; but the fire has destroyed him in your presence. The heart of Monzar was delighted at these words, and his joy was great.

And when Mubidan wished to pitch tents for them that they might repose till the next day—By the Holy Shrine, exclaimed Antar, I will not eat meat with you, or drink wine with you, until I have slain this foul-raced Greek, and made him drink the cup of death: for he has moved the heart of the just King. So he prepared his arms and his cuirass, and sprang from the ground on the back of his horse. Mubidan informed Chosroe of what Antar had said, and he went forth with all his Viziers, Satraps, Princes and Deputies, to see the result of the combat between the two warriors.

Mubidan also repaired to the Grecian Chief, and said—Know that Chosroe has in his justice acted towards you with the greatest impartiality, and he has loaded you with favours, and he has only found amongst his people, Bahram, that can contend with

you; and the King observes even his inferiority. But as he does not wish that his reputation should be lost, his Vicegerent over the Arabs is arrived this day, and with him a warrior selected from the heroes of Arabia, who says he will meet you and make your companions and comrades groan for you. So prepare; and if you kill him or overcome him, return to your master with all the property you have brought with you.

Badhramoot was overjoyed at this; his bosom swelled, and he was in extasy, and he said—Let Chosroe order out this angry horseman—this day will I haste against him, and make him drink the cup of disgrace. And Mubidan added—Let the persons of your faith bear witness for you. Antar understood not what they were saying—Prepare for battle, he cried; and immediately the Greek let go the bridle, and assailed Antar the son of Shedad. Antar was like a furious lion, as he thus spoke:

"This day I will aid King Monzar, and I will "exhibit my powers and my prowess before "Chosroe; I will break down the support of Greece "from its foundations, and I will sever Badhra-"moot's head with my scimitar. I will exterminate "every lion hero with my sword: let him vaunt, "let him boast, let him scoff. Is it not known "that my power is sublime on high!—Is it not "among the stars in the vicinity of Jupiter?—I "am he whose might is uncontroulable in battle.

"I am of the race of Abs, the valiant lion of "the cavern. If thou art Badhramoot, I am "called Antar among men. It was easy for me to "vanquish the armies of Chosroe in the contest, "and soon will I overthrow Cæsar's self with my "spear. Hear the words of an intrepid lion, reso- "lute, undaunted, all-conquering. I am he of "whom warriors can bear witness in the combat "under the turbid battle-dust. My sword is my "companion in the night-shades, as are also my "Abjer, and my lance and my spear in the conflicts. "Night is my complexion, but day is my emblem; "the sun is unquestionably the mirror of my deeds. "This day thou shalt feel the truth of what I "have said: and I will prove that I am the Phœnix "of the age."

Then Antar rushed down upon the Grecian like a cloud, and the Greek met him like a blazing fire. They engaged like two lions; they maddened at each other like two camels, and they dashed against each other like two mountains, so that they frightened every eye with their deeds. A dust rose over them that hid them from the sight for two hours. The Greek perceived in Antar some- thing beyond his capacity, and a sea where there was no rest: he was terrified and agitated, and ex- claimed—by the Messiah and his disciples! this biscuit is not of the same leaven—this is the hour of contention; and now is the time for struggle and

exertion. So he shouted and roared at Antar and attacked him with his spike-pointed spear, and dealt him a furious thrust; but Antar eluded it by a dexterous movement, and struck him with the heel of his lance under the arm, and made him totter on the back of his horse; and he almost hurled him on the ground: but Badramoot with infinite intrepidity, sat firm on his horse's back, and galloped to the further part of the plain. Antar waited patiently till he had recovered, and his spirit was renewed, when he returned upon him like a ferocious lion, and recommenced the conflict.

King Monzar was highly gratified at the deeds of Antar, and felt convinced that he was only sparing him, and dallying with him, and that had he wished to kill him, he would have done it. But the Monarch was perfectly astonished at Antar's courage; and turning to his attendants, said to them—By the essence of fire, this is indeed horsemanship and intrepidity. Never have I remarked such but in an Arab! And he advanced towards the field of battle that he might observe what passed between these dreadful combatants, and that he might see how the affair would terminate.

Now Bahram, when he perceived that Antar was superior to himself in strength, and was mightier than the Greek in the conflict, felt assured that he would obtain the promised reward; so he was seized with the disease of envy, which preyed in flames upon

his heart and his body, particularly when he heard that Antar had slain the son of his uncle; then he resolved to betray Antar, and make him drink of the cup of perdition. So he waited till both were involved in dust, when he drew from under his thigh a dart more deadly than the misfortunes of the age; and when he came near Antar, he raised his arm and aimed at him the blow of a powerful hero. It started from his hand like a spark of fire; but Antar was quick of mind, and his eyes were continually turning to the right and to the left, for he was amongst a nation that were not of his own race, and that put him on his guard, and he instantly perceived Bahram as he aimed his dart at him; and then casting away his spear out of his hand, he caught the dart in the air with his heaven-endowed force and strength, and rushing at the Greek, and shouting at him with a paralysing voice, he struck him with that very dart in the chest, and it issued out quivering like a flame through his back; then wheeling round Abjer, like a frightful lion he turned down upon Bahram; but Chosroe, terrified lest Antar should slay Bahram, cried out to his attendants—Keep off Antar from Bahram, or he will kill him, and pour down annihilation upon him. So the warriors and the satraps hastened after the dreadful Antar, and conducted him to Chosroe, and as the foam burst from his lips, and his eye-balls flashed fire, he dismounted from Abjer, and thus spoke:

"May God perpetuate thy glory and happiness, "and mayst thou ever live in eternal bliss! O "thou King mighty in power, and the source of "justice on every occasion! I have left Badrah- "moot prostrate on the sands—wallowing in blood. "At the thrust of my spear he fell dead, and his "flesh is the prey of the fowls of the air. I left "the gore spouting out from him like the stream "on the day of the copious rain. I am the "terrible warrior; renowned is my name, and I "protect my friend from every peril. Should "Cæsar himself oppose thee, O King, and come "against thee with his countless host, I will leave "him dead with his companions. True and unvar- "nished is this promise. O King, sublime in "honours—illustrious and happy, thou art now "firm refuge, and my stay in every crisis. Be "kind then, and grant me leave to go to my "family, and to prepare for my departure: for my "anxiety, and my passion for the noble-minded, "brilliant-faced Ibla are intense. Hail for ever— "be at peace—live in everlasting prosperity, sur- "rounded by joys and pleasures!"

Chosroe again marvelled at his eloquence, and clothed him with an imperial robe, and presented him five Arab horses, with saddles of burnished gold, studded with pearls and jewels. He then addressed Mubidan, and said—Deliver to this warrior all that came with the Greek, whether merchandize or

beautiful maidens; and he knew no bounds to his generosity, adding—Bring him to me to-morrow that I may exalt him with favours, and that I may make him one of our Viceroys of the age. Do ye want any thing further? cried he to the companions of the Greek? Does any one wish for the combat and the conflict? If so, let him hasten to the field of battle.

No more talk we of war and contention, said they all; we only came to this country with the Chief to be witnesses of this event and conflict; and verily, O King of the age, we have experienced every justice from you. So they departed, and turned away their steeds, and traversed the plains and deserts, hardly crediting their escape.

Chosroe repaired to his palace, and Mubidan had charge of Antar's affairs: he conducted him and Monzar to the house of the Greek Chief, where were the treasures and the presents. He opened all the trunks, and presented to Aboolfawaris all the pearls and the jewels and the precious stones. Antar rejoiced and smiled, and exclaimed—O what joy! where are thine eyes, O Ibla? but by the faith of an Arab there is not in all the treasures of the King, one atom of her, no not one grain. And as he regarded the maidens of Greece and of Europe and the Cophtian slave girls, his joy was increased, and he blessed the termination of his expedition; and he kissed Mubidan's breast and beard, and he praised him in these words:

" Thou hast granted me favours, and I must " publish my gratitude; thou hast accomplished " my every wish for happiness. I will thank thee " as long as I live, and if I die, my bones in their " grave shall praise thee."

Mubidan was truly gratified at Antar's praises. Renowned hero, said he, we do not mean that you should be content with this small gift, for this is not our property. You shall soon behold our beneficence; this is the wealth and these the jewels, the blue-eyed Greek, whom you killed and made to drink of the cup of death and disgrace, brought with him. But we would not have consigned this most precious property, and these maidens who resemble the constellations, but to one who should vanquish and debase him: and verily, you are the irresistible one, that has done that, and the property becomes your property, and you have obtained it by your actions. He then ordered the slaves to spread carpets in a splendid mansion, and to arrange the vases and ewers; and they did as they were ordered; they laid out the dinner tables before Monzar and Antar and their companions. And when Antar observed the variety of delicious meats, of mutton and pigeons and thrushes, and the quantity of doves, and the profusion of sweat-meats, he turned towards Monzar, and said—My lord, are these various viands their usual victuals? are they at all times accustomed to such luscious

things? for I see here no camel's flesh. What art thou talking of? cried Monzar; think no more of the inhabitants of the wilds and deserts, and those that drink camels milk night and day; habituate thyself to the inhabitants of towns and cities, for thou must live in the vicinity of great Kings. So Antar ate till he was satisfied; the glasses passed round, and they killed the jovial hours in mirth and merriment: and when the female slaves knew they were the property of Antar, they came to offer their service, and whenever he got up or sat down, they surrounded him: but he would not take the least notice of them, for no one but Ibla was in his heart.

O Aboolfawaris, said Monzar, thou dost not delight in, or seem to look on thy slaves with pleasure; or feel sensible of thy high dignity. Remove all painful reflections, or thoughts of thine own country, for thou hast risen to the rank of princes; and were the Chieftains of thy nation to see thee, how they would envy thee! Antar heard this; he sighed from his sorrowing heart, and tears flowed from his eyes. O my lord, said he, I swear by your existence, all this grandeur has no value, no charm in my eyes; love of my native land is the fixed passion of my soul, and he thus continued:

"The fresh breeze comes in the morn, and when "it blows on me with its refreshing essence, it is

" more grateful to me than all which my power has
" obtained in nightly depredations—than all my
" property and wealth. The realms of Chosroe I
" would not covet, were the phantom of my love to
" vanish from my sight. May the showers of rain
" ever bedew the lands and mounds of Sheerebah!
" lands, where the brilliancy of the veiled full
" moons may be seen in the obscurity of their sable
" ringlets—where my heart chases among them, a
" damsel whose eyes are painted with antimony,
" more lovely than the Houri. Thou mayst see
" in her teeth a liquor when she smiles, where the
" wine cup is studded with pearls. The fawn has
" borrowed the magic of her eye, and it is the lion
" of the earth that chases its prey for her beauty.
" Lovely maid—delicately formed—beauteous—en-
" chanting! and at her charms is the brightness of
" the moon abashed. O Ibla, the anguish of
" absence is in my heart—thou mayst see the shafts
" of death driven through my soul. O Ibla, did
" not thy visionary form visit me by night, I should
" pass the night in sorrows and restlessness. O
" Ibla, how many calamities have I endured and
" have plunged into them with my highly tempered
" faulchion, whilst the charging steeds and un-
" daunted warriors dive into the ever perilous
" ocean of death."

Monzar was greatly surprised at Antar's fluency of speech, and the force of his love and passion, and

he began conversing with him about what occupied his mind; and thus they continued till it was dark, and sleep came upon them. So they passed the night there. In the morning came Mubidan to them, accompanied by a troop of slaves. He complimented them, and enquired about their night's rest, and how they were pleased. Mount your horses, he continued, to go and compliment Chosroe, for he is prepared to go out hunting and amuse himself. As to me, said Antar, I have no other desire but speedily to return to my family and my country, that my friends and companions may see me, and the Asafeer camels I have with me as a marriage dower for my uncle's daughter.

Mubidan smiled at these words, and knew his wish and object. O Aboolfawaris, said he, your expectations shall be gratified with respect to the Asafeer camels, all laden, and many others besides; and you shall not return to your native land, 'ere you receive them all piled up with burthens. Antar expressed his thanks, and with Mopzar mounted, and they all accompanied Mubidan, till on perceiving Nushirvan, they instantly dismounted. Antar presented himself, and attempted to kiss Chosroe's feet in the stirrup, but the King not only prevented him, but stooped towards him and kissed him between the eyes; and never had Nushirvan conferred such a mark of distinction on any one but Antar, the destroyer of heroes, on account of his having vanquished the

Greek warrior, and having removed distress and affliction from his mind. He ordered some noble Arab horses to be brought before Antar; and the satraps delivered to him some of the finest breed, all glittering with housings of burnished gold. Antar mounted, and Chosroe kept him by his side and treated him as a companion, and conversed with him, and enquired about his night's rest, and his love for his tribe and friends. They continued their ride till they reached the hunting spot; but no one entered that place except Nushirvan, when he wished to hunt and amuse himself; and guards were stationed over it on all sides, fearful that any one should enter; and as it was filled in all quarters and directions, the wild beasts and deer ran away from before them; and as the horsemen advanced, the birds took to flight from every part; the warriors gallopped and the heroes raced their steeds, and they spread abroad in all directions.

When Antar observed this sport, he urged on his horse with the other riders, and pursued a herd of deer with great eagerness, and at length overtook them; he gallopped among them, and stretched many of them on the plain, and he was much amused and pleased. But whilst he was thus occupied, behold an horseman pounced down upon him like an eagle, and as he came up to him, he opened wide his arm, and stretching himself out, struck Antar a violent blow; it fell between his shoulders; it stag-

gered him, and almost laid him prostrate; but he recovered himself; he was however tottering from the back of his horse, when—Take that, thou Hedjaz dog! cried the villain; and if thou hast any breath of life in thee, come on and fight, for I must slay thee, thou vile black, as thou slewest my cousin Khosrewan, and the Greek, and made them drink of the cup of death and disgrace; and thou hast obtained possession of all that property and those beauteous slaves, and thou art exalted in the presence of Chosroe.

Now this horseman was Bohram, the Chief of Deelem. He conceived against Antar a deadly hatred and envy, which consumed his heart and his body; and when Chosroe ordered him not to get into any disputes with Antar, warning him against his superior powers, Bohram went to his own people, and said to them—If this slave depart in safety with all his spoil and plunder, our honour will be debased among the tribes of the Cross and the Priest's gown, and no one will have any respect for us. From that time he indulged to such a degree his envy against Antar, that he watched him till he thus caught him alone in the hunt, and traitorously assailed him. But he knew not that Antar was a warrior, fixed as the mountain's roots; and as he still saw him firmly seated on his horse, he grasped his sword and advanced at him; but Antar, recovering from the violence of the blow, wheeled round his

horse and waited till he recognised his foe: then he sought him as a bird of prey the weakest dove, and his assault was the assault of the fiercest lion! and thus he addressed him:

"The Almighty has exposed thee to a lion "warrior, that thou mayest fall subdued by my "sword, O thou, sprung from the worshippers of the "sunbeams, and from those who adore the blazing "flames. Fate will repay thee, for it has devoted "thee to the fight with me, and to the horrors of "my strength. Despair; all thy hopes are frus-"trated, founded on the crush of thy mace and the "warrior-yell. Thou art indeed like the moth, "that when it sees the flame, imagines its safety is "in its destruction. Stand firm then to the spear-"thrust of him whose force thou hast sought. "Thou wouldst insult a lion, powerful in every "combat. Take then the spear-thrust from the "hand of one to whom the dæmons of the desert "have bowed in submission, and from whom they "implore the aid of God."

Then he came down on him like a cloud, and he aimed a slight thrust at him with the heel of his spear, and broke his ribs, and threw him from the back of his horse the distance of two spear's lengths. The warriors of Deelem beheld the deed, and thought he was dead and in a state of annihilation; and they all rushed down upon Antar, crying at him in their various dialects. But he met them

like a flash of lightning, and he began driving at them and repulsing them—his eye-balls turned red, they appeared like crimson blood—he grasped his never failing Dhami in his hand, resolved not to leave a Deelemite alive. Just then came up Chosroe with his visiers and satraps, and they cried out to the Deelemites in Persian, for they had heard what Bohram had done: and the Deelemites withdrew from the combat, saying, this black slave has brought disgrace upon us, and has slain our Chief! 'Tis false, said Mubidan, ye foul wretches of Deelem, your Chief is the aggressor; but he ought in duty to have treated him kindly, and have waited on him himself, for he has done for us what no human being could do, and if he has slain your Chief, he is not to blame.

Mubidan then requested Antar to advance, who related all that had passed between him and Bohram; and Chosroe believed his words, for he was aware of the folly of his servant. He then ordered his satraps to seize the Deelemites, and bring them before him to strike off their heads. They seized them all, and pinioned their shoulders and bound their arms. But Antar, seeing Bohram's attendants thus disgraced, dismounted from Abjer, and advanced towards the great King, and kissing the earth before him, begged him to pardon them, saying, O my lord; pardon is becoming in you, and most suitable for such as you—here I kiss your

noble hands, praying you to forgive them this crime, for to-morrow I intend to return home: my objects and wishes with respect to you are accomplished, and I do not wish to be mentioned after my departure, but for virtuous deeds; and let it not be said of me, I went unto a tribe, and left it in disgrace, and clothed with shame.

Chosroe admired Antar's benevolence and generosity of soul; he granted his request, and released the Deelemites. At mid-day he returned from the hunt, and repaired to a garden unequalled in any city of the world, and in it was collected all that the lip or the tongue can covet. It was a superb palace, like a fairy pavilion—ninety cubits in length, and seventy cubits wide, built of marble and red cornelian; in the centre was a fountain filled with rose water and purest musk, in the middle of it was a column of emerald, and on its summit a hawk of burnished gold; its eyes were topazes and its beak jasper; round it were various birds, scattering from their bills upon Chosroe and all that were present, musk and ambergris. The whole edifice was scented with perfumes, and the ceilings of the palace glittered with gold and silver. It was one of the wonders of the period, and the miracle of the age. When Antar entered, his mind was bewildered at the pictures and colours he saw, and he thus expressed himself.

"A Palace—greetings and peace be on it—Time

" has spread its beauties over it. A Palace—the " roofs of cities might stand beneath its roof. On " it are the directions for the paths of virtue. " Strong are its columns, gilded are its walls; " mankind may glory in its magnificence. Over " its gates have jewels and pure, unalloyed gold " disposed their honours; there is nothing further " to be desired. On it are the wonders of every " species of miracle; the senses are bewildered in " describing it; beautifully perfect is every elegant " device: nothing can exceed its excellence. And the " King shines above all Kings in his acts and his " justice—May days and years endure for him!"

At the upper end of the gardens there was raised for Chosroe, a throne of burnished gold and pillars of green emerald, and pedestals of silver that sent forth refulgent rays in the darkest night. Round it were stools of ivory and ebony inlaid with brilliant gold. Chosroe seated himself on the throne, and ordered Monzar and Antar to sit by him: thus exalting him high above all that were present. The attendants and suite also sat down; every one took his place; and they were no sooner arranged than the dinner tables were served with various dainties, and a profusion of fruits and sweatmeats. Chosroe advanced, and all that were present, and partook of the repast. But Antar's eyes were in confusion. He sat down on his knees, and bared his arms, chucking the things into his

mouth, but never moved his jaws: he gorged himself like an hungry Arab, and roared like a wild beast, to the great amazement of Chosroe, who supplied him with every variety that was before him: and Antar devoured them, as he asked Monzar the name of each. So they brought him meats of all kinds till he had crammed his stomach; then raising his head up he thus spoke:

"Hail, O King, whose bounties, in his age, stand "in lieu of the rain. O thou, the Kiblah* of "petitioners—O crown of glory—O full moon of "this period—O thou planet Saturn. O thou "whose seat is raised above Pisces—O thou the "refuge of all that sorrow—thy station is on high "far above the world—it is a rain-cloud that "bestows its showers on mankind. When he fights, "all the world fear his assaults, as if a lion "were by his side. He is the seat of justice in his "age—liberality and equity reign in his realms. "O ye dwellers in the land of Abs, I have received "from Chosroe and his munificence, what cannot be "described or enumerated—no day can suffice to "detail an account of such goodness. The King "has attained the heights of virtue by his glory; "and happiness dwells in his palace. With him I "am firmly established in honour, and in his "gardens I have beheld a fountain whose waters "abound like his favors, and the liberality of his

* The point to which the Arabs turned their faces in prayer.

" palm. His garden contains every flower of every " species, and brilliant are their charms. The birds " in every note sing as if they were praising his " bounties to us. He is a King! whenever he " charges in the day of battle, the lions of the war " are astonished at his greatness, Victory is among " his companions, and glory and honour are his " friends. Amongst nations then will I speak my " gratitude for his favours, and I will engage the " horsemen on his side."

When Antar had delighted the King by his eloquence, the slaves presented him the wine, and they poured him out wine that was like fire, and resembled the rosy cheeks of a mistress, till the liquor played with his wits, and refreshed all the pleasures he had enjoyed. Antar looked upon this jovial feast as a dream: for his heart and soul were at home, and all his desires centered in Ibla. After some time Chosroe addressed him, and asked him questions, and joked and laughed with him, enquiring about his country and its habitations. Antar related all that had passed with his uncle Malik and the tribe of Abs and so forth; and when the King was certain that his affection for Ibla was unshaken, and that his love could not possibly admit of increase; —I am truly surprised, O Absian, said he, at your forbearance and your reserve, your grievances being of such a nature. O my lord, said Antar, I swear by the existence of your munificence, that is unbounded, and the liberality of your hands, that can

never be forgotten, I am a dead man among the living! O Aboolfawaris, added Monzar, abandon the expressions of ignorant Arabs, and recollect that you are in a place, where decorum and civilty are expected. Fill your glass and drink, and listen to the voice of the songstress who would soothe the afflicted; and enjoy the happy hours. Ah! said Antar, how delightful would be all you say, were my heart at ease, and thus he exclaimed.

"Wine cannot calm my heart; sickness will not "quit my body—my eyelids are ever sore—tears "ever stream in torrents from them. The song- "stress would soothe my heart with her voice; but "my love-sick heart loathes it. The remembrances "of Ibla draw off my mind from her song, and I "would say to my friend, this is all a dream. In "the land of Hedjaz are the tents of my tribe, and "to meet them again is forbidden me. Amongst "the tents of that people is a plump-hipped damsel "that never removes her veil, and under her veil "are eyes that inspire sickness, and the pupils of "her eyes strike with disease. Between her lips is "the purest musk, and camphor diluted with wine. "My love and madness are dear to me, for to him "who loves, sweet is the pang of love. O daughter "of Malik, let my foes triumph in my absence; "let them watch or sleep. But in my journey I "have encountered events that would turn children "gray in their cradles. Pleasuses have succeeded

" to difficulties, and I have met a monarch whom " no words can describe—a King to whom all the " creation is a slave, and to whom fortune is a vas- " sal, whose hand distributes bounties, so that I " know not whether it is the sea or a cloud. The " sun has invested him with a crown, so that the " world need not fear darkness. The stars are his " jewels, in which there is a moon brilliant and lumi- " nous, as at its full. Mankind is corporeal, and he " is spiritual. Let every joint and every member " laud his name. Live for ever, Prince of the " horsemen, long as the dove pours its plaintive " note, live for ever!"

Chosroe was greatly pleased and surprised at these verses, for he was himself eloquent in the Arabian dialect. Were I to give you my kingdom, O Absian, said he, it would be a small gift in comparison with your deserts, for what I can grant is but transitory, like all other things; but your commendations will endure for ages. Oblige me, and demand of me what may gratify you, that I may at any rate make you some compensation for your praises. Indeed, said Antar, I have fallen by your bounty into a sea that has neither length nor breadth, and I shall not return but with what will raise my glory amongst my countrymen; but I really do wish my uncle's daughter, Ibla, had on her head a tiara like this, for it would set her off finely; but I know it is very ill-bred in me to make such a request.

Chosroe laughed and smiled at Antar's remark; he spoke to one of his satraps, who rose up, and in a short time returned, and with him were four slaves bearing a canopy of silver; on the top of it was a hawk formed of burnished gold, its eyes were of topazes and its feet emeralds. This canopy, Aboolfawaris, shall serve your uncle's daughter to sit in on the night of her marriage with you, and in this tiara shall she be wedded to you; and he took the tiara from his head, and untying his girdle and mantle and his coronet, he laid them down in the pavilion, desiring Antar to accept them all. Antar advanced towards the King, kissed his hands, and thus addressed him:

"O King of the universe, I thank thee for the "vast gifts thou hast bestowed upon me; thou hast "granted me favors I cannot bear; thou art the "most beneficent of all that tread the earth! thou "art the man to whom all Kings bow in the day of "battle; every Arab and every Persian. But thy "slave still lives in the agony he endures from his "love, his weakness, and his passion. He lives far "from his friends, for whom he thirsts; and languish-"ing for Ibla, he lives restless in torments."

The King's astonishment increased. Absian, said he, oblige me by demanding what more you want; I request of you, said Antar, the renewal of the appointment of King Monzar. I will do it, Antar, said Chosroe; and he directed it to be written

thoughout the imperial dominious, that Monzar should not be removed from his government of Massema, and had he even a blind daughter, she should be the ruler thereof. Have you any other want, said he, delivering the letter to Antar. I have no other wish, said Antar, but to return to my country and home.

When those that envied and hated Antar among the Persians, on account of the presents and honours he had received, saw this, they conspired to destroy him, and carry off his property. Now Chosroe had a famous wrestler, called Rostam, and he was celebrated for his pugilistic skill through various realms and cities. Antar's enemies went to him in order to instigate him against Antar, saying—Know, most expert of men, that this insignificant worthless black slave has received Chosroe's tiara, and immense wealth, and is returning with it to his own country. Rostam sprang up like a lion, and presenting himself to the King without asking permission, kissed the ground—O great King, said he, if you have any consideration for me, let not a slave of the desert be more dignified than I am. You have made him one of your associates. I am the pugilist of your throne, and therefore let not that head be raised above me.

Antar heard and saw, but understood not what was passing. Rostam, said Chosroe, abandon this envious disposition, or thou wilt die of anguish. I

wish, said Rostam, he would present himself before you, and then I will prove to you he is not worthy your esteem. I will slay him with this mace, and will unite him to the tribes of Aad and Themood.

On hearing this the King was greatly vexed. Do you comprehend, said he to Antar, what he says, Aboolfawaris? I have not understood what he said, but I can perceive that he is very jealous, and that his head is like the head of a camel, said Antar. Let me hear what he wants, that I may comply with his request. This man is my wrestler, said Chosroe, and is come to try his strength with you in wrestling, and prove your powers in the combat. Is he not one of your warriors, asked Antar, and those with him are they not your men? Yes, said Chosroe. I forbade his interference with you, but he will not be dissuaded. Well, said Antar, I cannot allow my arm to be extended to his injury, and my heart will not allow me to hurt him on account of your bounty and favour, and great kindness towards me: not that this unwillingness on my part originates in fear, or in any inferiority to him; but that the Arabs should hear of me, and accuse me of making troubles and dissensions; nor that the noble Arabs may say of me that Antar, the son of Shedad, presented himself to Chosroe, and partook of his food, and then slew his subjects in his presence. Aboolfawaris, said the King, much agitated, if you wrestle with him, will you kill him? Yes, said

Antar, for he only seeks to wrestle with me, that he may destroy me; and you know, O King, that wrestling is one species of warfare; and justice and propriety are required in it! and if one antagonist prevails over the other antagonist, he abuses and reviles him, but should his antagonist be angry at him, he kills him.

Listen to me, said Chosroe to Rostam; do not provoke this man. I fear for you, lest he overcome you, and if you do not behave properly to him, he will tear out your life from between your ribs I must wrestle with him, said Rostam; if he kills me, let my blood and property be his, and esteemed duly won among these warriors. Strip off your clothes then, said Chosroe, his countenance inflamed with wrath, and prepare for the combat. I will tell him that he may engage with you, and that your blood will be fairly his. So Rostam took off his garments, and was stripped from his shoulders, that were harder than a rock, and his twisted arms were like columns.

Arise Aboolfawaris, said the King, and wrestle with him, and if he plays the fool with you, slay him, and hasten his death, and mind not the consequences; you are not answerable for his blood.

Antar sprang on his legs, and threw about his arms and twisted his skirts about his waistband; and as he was about to begin, Aboolfawaris, said Chosroe, you have not stripped, or put on the short breeches, as every pugilist does. By your existence, O King

of the age, replied Antar, I never in my life wrestled with short breeches, and never will I wrestle but in the clothes of a horseman. Chosroe was greatly troubled. By the burning of fire, he exclaimed, Never, in the course of my life, have I seen a man wrestle as a horseman, without breeches. To day, said Antar, you shall see what I will do with Rostam in the presence of these warriors.

Antar went up to Rostam. Rostam bent himself like an arch, and appeared like a burning flame. He rushed upon Antar with all his force, for he looked on him as a common man, and he did not know that Antar, even in his youth, used to wrestle with he and she camels in the plains and the rocks. They grasped each other with their hands, they butted with their heads, they assaulted with their whole might, like two lions or two elephants. Then Rostam stretched out his hand at Antar's waistband, and clung to it, and attempted to lift him up in his arms, but he found him like a stone fixed in a tower, and he tottered before him. Then he repented of what he had done, and of having provoked Antar. He slackened his hold, and he ran round him for an hour, in the presence of Chosroe and his attendants. He then sprang behind him, and thrust his head between his legs, and attempted to raise him on the back of his neck, and to dash him on the ground; but Antar knew what were his intentions and his secret designs: so he closed his knees on Rostam's neck, and almost

made his eye-balls start from their sockets, and nearly deprived him of life. Rostam was terrified, and wished to escape from between his legs, but he could not; every attempt failed; Antar was like a block of stone growing on a desert or a mountain. Antar siezed him by his breeches, and clung to him, and raised him up in his hands like a sparrow in the claws of a bird of prey, and walked away with him among the multitude, wishing to wrestle quietly before the King. But Rostam, when he saw his life was in Antar's hands, like a young child was abashed and mortified before the warriors and satraps, and the great King. He clenched his fist, and struck Antar on the ear. Antar soon recovered from the blow—he returned to the threshold of the palace, and dashed him on the ground, and smashed him to atoms. Then presenting himself to Chosroe he thus spoke.

"Death has resolved he should die slain, and "should be subdued and disgraced by me. Curses "on his hands! It was his arrogant folly that "pointed out the road by which he should be "destroyed. Had thy eyes beheld my deeds in "the combat, where the spears tears the hands of "the lancers, thou wouldst have feared for the "extinction of his days when he outraged me in "this lengthened action. O King, who has enjoyed every glory, listen to my story and the "account of my honours. He sought in every

" way to increase his fame by his deeds; so I left
" him after that reduced to infamy. Truly he
" hastened the time of his own fate, and his destiny
" was at my disposal. God ordained his death for
" his acts, and determined it should be executed by
" my hand. Hail, then, O King! live for ever in
" protected happiness that may never fail thee."

Then was Nushirvan quite confounded at his powers. O King, said Antar, I swear by the two eyes of Ibla (to me the most sacred of oaths), that when I raised him on my hands, my only intention was to bring him before you and wrestle in your presence: but as he transgressed the fair laws of battle, there was nothing for him but death. Chosroe believed what he said, and ordered Rostam's property to be confiscated, and to be transferred to Antar, and he gave him a written assignment of his possessions and fiefs.

And when the day was spent, Monzar hemmed the signal for rising: Antar got up, and asked Chosroe's permission to commence his journey: the order being given for his being supplied with the finest steeds, and all their golden accoutrements and rich housings. They went to the house that was set apart for them; where Antar found treasures of wealth, and horses and mules, and he and she camels, and other goods no words can tell. Antar asked whence they came: Aboolfawaris, said Monzar, this is the property of Rostam: and they reposed

till morning; when Mubidan came and complimented them, and as he was going with them to Nushirvan, I wish, my lord, said Antar to the Vizier, that you would introduce me to the temples of fire.*

* *The Continuation of this History has not yet been received in England.* ED.

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ANTAR.

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ANTAR,

A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC,

BY

TERRICK HAMILTON, ESQ.

ORIENTAL SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

PART THE FIRST.

VOL. II.

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1820.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ANTAR.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Amroo cried out; he screamed; he wept; he sharply questioned Antar. Alas! said he, from the moment I parted from her I know not what has happened. The women and slaves were instantly sent for:—not one could give any information respecting Ibla. Then was Antar's grief and anguish most severe—his tears flowed rapidly down his cheek. But the heart of her father was replete with gladness; and all Antar's enemies exulted in secret. King Zoheir and his son Malik soon learned what had happened, and their hearts felt what the heart of man never felt before. This event lay heavy on them all. The horsemen mounted their steeds, and scoured the country in every direction, till, darkness coming on, they returned without gaining any intelligence. Be comforted, be con-

soled, said King Zoheir; let it be my business to clear up this mystery. O King, continued Antar, I am alone to blame, for I left her with those who knew not her worth. I was induced too hastily to come and meet you, fearful that the dust of the horsemen would distress her. After this, he repaired to the habitation of his mother, who threw herself into his arms and wept for joy.

But Oorwah and his companions, on their return home with Malik, Ibla's father, acquainted Rebia with all that had happened to Amarah — how Antar had rescued him and his comrades from captivity and disgrace. Our grand object, said Rebia, is the destruction of Antar; and all my exertions shall be directed to that point. I will demand of no one but of King Zoheir himself vengeance for my brother's untimely fate: he shall deliver Antar over to me, that I may kill him and bring down perdition on him, for he must have been the cause of Amarah's death. The next day, as King Zoheir and his sons were sitting in their tents, Rebia presented himself, accompanied by his brothers. Having kissed the ground and made obeisance, he explained the extraordinary disappearance of his brother when in company with Antar; saying, No one, O King, slew him but Antar. I therefore demand of you his person, that I may kill him with my own hand. King Zoheir was convinced that this representation was only founded in fraud and hypocrisy. Cousin, he

replied, let Antar alone in his grief: he is now under great affliction for the loss of his uncle's daughter. But if his guilt on this subject should be ascertained, I will either deliver him over to you, or I will slay him with my own hand. When Rebia heard this, he departed overwhelmed with shame.

The cause of Ibla's disappearance was the following.—Soon after Antar had quitted Ibla in the morning, in order to meet King Zoheir, sleep came upon her by the visitation of Fate and Destiny: in the same manner, too, the women and slaves all fell asleep on the backs of the camels. Ibla awoke, and, finding herself in the midst of an extensive plain, she said to her female attendants, Let me alight and relieve the weariness of my limbs. The slaves assisted her to descend, and over their eyes immediately fell a heavy sleep: the camels passed on, and they left her behind. But, whilst Ibla remained thus abandoned, lo! a horseman rode down towards her, exclaiming, "Hurrah! by the Arabs! Fortune has at length awakened from her sleep, and is recovered from her supineness—she has given me what no human power could command." This horseman was Amarah: for when he beheld Ibla clothed in all those rich robes and garments, he roamed among the rocks and the plains; and as he continued straying, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, he thus exclaimed:

"I wander, and my heart is the captive of

" Hope. I long to facilitate a meeting, but it is " arduous. I weep for my dishonour, yet am I a " noble chief, and warriors consult me. Were " it not for the vicissitudes of Fortune, Fate would " not have distressed me — a slave would not have " succeeded, and a Chief be humiliated. O daugh- " ter of Malik! my love draws me towards thee " with strong ties, and I am thy captive; I mad- " den, and I complain of my passion in the deserts; " and within my ribs is a raging flame at this " separation."

Thus Amarah raved till he came near home, when his agony and anxiety became intense. In the night he chanced to pass over the track of the camels, and thus he discovered Ibla. As soon as he saw her, he recognised her; and he felt as if all his hopes were accomplished. But still fearing that Antar would annihilate his existence, in a moment he snatched her up violently from the ground, and, placing her behind him on his horse, he launched into the deserts. What! Amarah, thou mine of filth and infamy, cried Ibla, dost thou dare to make the daughter of thy cousin a prisoner? thou foul-mustachioed wretch! I have caught thee, he replied; and now I shall not perish in the sea of love for thee. By the faith of an Arab, never, as long as I breathe, shall Antar see thee more. All his wishes and desires being thus realised, he urged on his steed, and sought the land of Yemen, the

country of the Cahtanians, in order to request the protection of Meljem the son of Handala, King of the tribe of Tey, and remain under his shadow. He had travelled on till mid-day, when, lo! a dust arose, and thirty horsemen appeared, who, as soon as they drew nigh, surrounded Amarah. This party was of the tribe of Tey, and their Chief, a noble horseman, called Moofrij, son of Hamam. And as they closed on Amarah they perceived a damsel weeping and wailing, and most sumptuously attired. Congratulate yourselves on this plunder and spoil, said their leader to his comrades; doubtless this damsel is a daughter of some great King, and this miserable fellow has carried her off. Come on—let us rescue her: if he resists you, kill him. At the word, they made towards Amarah. Dismount, young man, they exclaimed, and wait on this noble horseman, Moofrij, son of Hamam. This order soon convinced Amarah that he had fallen into a scrape; and though he was willing to secure himself, and bargain for his life with the property, yet his love for Ibla checked him. "Daughter of Malik, said he to her, dismount, that I may drive these antagonists away from thee, even though I may drink of the cup of death. But if this should prove the termination of thy meeting with me, I swear by the God that created and beautified thee that no human being after me shall possess thee." Amarah, cried Ibla, may God never let thy native soil flourish, nor suffer thee to escape from the

perils of fortune, thou son of infamy and disgrace. Ibla had not finished her speech before the horsemen surrounded them on all sides; and Moofrij attacked at their head. Ibla looked round to the right and to the left, shooting arrows from her eyelashes. Moofrij marked the beauties of her form: his heart throbbed. But one of the horsemen assaulted Amarah, and, wounding him, took him prisoner, and secured him with cords, a miserable, contemptible wretch! What Arab art thou? thou foul-mustachioed fellow! he exclaimed. I am the Chief Amarah, the brother of Rebia son of Zeead, of the noble race of Abs, he replied. As Moofrij listened to this, his senses fled away with joy. Woe unto thee, that wanderest over these deserts, thou son of infamy and disgrace! he cried; for between us there exists an ancient feud. So he fastened him across his horse, and carried him away towards his own country. My cousins, said he to his friends, a rich spoil is fallen to my share, namely, this damsel; but the ransom that may arise from the captive, that be yours. It is for you to command, O noble Chief, they replied. They travelled on till it was dark; and when they had dismounted to repose and sleep, Moofrij demanded of Ibla what man demands of woman. She repulsed and reviled him. Keep off, touch me not, cried she, or thou diest, as many others before thee have done; for my husband is a man men cannot resist—a warrior warriors cannot withstand; and

never will his endeavours to discover me cease. To whom dost thou allude, unhappy girl? said he. I mean, replied Ibla, Antar, the son of Shedad. As soon as he heard this, his indignation redoubled; he seized on a whip, and beat her till he made her groan with pain. He left her; and, having reposed till morning, he resumed his journey: and in a few days they reached their own country, and their families rejoiced at their return. Moofrij delivered Ibla over to his mother. As to Amarah, he handcuffed and fettered him, and beat him with a stick three times a day—morning, mid-day, and sunset; saying, Ransom thyself, thou filth! Moofrij was continually with Ibla, importuning her to marry him; but she ever rejected his proposals, weeping and shrieking at him: and, as this continued a long time, he became greatly enraged at her, and beat her with a stick till the blood came; when his mother, hearing her screams, ran in and took her away from him. "O my son, said she, you torment yourself about one that regards you not, and you have given your heart to one who will not keep it. Apply to the daughters of your uncles, and fix not your affections on one who has no inclination for you. Let her be your menial servant—for there are certain people who will not give way but when they are disgraced: others there are, who, being nobly born, yield to mild treatment." His mother's remonstrance had its effect. He complied; and, stripping her of her

rich garments, clothed her in a coat of undressed leather: and Ibla became his mother's slave-girl by day and by night, and her employment was to draw off the milk and to milk the buffaloes. The old woman also always spoke to her in the harshest manner, that she might stand in greater awe of her son. Thus Ibla passed her days in such servile offices, and her nights in weeping and wailing, and interrupting the repose of the house, and ever calling on Antar. The ruffian Amarah often heard her, and his heart was rent with anguish—anticipating death and every thing dreadful. Now Amarah had despatched one of Moofrij's slaves to his brother Rebia, to tell him what had happened; and the slave hastened away till he reached the dwellings of Abs and Adnan. But Rebia had about that time gone down to the valley of Thaklan, in consequence of King Zoheir's having said to him, You can establish no charge against Antar; so depart, make inquiries, investigate the affair of Ibla's disappearance, and we will punish the criminal according to his actions: for I will not deliver Antar up to you—I will not leave him to your discretion. This was the cause of Rebia's removal from the tribe of Abs; and he set out with his brothers in high dudgeon, his heart greatly inflamed against Antar. He came and settled in that spot, and two hundred tents of the tribe followed him: but they were scarcely established when Moofrij's slave arrived and informed Rebia of his brother Amarah's

situation, and demanded his ransom. At this proposal he flew into a violent passion. He instantly assembled his brothers and adherents, to whom he related the whole story, explaining the cruel predicament in which Amarah was placed. Verily, said he, we shall be disgraced amongst all the Arabs on account of my brother's affair with Ibla; for it is an unheard-of injury. But, should we decide on ransoming him with our property, this disgrace will for ever cling to us; and it will be said, the family of Zeead, unable to liberate their brother by force of arms, ransomed him with money and effects. It is my opinion we should set out with these two hundred horsemen, and cast ourselves amongst the hot coals of the Teyans. Let us exercise every energy, that our enterprise may succeed; and if we can lay hands on any of Moofrij's property we will seize it, and rescue my brother from his misery: but if we cannot thus effect our purpose, we will secrete ourselves in the country; there we will watch him day and night, until some one may fall into our clutches with whom we may procure his exchange. However, let all this be kept concealed from King Zoheir; for should he hear it, he may bring charges against us, saying, your brother has offered violence to the wife of a man and the daughter of his uncle, and you dared to demand reparation for his blood. It is, indeed, a severe calamity that Amarah has brought down upon us. Most true, said one of

his brothers; we are in difficulties, so do what you think best; consult on the state of our affairs; haste away before the transaction become publicly known, and we become a tale in the mouths of men and women. Upon this they secured the slave, the bearer of the intelligence, and quitted their homes, seeking the mountains of Aja and Selma and the habitations of the Téyans. Oorwah was of the party. And they pursued their journey, traversing the plains and the wilds.

But Antar had despatched Shiboob to gain some authentic information about Ibla. He remained in anxious expectation of his return, whilst a flame of fire blazed in his heart, as he frequently exclaimed, Alas, alas! I feel a grief that cauterizes my very soul. Oh for some news! Oh that I could enjoy one look at her face! And, as his afflictions completely subdued him, he sighed and groaned, and thus spoke:

"My tears stand in drops on my eyelids, and "short is the sleep of my eyes. For love there is "no rest—no comfort when the railers advise. We "met—but our meeting quenched not the flame. "No! it did not cool the boiling heat. How long "shall I mourn for the mate that grieves me? "Tears and lamentations avail not. I have im-"plored a peaceable life from Fortune, but her "favours to me are like the boons of a miser. I "am dying, and the most extraordinary forbear-"ance aids me not in my calamities."

Thus Antar passed a long time in the greatest agony and affliction, never eating or drinking, except in the society of King Zoheir, till Shiboob returned. Antar, the instant he saw him, started up. My soul is on fire at your long absence, he cried. Have you gained any information of Ibla? or, after this long absence, have you returned in vain? O my brother, replied Shiboob, I am not come without intelligence: I have news for you that would cure even the deepest buried disease of the heart. After I had passed through various cities of Yemen, I came to Sana and Aden, and encountered numerous difficulties until I reached the tribe of Tey. It was there I found Ibla in the power of Moofrij: there she attends on the camels and the sheep. He has clothed her in garments of raw leather, and makes her serve in the meanest offices day and night. His mother too threatens her, and treats her harshly in her speech: so that she weeps both when she rises and lies down. She calls on your name, and seeks her wonted succour from you both night and day. Antar listened, and trembled. He shook with fear, and the tears gushed from his eyes. Well, Shiboob, said he; but what was the cause of her falling into the power of Moofrij? How came he, of all people, to obtain possession of her? Son of my mother, replied Shiboob, the cause of all this is Amarah; in whose mind are ever harboured evil and deceit. Shiboob then related all Amarah's contrivances. His envy at last overpowered

him, he added, at the sight of that vast wealth that you had with you. He turned aside into the desert; but his love for Ibla was so violent, that he followed your traces, and watched her after you had quitted her in the morning. Fate and destiny overcame her. He seized her; and though he was desirous to vanquish her, Moofrij overtook him in the desert. He tore her away from him, and reduced him to a most pitiable state. Antar's heart was almost bursting as he listened to this narrative. Brother, said he, how did you obtain this information? Know, continued Shiboob, that when I quitted you, I made the circuit of every tribe and horde, and made inquiries of every one I met, whether on horseback or on foot, until I came to Aja and Selma and the waters of the tribe of Tey. With every family I passed one night, saying to myself peradventure I may learn something. On the last night of my stay I slept in the dwelling of Moofrij, and my place of rest was close to that of one of his slaves called Moobshir. He invited me to converse with him, and was very kind to me; and to his questions about my connexions, Son of my aunt, I replied, I am of the tribe of Jalhema, of the family of Saad, son of Khoozrej—and this is the family of Hatim Tey. So he complimented me. But when all was still and quiet, and every one asleep, the voice of Ibla struck upon my ears. She was loudly wailing, and exclaiming through the calmness of the night, Oh for the joys of Mount

Saadi and the land of Shurebah! and she was expressing her regrets at being separated from her native soil, and her loss of friends; adding, O protector of the tribe of Abs, how often have I called on thee! Where is the path by which I can give thee news of myself and meet thee, O son of my uncle? for torments distract me. My eyes are ulcered with weeping, O son of my uncle! Thy foes triumph, and watchful are the eyes of thy enemies. It was the very moment of meeting, when separation closely followed its traces; and thou hadst but just arrived from Irak, when we were again scattered over the globe. Woe to me! my lot is nothing but tears and sighs. What a misery it is to put on raw leather for a garment! Cruel is this grievous state. Hasten then, son of my uncle, thy arrival; rescue me by thy exertions, that laid low the lions of the caverns. Let me hear thy shouts in the tumult of spearsmen and swordsmen. After this doleful effusion, my brother, she sobbed and sighed so bitterly, it might almost be said that she was dead, and that her soul had departed. Again she sighed from her sorrowing heart, and thus spoke:

"My anxious love is vehement, and my tears "flow profusely, and they ease the anguish of my "pains in my frame. Ask my burning sighs, that "mount on high—they will tell you of the flaming "passion in my liver. By your violence you over-"power my weakness: I have not forbearance or

" resignation to endure it. O bird of the tama-
" risk! all the livelong night, drooping, he mourns
" for his mate that is gone and returns not. This
" is thy sorrow, and to-morrow thou art relieved:
" but, alas, what is the state of the captive of love
" and anguish! O western breeze, blow to my
" country, and give information of me to the fierce
" lion, the hero of Abs, and their champion when
" start forth the foreheads of the horse and war-
" riors in multitudes! How oft has he protected
" me with the edge of his sword—he, the refuge
" of mothers fearful of being bereft of their chil-
" dren! Here I dwell, hoping for a relief from
" my agonies at his hand: to no other will I com-
" plain."

(As Shiboob repeated these verses, streams flowed from the eyes of Antar.) I immediately turned, continued Shiboob, towards the slave near whom I was lying; Son of my aunt, said I, why is this damsel grieving? does she not sleep? does she pass her nights generally thus? Young man, replied the slave, she is a foreigner, and she is a captive: it is thus she passes her mornings and her evenings. Her name is Ibla, daughter of Malik, the Absian. I soon contrived to draw from him the whole story: how Moofrij happened to meet Amarah and her: how he took Amarah prisoner, and carried her home; and when he demanded of her what man demands of woman, how she used the most opprobrious expressions towards him—threatening him

with her cousin, a fierce lion, who had raised himself from the state of a slave to that of a Chief: how Moofrij upon this treated her most vilely—stripping her of her clothes, and overwhelming her with cruelties: how also he behaved in the same manner to Amarah—handcuffing and fettering him until he should ransom himself with money and camels; and that he had sent to Rebia to rescue him from misery. At hearing this, O son of my mother, sweet sleep abandoned my eyes, and I anxiously waited for the dawn of day, that I might hasten to you, and return with my intelligence. But on my way I met the family of Zeead, travelling towards that tribe. I turned out of the road, so that they did not see me: and this is what I have seen and heard during my absence. Antar listened to all these details. At last he swooned, and though alive he seemed lost to all feeling, so violent was his rage against Amarah—so vast his love for Ibla. I must be revenged, he cried, on that family of Zeead: I will deprive them of their sweet slumbers. He instantly summoned his father and mother; and as he informed them of all these extraordinary events, they began to weep and wail; and soon was the circumstance known among all the family of Carad. The next day Antar hastened to Prince Malik, and informed him of the discovery of Ibla: upon which he conducted him to the tents of King Zoheir. O my lord, exclaimed Antar, bursting into tears in his presence, let this be a judgment on

them for their false accusation of me respecting their brother's blood, after I had kindly liberated him from that Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age. When King Zoheir had heard all this infamous transaction, greatly exasperated against Amarah and Rebia, he exclaimed, May God curse the family of Zeead! Truly have they committed a most dastardly act; for their brother has carried off Ibla, the daughter of their uncle by birth, and has brought indelible disgrace upon her, according to the usages of Arabia. They even dared to demand vengeance of me upon Antar, guiltless and nowise implicated. O Aboolfawaris, he added, do what you please. Observe what will be their fate. The Lord God has driven them to their ruin. I am convinced they will be subdued by their foes, and that not one of them will return home. I will stop till I hear of them: then let us all march together, and let us ease our hearts upon them; and never will I trace my way back till I have rescued Ibla with the sword, and have slain Moofrij, son of Hamam. Antar thanked him for his kind intentions. O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik as they were returning, what have you resolved on doing after this conversation? My lord, replied Antar, I cannot wait here after what I have heard of my cousin Ibla; I must absolutely be gone in quest of her, were I even to die on her account. It is my determination to set out this very night: but, as I do not wish to impose difficulties on any

human being, I shall this time depend entirely on myself. I will not put the King to any trouble, nor harass him by an expedition with me. I request, therefore, you will keep this affair secret. No, Aboolfawaris, cried the Prince, I will not suffer you to go on this adventure alone. I will accompany you. I too will expose my life in the liberation of Ibla. All I beseech of you, by my life that is yours, is to wait a little; perhaps my father will go forth to the chase, and leave the tents unoccupied: then let us avail ourselves of the opportunity, and consult what measures should be taken, so that my father may not impede us, or prevent our departure. Antar assented to his wishes. He went to bed, but his eyes were suffused in tears, watching till the day dawned; when in rushed Prince Malik. Come, Aboolfawaris, he cried, prepare for the journey; acquaint the family of Carad; take with you your uncle Malik and your father Shedad. Shiboob was accordingly despatched to summon Shedad and Malik, with his son Amroo, whom he desired to make ready for an expedition, as they had been all insulted; whilst the Prince hurried to his own tents, and ordered the slaves to call out the horsemen and his adherents. And the day was not illumined, or the sun risen high, before the horsemen started from their dwellings, and assembled, to the number of two hundred noble warriors, clothed in steel, in front of whom stood Antar, on Abjer; and Shiboob went ahead. But Antar's imagination was totally

occupied with the idea that Ibla was calling on his name, and he was in the severest inquietude about her. I am at hand, he cried, O daughter of my uncle, I am at hand. I have heard your cry. I am going to annihilate your enemies. And turning to Prince Malik, Truly, my lord, he said, it is very absurd in me to set out to the assistance of my foes. This is the most grievous circumstance of all; for I am aware, that though they become victorious by my means, they will not let me be quiet. But it is on Ibla's account I act thus. Some poet has observed, "Had I a heart of pity and com-
"passion for myself, I would not pass the night
"grieving in the agony of love. It is extraordi-
"nary, that from thine eyes I feel no arrow, but
"still my heart is pierced with shafts. I am kind
"to thy friends in my love, though they are my
"foes; and on account of two eyes, a thousand
"eyes are respected." Again turning to Prince Malik, he said, On Ibla's account I will submit to these pains. And thus he continued:

"I endure torments from my relations that fa-
"tigue me, and I conceal from them my passion
"and my transports. When they question me, I
"say, Kill me, for I am an oppressive tyrant.
"They insult me, and seek to separate me from
"my beloved; and she is my hope and my object.
"They long for my death. It is their sole wish to
"see me felled to the ground in the day of battle.
"But when the foe comes upon them, they entreat

" my aid, and are inclined to love me. I will have
" patience till I obtain my desire, and I will punish
" the enemy by my resignation to insults."

May God never abandon thy mouth! exclaimed the young Prince, highly gratified at these verses; may no one ever harm thee! Thus they travelled on, traversing the deserts and the rocks on the backs of their horses.

In the mean time, Moofrij was expecting the ransom, and importuning Ibla morning and evening. It so happened, that the story of Amarah and Ibla became so well known throughout the tribe of Tey, that Selma the mother of Vachid at last heard it. (Now she was clothed in mourning for the death of her son.) She no sooner learnt the captivity of Amarah, than she mounted her camel, and took with her a party of slaves, bent on revenge, that the flame now blazing in her heart might be appeased. On reaching the tents of Moofrij, she presented herself to him. She blushed, and wept. She demanded of him vengeance for her son, requesting him to deliver Amarah over to her, that she might slaughter him with her own hand, and drink his blood—that perchance the fire in her entrails might be quenched. O aunt, he replied, I will have vengeance for your son. But I will not have done with these boors of Absians till I have received their ransom, and taken their Chiefs, and have massacred them all at the tomb of thy son, that his grave may be watered with their blood. I will also

drag before thee in chains their black, Antar: direct me to punish him as it may please thee, and make him drink of the cup of perdition. As to this Amarah, I have only demanded his ransom as a stratagem. Some one of his brothers will probably come with the ransom, accompanied with a party of their Chiefs: I will seize them all. Their black slave will hear of it, and he will haste to rescue them: him too will I capture, and deliver over to you. The heart of Selma was overjoyed. Oh, cried she, I long to torment this prisoner we have already in our power, until the others arrive, and fall into our hands. Do as you please, said he. At the word, she started up like a lioness, and snatching up a whip, she went to Amarah. She beat him like a fury, and in her madness tore off his skin with her teeth. O mother of men, cried Amarah, I have ransomed myself with money and camels. How, cried she, you filth, how have you ransomed yourself? do you imagine that you will be delivered from death and destruction? By the faith of an Arab, were all the wealth of the whole tribe of Abs to be proffered, it should not release you from your tortures: I will positively slaughter you as I would a sheep. She then discovered to him who she was, and what had befallen her son. And as to the slave Moofrij has despatched to bring the ransom, she added, it is all a trick and stratagem, that he may seize your property, and lay his hands on your friends. Amarah was thus con-

vinced that his death was nigh, and he felt how impossible it was to escape from immediate dissolution; and he repented sorely of what he had done. Ah! I never indeed laid my account to this, groaned he to himself; never more shall I taste of food or wine: unless Antar come in quest of Ibla, never shall I be liberated. Thus Amarah endured his sorrows. Moofrij, in the mean time, was expecting of Ibla the completion of his hopes; and thus was he occupied.

But Rebia was hastening with his hardy warriors, passing many a horde, till he reached the tribe of Tey. Know, said he to his comrades, we are now in the land of the Teyans, our enemies; our object is the deliverance of my brother. Nothing is required in this affair but prudence in our plans, that they may be surprised, and we attack them to advantage. Let us therefore detain the slave, and despatch one of our own people to Moofrij as a decoy: let him say to him, Mount your horse, O Chief, the Absians are arrived with only ten horsemen, to escort the ransom money; they met some travellers in your country, whom they have plundered. They are now in your territories with their booty, which of right belongs to you: meet them, and rescue your property from the foe, or eternal will be your disgrace. Now I am sure, sons of my uncle, he will come down upon us with a few attendants, in the height of his folly and intrepidity. But let us disperse ourselves, whilst ten are sta-

tioned to reconnoitre; and when he approaches, let us all rush out on him; let us take him prisoner; and having ransomed our brother with his own person, let us return home safe; thus converting our afflictions into honour and glory. Rebia's plan and stratagem amazed them, and they felt certain of their brother's deliverance. (We have already mentioned that Rebia was a great adept in every fraud and artifice.) They reposed till morning, when his brother Anis was sent on to Moofrij, with every requisite direction. He set out, and reached the tents of Moofrij. At that time Selma, Vachid's mother, was with him, and they were in deep conversation. The fumes of wine were still working on him, when one of his attendants came in, and said, Master, at the door of the tent stands a stranger, inquiring for your tents. Moofrij went forth, and beheld Anis, on horseback. God preserve you, O Arab, said he; what do you want? Anis repeated to him what Rebia had instructed him to say, adding, Overtake the Absians before blood be shed, and the property be lost that is now at your disposal. Moofrij turned back into his tent, roaring like a lion, and in great wrath. He put on his breast-plate, and girded on his sword, and ordered his slave to prepare his black steed; but he said not a word to any one of his family. Selma heard all that was passing, and saw the confusion in which he was. Son of my uncle, said she, what is the matter? what have you heard from

this horseman that has so much disturbed you? Let me hear it; and be not too precipitate, lest you fall into trouble. He accordingly explained to her all he had learnt from Anis, and his eyes were like two balls of burning coals. Now Selma was one of the most subtle women in all Arabia—very cunning and clever in every act. Lion-warrior, she cried, this is all false. He is come to deceive you, in order to entice you out: they will overpower you with numbers, take you prisoner, and ransom their brother from bondage with you. This is a common trick among such fellows. I am fully persuaded you ought not to go forth with less than two hundred horsemen; for undoubtedly they are lying in ambush for you, and waiting for you. Moreover, the proof of there being some fraud intended is, that the slave whom you sent has not returned; so look to what you are about. Moofrij was astonished. How must this business be arranged? said he. The best plan, she replied, is to seize this horseman, who has come on this errand: imprison him, and chain him to his countryman. Then take with you some of your warriors, in whom you can confide in difficulties. Set out all at once, and let your meeting be the assault of the cleaving scimitar; and thus take them all prisoners. Moofrij approved of this advice; and instantly rushing out, pulled Anis off his horse, and pinioned him, saying to a slave, Carry him to his countryman, and torture him: soon will I cut off their heads, and march

to their country, and destroy it. Having selected two hundred horsemen, he departed, traversing the plains and the wilds. The slave dragged Anis to Amarah, and threw him down opposite to him. Oh, my brother, said Amarah, truly I am quite bewildered and confounded; for what has happened to me never befel any human being before, so vast are the horrors I have endured; and I am expecting my ransom of you and Rebia. Anis upon this acquainted him with Rebia's stratagem, and how Selma had discovered it all to Moofrij, advising him to seize him. Amarah burst into tears. Alas! said he, this is a sad affair—a most deplorable expedition: every vestige of the family of Zeead will be effaced. All this, added Anis, is owing to thee, O Amarah. Thou hast brought us into this scrape by thy villany. We warned thee against Ibla, but thou wouldst not be dissuaded; and thou hast continued thy violent proceedings till misfortunes have overwhelmed us all: and if the family of Zeead be destroyed, it will be owing to thy obstinacy and ill luck. It is very true, my brother, cried Amarah; but still I wish that Ibla was in my power, and then I should not care what happened.

When Rebia had despatched Anis, he divided his people into three parties, leaving ten to keep a look out; and saying to them, As soon as you observe Moofrij and his horsemen, with my brother Anis, ride up to him. Salute him, and say, O Chief, we are the persons come to ransom our brother from

bondage: but we chanced to encounter a band of horsemen, who carried off the cattle we had with us. We have been sent on to inform you, that you may come and rescue your property; for we are now in your country, and under your protection. Contrive to conduct him among the ravines: then the ambuscade shall rush out. We will overpower him; for I know he will only come slightly attended, on account of his confidence in his superior gallantry and prowess. The party lay concealed, and the ten were looking out, when lo! Moofrij appeared, accompanied with a troop of warriors; and they no sooner came up with the Absians, than they plied their swords among them; and split open their skulls. Grief and dismay fell upon them, and their consternation was great. In a moment seven were slain; three fled towards the concealed party, and communicated the event. The ambuscade being now brought to light, and all their artifices being made manifest, Moofrij saw that Selma's hint was correct. The whole plot was now discovered. He rushed down upon them like a lion in his wrath, and shaved off their heads from their bodies. Cousins, exclaimed Rebia, our stratagem cannot succeed, unless it is well supported. I strongly suspect he has seized my brother Anis, and is now come to fight us; so that we have no means of escape but our sharp swords and our long spears: otherwise we shall be destroyed in this land, and Antar will exult over us. He spoke, and as-

sailed the foe. The dust arose. He wielded his sword among them. The confusion was universal. Cowards sought the mountains: but the bold plunged into a sea of distress, and patiently submitted to calamities. They desisted not from fighting until the day closed, when they quitted the contest. The family of Zeead took refuge under the sand-hills; fifty being killed, and many wounded. Moofrij returned to his tents, and congratulated his friends on the termination of their difficulties, saying, Truly was Selma's advice perfectly correct. Having reposed till morning, the two parties mounted their hard-hoofed steeds, slung on their spears, girded on their swords, and sought the field of battle. Moofrij started out between the two parties, and appeared between the two corps, exclaiming, O family of Zeead, we understood you were coming with camels, but ye are come with troops and warriors. You imagined you would succeed against us: but now only anticipate the devastation of your lands, and the extirpation of your families. Come on—to the battle—the thrust and the blow! Him whom you came to rescue you shall never reach, and him whom you sent I have seized; and thus he continued in verse:

" The snort of the war-horse, with the pliant
" spear, and the blow of the sabre on the thin
" casques, are sweeter to me than gaming over cups
" and the goblets, and the cupbearer. Ye think,
" O Absians, that I am dead, and that your slave

"survives in the tents; but your stratagem has "made him a captive, and he is in chains. Ye "have perfidiously deceived me, and this is one of "the results of treachery. I imagined the party "were come light, only leading baggage and ca-"mels; but they came heavy-armed and laden, "tight-waisted, girthed for the chase. But I have "sworn that I will disperse your numbers in the "day of encounter, and I will steep my lance in "the blood of horsemen as it streams at my feet "and legs."

Rebia came down upon him; but Cais, urging on his horse, engaged him first. The dust arose between them: the horsemen approached the scene of uproar, and extended their necks, with anxious looks. A general shout, "O by the valiant Cahtan," arose from the midst of the black dust-cloud! and lo! Moofrij had taken Cais prisoner, and bound him with cords, a miserable wretch! And he instantly returned to the contest and clamour. Rebia was confounded, and repented of what he had done. Alas, he cried, we have fallen into misfortune; we shall be totally annihilated by our enmity towards Antar. Could I but feel certain that we should escape safe out of this conflict, I would send to King Zoheir and make our excuses for our base and improper conduct; I would beg him to despatch our countryman and defender, Antar, to rescue us from perils. He had scarcely spoken these words when a shout from Moofrij and an-

other yell were heard issuing from the black dust; and, lo! he had taken a third brother prisoner. Rebia screamed out in horror of his situation, and he resolved on attacking him; but Oorwah anticipated him. He was a lion-like horseman; and he rushed against Moofrij, thus reciting:

"Away with boasting, for Fortune builds up "and throws down. She is impartial or oppressive "unintentionally, and elevates to glory him who "has passed a life in ignominy. She makes the "afflicted smile—now giving, now denying. To "him who lives in the glories of the world the day "sometimes brings joy that turns to bitterness. "May I forfeit the high-bred steed if I do not "plunge with him into seas of death and the over-"shadowing dust. I will smite every warrior with "my Indian blade, that rebounds from the frac-"ture and is not blunted. I will sacrifice myself "for the tribes with my long spear until it be ho-"noured and respected."

But Moofrij soon interrupted him and assailed him. A dreadful conflict ensued between them; till Moofrij, rushing furiously at Oorwah, overwhelmed him, and, assaulting him with the vehemence of a lion, grasped him by the throat: he clung to him and made him his captive. The Absians raised vast shouts. The Teyans attacked them from all quarters: and the contest was so fierce, that, the noise of it being soon spread throughout the whole clan, both riders and pedes-

trians joined the party; and they did not desist till it was dark. Rebia now saw death and destruction were at hand. Accompanied by his party, he took refuge among the sand-hills; and there were only seventy remaining out of the two hundred. Thirty were prisoners, fifteen had fled, the rest were slain, and all were wounded with the points of the arrows. Distracted and bewildered as they were, thirst augmented their anguish. Well, said they to Rebia, what is your plan now? what is your advice? Sons of my uncle, he replied, we have indeed fallen into the sea of Destiny and Fatality—we can find no favour with any one; and all these calamities are owing to my brother Amarah and that black slave. We have no other resource but to send to Moofrij and demand his protection; here to remain with him in bondage until we can redeem our lives by our property. They reposed, waiting for the day-light; and it was scarcely dawn when Rebia despatched a man to Moofrij, saying, Noble warrior! lion-hero! Arabs do not pride themselves over the Persians but on the sanctity of their protection and hospitality. We demand protection of you, that we may surrender ourselves to you and procure our ransom: but if you will not abstain from shedding blood, at least let us be supplied with water. Be just to us in the conflict—come out against us with equal numbers, that we may exert ourselves and die under our standards and our ensigns. When the messenger

had communicated this proposal, Moofrij laughed. What consideration is due to you, he cried, now that you have falsified your word? By the faith of an Arab, you have no refuge against death unless you throw away your arms, and all of you come dismounted before me, that I may shave off your beards and cut off your noses and your ears. On this condition you shall be furnished with water. Then will I hang ye all, by Lat and Uzza! My lord, said the messenger, whose name was Jemeel, and he was a celebrated orator, here I stand in your presence: take my horse and my arms; cut off my ears, if you please; shave off my beard; but, oh! let me moisten my heart and soul with one drop of water. Moofrij was softened: he accorded him his protection and allowed him some water, saying, You are now under my protection, but not so your companions. On you I have had compassion on account of your speech: so go your way, and interfere no more; otherwise I will leave you a corpse. As to your comrades, their death is resolved on. And if they keep themselves on the defensive, and do not descend from the sand-hills, I will torture them with hunger and thirst till they be all stupified: then will I take them prisoners, and hang them all on one day. Jemeel returned back to Rebia; and, having told them what had passed, the consternation was universal. Should he cut off our noses and our ears, eternal will be our disgrace and infamy. But, said

Jemeel, security is the great gain of man: and thus informing them that he had obtained the protection of Moofrij for himself, he turned away his horse and sought his own safety. Rebia and his friends descended, and commenced another attack. The Teyans assailed them right and left, and drove upon them with their long spears. Before mid-day they were all in the wildest confusion: thirst reduced them to the state of drunkards, and they were all made prisoners. Moofrij carried them, all bound with cords, to his tents. They preceded him, overwhelmed in disgrace and infamy. Selma was more overjoyed than any one: she abused the Absians to their faces, crying out, You filthy Arabs, I must absolutely drink of your blood till I am gorged. Moofrij ordered them all to be cast into the same place with Amarah: and he sent word to the tribe of Jalhema, and to King Maljem, son of Handhala, and his brother the Blood-drinker, congratulating them on the misery that had befallen the family of Zeead, and requesting their attendance to see them all hanged.

Now Ibla was rejoicing at the downfall of her enemies—very glad was she that they were thus chained and fettered, and reduced to such wretchedness and misery. Many of her sorrows were soothed—for she still expected the arrival of her cousin. The night was not far spent when Moofrij became intoxicated. The people had departed to their respective tents, and every one was asleep,

when Moofrij happened to think of Ibla; and as he was considering how he should complete his gratification, he repaired to his mother, and said, I wish you would bring me that Absian damsel, that I may enjoy her this night. If she will not consent, I will use her most cruelly; I will multiply her distresses and slay all her countrymen. Away hastened his mother to Ibla. Go to your master instantly, said she, that he may show some kindness to you and your countrymen; but, if you still obstinately refuse to yield to him, dread his violence. Barbarian, vile hag, exclaimed Ibla, were your son even to hack my limbs with the sword, or to massacre the whole tribe of Abs and all that the sun rises upon, never would he see me his property, never see me yield or submit to him. Wishes he my death? I will kill myself with mine own hand. Accursed wretch! cried the old woman. She struck her with her fist, and ordered the slave-girls to drag her forth, as she screamed out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! who can now save me? who can assist me? who can redeem me from this captivity? Alas! is there any one to deliver me from this distress? She continued shrieking and screaming till even the family of Zeead heard her cries in the stillness of the night. What is the matter with the daughter of our uncle, that she screams and cries so loud? asked they of their guards; who informed them of what had passed between her and Moofrij—how he had sworn and confirmed his

oaths, that, if she did not submit to his demands, he would not leave one of them alive. Be satisfied, said Oorwah; I will request of the Almighty that she may irritate him still more, so that his cruelty may be sharpened, and he strike off our heads at once: but if Moofrij will listen to me, he will have nothing to do with her, for she brings ill luck on every one that demands her—lucky is he who lets her alone. Oorwah had hardly done speaking when loud screams and shouts were heard. Every one in the tents was in confusion and in motion, sword in hand. It is well, said Oorwah, it is God's work; and to-night will Moofrij be slain, were he even the horseman of the plains and the mountains. The shouts and the uproar became more distinct, and the roars of, O by Abs, O by Adnan, were echoing loud; but the howl of Antar overpowered them all. Dreadful misfortunes overwhelmed the tribe of Tey. Scimitars were labouring in every hand: blood flowed in torrents: men were slain: many were hewn in pieces. The Teyans were rushing upon one another: some sought flight. The camels were dispersed over the plains and the deserts. But the cause of this confusion was as follows.

CHAPTER IX.

As we before stated, Antar departed in pursuit of Ibla, traversing various tribes and hordes, till, coming nigh to the tribe of Tey, he resolved to send away Shiboob, to gain information, and to learn what had happened to Rebia and his brothers. At that moment a horseman met them, advancing from the sand-hills, and tearing up the earth in his speed. Antar accosted him, and lo! it was Jemeel the Absian. God preserve you, young man, said Antar. And joy be with you—you, the protector of our tribe, replied Jemeel, as he flung himself off his horse on the ground; and, covering his head with sand, he bewailed his family and friends. Antar went towards him: he took him by the hand and quieted his sorrows. He conducted him to Prince Malik, who questioned him as to what had befallen him. Know, O Prince, he replied, that the family of Zeead are in bondage: noble warriors are slain, and only a few remain out of the whole party—I left them all either prisoners or dead. Thus communicating all that had passed, he added, I have received the protection of Moofrij, to the exception of my comrades. O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed the Prince, let us away with all

speed; perhaps we may join our party in the contest, and rescue them from their terrible situation: thus let it be known that they are the freedmen of thy sword and thy intrepidity. I am aware, O Prince, said Antar, that my honours with respect to them are entirely useless, were I even to plant their glories on the backs of the clouds: but it is your order to join them. There is not one of them that can brave dangers, and I am sure that they are at this moment in chains and bondage; for, as Jemeel remarked, they have neither the power to breathe nor think. My plan is this: let us surprise the foe in the dark; let us throw our troops among the tents; let us convert their joys into sorrow; let us establish tears and grief in their land, and rescue Ibla before morning. Upon this they continued their journey, till, being close to the tents, they perceived that their lights were extinguished, and both freemen and slaves were asleep. Take you the left, my lord, said Antar to Prince Malik; leave me the right—and mark what I will do with them, thus taken unawares. So he left one hundred and fifty with the Prince; and, with only fifty men, he assaulted on the right, conspicuous among the tents and the tent-ropes. Malik attacked on the left like a ferocious lion. They gave one universal shout, and the whole earth trembled. The sword spared neither old nor young, whilst the troops poured down among the tents. Moofrij was anxiously expecting Ibla; but, as soon

as he heard the uproar, intoxication fled from his brain, and his consternation and alarm increased. He hastened to the door of the tent. Bring me my horse, he exclaimed to his slaves; bring me my armour of war and cuirass, that I may discover what means this tumult, and what means this conflict, that appears like a flame of fire. Peradventure Fatality and Destiny have driven the Absian slave to this land, that I may destroy him and hurl down annihilation upon him; and thus will I exterminate both him and his friends. Ibla heard Antar, in the tranquillity of the night, roaring like a peal of thunder. Her heart was soothed, after all her agitations. She raised her voice and cried out, Now am I sure of comfort, after all my miseries: misfortune is coming upon thee, thou son of infamy and disgrace: the noble horseman is at hand: the tribe of Abs will pounce down upon thee like eagles, and will deliver the fawn of the desert from thy grasp: this night shall thy mother mourn for thee. The mother of Moofrij heard this; and, being in the wildest consternation, she struck her on the face, crying out, Dost thou dare to abuse us thus—thou, a captive in our hands? This very hour thou shalt behold the head of that black. Dost thou imagine he will be able to aid thee, fallen as thou art into the clutches of the devouring eagle? As she turned towards her son, she saw him mounting his horse, tottering still in intoxication and the fumes of wine. She was alarmed, and

dissuaded him from the contest of swords and spears. Now scimitars were at work on all sides: shouts shook the land: frightful were the blows of Antar's sword, and deadly were the thrusts of Antar's spear. Shiboob was casting fire among the tents and dwellings; and dust arose that was blacker than the darkness of night. The camels fled in terror away: the necks of men and women were trampled on. Thus continued the fray till it was near morning. The country was involved in lamentation, and husbands abandoned their tender wives: death and disgrace were conspicuous. All sought the plains and the deserts, quitting the tents and the habitations; whilst Shiboob made his way to the prisoners in chains and in utter dismay. Selma, Vachid's mother, no sooner beheld this sad reverse, than she rushed from the tents, intending to seek the open country; but perceiving Moofrij's mother detaining him from the conflict and turning his horse's head towards the sand-hills, and also marking his flight under the guidance of a slave, she mounted a noble steed, and, snatching up a sword, Never, she cried, will I depart from the tents till I have eased my heart, and accomplished my desires on the foe. And she darted towards the prisoners, and had already wounded many of them, resolved to slaughter them all, when Shiboob arrived and roared at her. She fled: her horse was swift, and she rode off among the fugitives. Shiboob approached Rebia, and loosened his arms and

those of his comrades, who sprang towards their friends, whose death they had considered inevitable; and they released one another, exclaiming, O by Abs, O by Adnan! and the mountains and the rocks echoed back the shout. When the day dawned, not a youth or an old man was found, but was either dead or a captive. Shiboob in the mean time was roaming about the tents in search of Ibla, whom at last he found almost smothered with the entrails of the dead, groaning like a woman bereft of her children; and as she listened for the voice of Antar, she thus exclaimed:

"O my cousin, ease my heart, and lead me "home by the hand, for my body is worn out, and "my strength fails. For the black hero I have "encountered disgrace. My frame—the Zephyr "would overwhelm it, so greatly have they ex- "hausted me with eternal pains. My resignation "—it is at an end. My foes exult over me, and "I have endured endless horrors. Convey me to "the protection of Antar; no one but the lion can "defend the fawn. Tell him I am in dismay, and "my heart wanders wild in its fears. My eye-lids "—no sleep have they; but they mourn for eter- "nal sleep. Were a rock to experience a portion "of my sufferings, the rock itself would be cast "down. This eternal banishment will never end: "it is a separation that exceeds the distance of the "planets."

Shiboob heard her lamentations, and his heart

grieved for her distress. He hastened towards her, and, discovering himself, he bore her away in his arms, and conveyed her to his brother Antar; who, the moment he saw her, dismounted, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes, saying, Grievous indeed it is to me that you should suffer and endure such calamities, and I be alive in the world. But this is the misfortune of the times, against which no human being can find refuge. Take her, he added to Shiboob, take her to the tent of Moofrij: place her on his throne, and protect her, whilst I go to Prince Malik, and see what he is about. Shiboob entered the tent of Moofrij; and as he found it empty, he searched about, and opened some chests, in which he saw all Ibla's rich robes and garments, and strings of jewels. Shiboob was exceedingly pleased, and delivered them to Ibla. Thus all her distress and affliction vanished, and her hopes and wishes were realized. Antar had departed to the opposite quarter, in quest of Prince Malik and his associates, to observe how the combat stood. But Prince Malik and his friends were renowned horsemen, and had performed the deeds of heroes that night, destroying the enemy with the sword, and forcing their way among the tents, and brandishing their spears and their scimitars: the Prince ever at their head, like an eagle, or a lion, when he rushes out from his den. Antar rode up to him, and kissed his hand, congratulating him on

his safety, and inquiring about the acts of the night. O Aboolfawaris, he replied, it has been a night comprising many nights: but by your good fortune we have succeeded in our attempts. They perceived, that during that night's contest only three of Antar's heroes had been killed, and thirty of Prince Malik's. But disgrace had fallen abundantly on the adverse party, and a most dreadful example had been made of them. Fate and destiny had been let loose upon them. My lord, said Antar, we must not remain in this land; for we have no friends, no associates, no allies in it. And as they were setting out for their own tents, Rebia came up to Antar, and wept tears of deceit and fraud. Cousin, said he, we have not the face to meet thee, on account of our shameful deeds, and thy infinite kindness towards us. May God render thy favour towards us eternal; for it is God that has united thee to Ibla, thy cousin. After him came up Amarah, crying in excess of jealousy, envy, and regret. Son of my uncle, exclaimed he, what is done, is done. It is all the work of human failings: do not therefore revenge yourself on me for what I have done: do pardon my transgression, and forgive me. Antar pitied them; and feeling favourably inclined towards them on account of his relationship, he embraced and saluted them; thus congratulating them on their escape:

"Exult, if ye will—or be just: behold in the

"time of battle my exploits. Although I am abused "for being black, my acts are the acts of the noble-"born."

As the family of Zeead listened, the passion of envy burnt in their hearts; and though they thanked him outwardly, internally their galls were bursting with rage. They now returned to their tents, and reposed; and when they had had their wounds dressed, said Antar to them, Sons of my uncle, although we shall never be vanquished, and we have gained a signal victory, yet we are in the land of Cahtan; and there is not an individual in it but dreads us, and is our foe. So come away: let us refresh ourselves, and depart. Prince Malik having also expressed his approbation, they slaughtered some of the captured camels and sheep, and prepared their dinner.

But Moofrij, when he fled and sought the sands, fearful of death and infamy, turned his eyes back over the desert; and as he beheld the noble Absians take possession of his tents, and his own companions sleeping in death, his soul festered at the sight, and he hastened his flight over the plains.

The Absians had no sooner finished their repast, than they set out on their way home. They had not been long gone when the tribe of Jadeelah arrived, about five hundred strong, in order to enjoy the sight of the execution of the Zeead family. Moofrij joined them, overwhelmed in tears and sighs, and lamentations, and telling them the

misfortunes he had suffered from the Absians. Let us pursue them, cried the strangers; let us speedily annihilate them. Just then arrived also the tribe of Nibhan, amounting to five thousand warriors, and headed by Mohelhil, son of Foyadh; and he was one of the lion-tyrants at that period of ignorance, most renowned for his courage in the field, of a most untractable temper, and of harsh manners. He also came to see the Zeead family hung. The confusion of Moofrij increased; for these allies were come at his invitation. But when he had detailed every particular of the past events; one of the Nibhanians advanced, Jabir by name—their mighty champion in the dust of confusion, and their voracious lion. Disgraced are the tribes of Nibhan and Tey, he cried; I will not dismount from the back of this horse till I have slain that slave Antar, son of Shedad, and destroyed the tribes of Abs and Zeead. And he instantly galloped away, followed by the tribes of Jadeelah and Nibhan. Moofrij collected the remnant of his people, and they set out, traversing the plains and the rocks—in all about fifteen thousand men, armed with cuirasses, and well accoutred for war. Proceeding with great speed, they overtook the Absians about evening, just as they were about to halt, and repose for the night: but as the valiant Teyans drew nigh, the Absians prepared for battle. What sayest thou, hero of war and tumults? said Moofrij to Jabir. Shall we attack the Absians with the riving scimitar?

Shall we convert their joys into sorrows? By no means, returned Jabir: the Absians form but a small party, and we are a numerous army. If we assail them by night, we shall be worsted, and they will have the advantage of us in the engagement. Our attack would be too confused, and thus we may fail. My opinion is this: do you take four thousand men, and station yourself in the desert, cutting off their road home: I will remain with the rest in the rear. As soon as morning dawns, let us attack them on both sides. Moofrij was convinced that Jabir was an experienced horseman. (Now this Jabir was the father of Asedoorrahees, who had most extraordinary adventures with Antar, and whose deadly deeds were a warning to the wise.) According to Jabir's directions, Moofrij went off with four thousand horsemen, and cut off the communication from every traveller and passenger. When the Absians heard the shouts, and saw the glitter of spears, and the dazzling brightness of scimitars, they cried out to Antar, Now, indeed, is confusion let loose upon us. What is your advice in this crisis, O Aboolfawaris? the Teyans have overtaken us, and you well know that their hearts are cauterized on account of our united deeds. Cousins, replied Antar, this is a conjuncture that alarms me not; it does not cause me the smallest uneasiness; neither is it worth a question. If they assault us by night, disgrace and misery will befal them, and we shall have the advantage of them;

for a small party is concealed in the shades of the night, particularly when it is mixed with superior numbers. I observe that they are formed into two divisions, which have separated, said Prince Malik. One division is gone forward, and the other keeps behind. I will explain this to you, O Prince, said Antar. They fear that we shall run away in the night, and seek our own country; for they feel certain that we must be greatly embarrassed about their numbers: but I swear by him who infuses light into the moon, I will not let the morning dawn before this affair be decided, and the foe be dispersed over the plains and the sand-hills; for the Lord of Heaven has aided me. Direct your companions to prepare their warlike instruments, that I may show you the dreadful deeds I will execute upon them this very night. Cousin, said Rebia, what is your plan? I am resolved, replied Antar, to let them alone until they alight from their horses, and feel secure in the obscurity of the night: then will I charge with you this division in front of us. But I am aware, that the shouts will also come down upon our rear, and that the troops will rush in vast crowds to the scene of carnage. Do you, however, not be wanting in the engagement, but attack them in the hour of contest in small bodies, and dash among them at random. In the onset, cry out to your associates; but when all are mixed together, be silent, and mention not "Abs and Adnan." Dart forwards into the plain, and the

road that leads out of this land, leaving them to cut up each other with their own swords; and before the dawn of day your exertions will have succeeded, and numbers of the enemy will be extirpated. Rebia greatly approved of Antar's plan, which he communicated to his people, desiring every one to prepare for the conflict. O Ebe ool* Ebyez, cried Amarah, addressing himself to Oorwah, this is indeed an awful night! What terrible things will happen in the dark during this combat! My best plan would be to take this opportunity of slaying Antar myself, and pierce him with this spear; for he will be off his guard in the attack, and we will say the Teyans slew him. The project you suggest, O Amarah, is most infamous, said Oorwah. Disasters and calamities would be the consequences of it; for if we kill Antar this night, the Teyans will not leave one of us alive. My opinion is, that we should exert ourselves, and assist him in the slaughter, so that we may depart in safety out of this land. When they were ready, Antar advanced with the troops a little, and then halted till the enemy had alighted, and every trembling coward felt secure. The night was exceedingly dark, and many of them being already asleep, said Antar to Shiboob, I beg that you will protect Ibla this night. Watch over her in the hour of battle; for I wish to exhibit before her exploits, such as ages shall record. Mount her

* Father of Candour.

upon one of the noblest steeds, and clothe her in a strong breast-plate of steel, such as blades of India will not penetrate. He then hastened to Prince Malik; and when they were all assembled, they made one universal shout, at which the whole country shook. They pointed the barbs of their spears: they brandished the blades of their scimitars, and rushed down, in the obscurity of the night, upon the four thousand, the division under Moofrij, stationed to intercept their retreat. They aimed the blow of the sword, and levelled the penetrating spear. Now this division, feeling secure in the protection of the great army in their rear, had dismounted, and they were asleep; neither did they recover themselves till the Absians were already among them, with their falchions. Every one sprung up from his sleep, and, grasping his sword, fell upon any one that was near him, fearful of Antar: and thus they all promiscuously assailed each other with their sabres. The shouts and the commotion increased. The obscurity of night overshadowed them. The confusion and agitation were general. Warriors were thrown down, singly and in pairs. Jabir, the Nibhanian, heard the shouts of the horsemen. Greatly dismayed, he turned towards Mohelhil, and said, Verily the Absians have acted like heroes: they have boldly marched into horrors and calamities. If we attack them, to aid our friends, we shall unavoidably fail; but if we abandon them, the Absians will destroy them, and escape out of our land in safety. Away with

such discourse, exclaimed Mohelhil: assault the foe with me, that we may annihilate them to the last. So they all rushed towards the division under Moofrij, and cut down the foe with their swords. In a moment all were involved in the black dust. The tumult redoubled. Skulls were clipped off from bodies like reeds. Cowards fled: the brave stood firm. War raged with foot and leg. Heads and hair turned gray. Shame fell upon the weak-hearted: the noble in soul were undaunted. Heads and trunks were heaped up together. The sword decided the fate of heroes: it was impartial in its judgments, and never unjust. Blows fell at random. Warriors were hurled down, and trampled on. What was once hidden and concealed, now became public. Lives were torn away promiscuously. The King of Death grasped souls, and never failed. But Antar exposed himself to every peril, for he knew Ibla was looking at him. He exhibited horrors and wonders. He cut through the horsemen: he strewed the troops: and thus he continued till midnight, when he conducted away the Absians to the open desert; and there the slaughter was carried on between the two armies till the dawn of day, and the victors became distinguished from the vanquished. The Teyans now looked round, and observed that they were contending with each other, whilst the Absians were standing apart in the plain. Now the loss of the Teyans during that night amounted to nine

thousand, who had drunk of the cup of death: of the Absians there were only twenty slain. Amarah had been trodden down under the horses' feet, and his ribs were broken. Rebia was severely wounded. They were now about to dismount, when lo! Selma, the mother of Vachid, appeared on the field of battle, and exclaimed, Disgraced for ever are the Teyans by the hand of this black slave. She was quite frantic. Moofrij rode up to her, having first changed his horse, and put on his coat of mail and cuirass. Turn back, my aunt, he cried, I will accomplish your wishes. I will soon bring you this Antar, bound as a prisoner. I will destroy the whole tribe of Abs, and the family of Zeead; for this day my flame burns fiercer than yours, and my shame is greater than yours; and if I do not annihilate them all with the blade of my sword, let the Arabs blush for me in every land. Thus he induced Selma to retreat from the scene of engagement; and driving his own horse among the troops, galloping and riding about to and fro, he exclaimed, Never, O Absians, never did there happen between man and man the like of what has occurred between you and us these two nights. But the past is past. It is now the light of day: now shall the dust cover the plains, and the skill of noble warriors be manifested in the contest; for it is the custom of Arabs to act fairly—such is the characteristic of the brave. Come on then—on to the battle—on to the blow of the sword and the thrust of the spear, that I may

make ye drink of the cup of death and perdition. But let no one dare to oppose me, if not of equal rank; and when the noble horsemen are satisfied with fighting, then let the vile slaves contend; and Moofrij intended that Antar should hear him, as he thus continued:

"If I do not demand my due and debt with the "blow of the sword and the Redeinian lance, may I "never be secure from the nocturnal catastrophes! "May sleep never visit my eyelids! Ye have "known the deeds that have raised this war be- "tween me and you, sons of Adnan; and if I do "not appease myself among you, never may I be "called ennobled in my parents! Here I stand; "and in my hand is a polished-bladed one and a "bloody double-edged one, with which I will ex- "terminate your horsemen in open fight, when the "coward gnaws his two hands in agony."

Antar heard his address, and well he understood his views and meaning. And as he was stopping by the side of Ibla, soothing her heart, and inquiring how she felt, Cousin, said she, I feel no disquietude or uneasiness as long as you are alive. At these words, Antar sprung from his horse on the ground. He stripped off his armour and steel, so that he remained in his ordinary dress, with short sleeves, his head uncovered, and barefoot. Again he vaulted on the back of Abjer, and bellowed at Moofrij like the most ferocious lion: Thou coward, wouldst shame me with thy deceit and artful speech? thou

and all thy race are of the same stamp. Are ye indeed men of such high dignity and honour? But mark how numerous ye are, and we how few. We, however, have committed our lives to the chances of war and carnage. What is, is. Here are you and I in the plain of commotion; you clothed in steel, and I in my simple garments. Exhibit your prowess to the multitude, and your powers before these noble warriors. Antar rushed at Moofrij; and, as he galloped about, he thus addressed him:

"When my adversary charges me with a debt,
"I discharge the debt with my Redeinian lance.
"The edge of the sword makes us all even, and it
"shall justly decide between me and you. I am
"exalted by my scimitar and my spear to the sub-
"limity of the shooting stars and the two Bears.
"Wretches! ye are ignorant of my might, but the
"inhabitants of the two hemispheres know it. The
"hand of time has not annihilated my force, and
"the fingers of age have not been extended against
"me. How many horsemen, laid low by my sword,
"remain with begrimed cheeks, and hands steeped
"in gore, whilst the eagles of death hover round
"them, and the ravens crowd about them. I hum-
"ble the fugitives in terror of my battle, and I
"force the tears from both their eyes. How then
"shall I sleep unrevenged, whilst my sword is
"sharp-pointed, and its double edge is bloody,
"with which I will extirpate all your horsemen,
"and quench my fury, and gladden my eyes!"

Having concluded, he immediately dashed at Moofrij, like a wild lion, or an outrageous hyæna. Moofrij received him, and imagined he had him within his grasp. The two heroes encountered each other like two mountains; but after a conflict of two hours, the powers of Moofrij were enervated by fatigue: he flagged and failed—disgrace succeeded to glory; and whilst he was contending with Antar, he turned towards the Teyans, signifying to them to fall upon Antar bodily, and rescue him from death. Antar, perceiving his situation, pressed upon him: he clung to him, and cut off all retreat, till stirrup grated stirrup. He at length grasped Dhami, and aimed at Moofrij between the eyes. He received the blow on his shield; but the scimitar hewed it in two, and also his helmet: it continued its sway till it issued out between his thighs, through the horse's belly, even to the ground. The whole mass was thus cleft into four portions; and as Antar marked the effect of the blow, he exclaimed, O by Abs, O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla. The Absians were perfectly astounded at the vastness of his strength, and there was not one but rejoiced and congratulated himself. But horror struck into the hearts of the Teyans; and just as they were about to make one united effort against Antar, Jabir, the Nibhanian leader, prevented them, saying, Cousins, if ye attack this dæmon at once, ye will be worsted; for if he be not slain, all our hopes will be frustrated. He will

infuse terror and consternation into your souls, and thus will his impetuosity be roused to mightier deeds. But I have discovered a mode of attacking that no one else has perceived. I am certain that I can overwhelm him with evils. Now will I assail him, and make him quaff the draught of perdition, and I will make Ibla one of my slave girls. Thus saying, he sprung forward in quest of Antar, fierce as the fiercest lion, and completely immersed in steel, and a well-riveted coat of mail; and as he approached, he thus addressed him: Come on—now for my battle! Away—away with thy conceit, thou foul Arab! base is the tribe that has admitted thee, and deservedly disgraced. Silence! cried Antar. May thy mother lose thee! may thy family forfeit thee! All thou hast uttered about thyself is false—vain babbling of the tongue, and absurdity. I acknowledge no rank, no dignity, but this cleaving scimitar, and this penetrating spear; and he who boasts, saying, my father was such a one, my grandfather such a one—all empty words—all idle nonsense. And if thou hast any doubts on the subject, invoke thy father and thy progenitors, that they may all come and deliver thee from my presence. Antar summed up all in these verses:

"I am a slave, and low in rank; but my sword
"shall gain me honour and respect: a sword—
"when I wield it on the days of battle, the necks
"of the Arab chieftains bow down to it."

And he fell upon Jabir like a column of clouds. They commenced the contest with the utmost fury, forcing down draughts of sudden death, so that every one present was in utter astonishment. For two hours they persisted in the frightful combat, till fatigue fell on Jabir's arms: he slackened in his efforts, for he perceived in Antar what was not in himself. Antar, aware of his condition, grasped him, and clung to him, and cut off all means of escape. He pierced him through the chest with his spear, and made the barb issue out at his back. Jabir fell down dead, weltering in his blood. Come on against this vile black, make him drink of the cup of infamy, exclaimed Mohelhil, as he observed the fate of Moofrij and Jabir. So the Teyans poured down upon Antar from all quarters. But Antar, still in his common clothing, met them like a voracious lion. Prince Malik now joined the conflict. Horsemen encountered horsemen, and heroes heroes. The brave were hurled to the ground. Sword and spear played round heads and bodies: and there ensued an engagement ages will record. They continued plundering souls from bodies, until it was almost dark; when an immense number of the Teyans and Nibhanians being slain, the rest took to flight, pursued by Antar and his friends, till, having driven them out of that land, they returned for their scattered horses and dispersed arms: and when they had collected every thing, they sought their own tents, like the lions of the

forest, preceded by Antar, like the judas-flower. Ibla rejoiced in his prowess and intrepidity, and smiled: and, as Antar saw her smile, Daughter of my uncle, said he, are you smiling at what you saw me perform this day in the carnage and the combat? By the faith of an Arab, she replied, my sight was bewildered at your slaughter among these wretches. Her words descended into his heart sweeter than the purest water to the thirsty spirit. And as he told her all he had done among the Teyans, he thus added:

"O Ibla, if the shades of the sable battle-dust "conceal from thee my achievements on the day of "conflicts, arise and ask my Abjer if I ever let him "charge but at the armies like the gloomy night. "Ask my sword of me, if I ever smote with it on "the dreadful day but the skulls of Kings. Ask "my lance of me, if ever I thrust with it but at "the panoplied hero between the throat and the "under jaw. I steep my sword, I steep my spear "in streams: I practise patience, and fear not hell "itself. How many of my blows with the sword-"edge have been cleaving blows! How many are "the spear-thrusts of which my saddle-bow and "my hip-bone have complained! And were there "not one at whose power even Kings tremble, I "would make the vault of the firmament the back "of a horse."

Ibla was greatly delighted at this description, and thanked him for his address and his actions.

The same did Prince Malik and others, except Malik, Ibla's father, and Rebia and Amarah, and the family of Zeead, for their galls and their hearts were bursting with rage. After this they all retired to their tents, and, having eaten their dinner, their eyes sought repose. But Antar mounted his horse, and was about to keep the night-watch. What, said Prince Malik, will you keep the watch, and shall we sleep, fatigued as you must be from the labours of the battle? Let me relieve you; at least, I will take my turn of duty. No, by the faith of a noble Arab, cried Antar, masters must not serve their slaves. When Rebia observed Prince Malik riding with Antar, he also mounted, and Malik, son of Carad, and many other warriors, quitted their tents likewise; but, as they roamed about, Antar's enemies remained in one party together. The night was calm: and, as they were abusing Antar as usual, Sons of my uncle, said Ibla's father, these imprecations do not ease my pain; for though this slave is an ignoble wretch, yet the Lord of Heaven favours him—and he whom the God of Heaven protects is protected against all human power. All my exertions and efforts have failed, and I am melted even as lead is melted, for I cannot deliver myself from the clutches of this black slave; all my contrivances for his destruction revert on myself; his fortitude and eloquence only increase, and the Lord of Heaven favours him. For my part, said Amarah, my ears

have no pleasure in Antar's poetry; there is no harmony whatever in it. Hold! O Amarah, cried Oorwah, you speak foully and falsely. No one in the whole tribe of Abs and Adnan will agree with you on that point; for there is not an individual in all our tribes, no, not even in the tribes of Cahtan, more fluent in his discourses than Antar—none whose heart and spirit are firmer in the field of battle. I do not speak thus of him from my love towards him; but let the truth be spoken. Did you not mark the noble Antar on his return from the conflict and the carnage, which he described in such beautiful rhymes, saying, "Were I not afraid "of the power of God, I would make the vault of "the firmament the back of a horse?" Ah! said Ibla's father, I have not an eye that can bear to look at that black slave; neither will I dwell in the land where he dwells. I will wait patiently till we quit this country and these sand-hills; but, when we reach home, I will carry away my daughter, and fly during the night in quest of some one that may protect me from this vile black: I will be honoured among strangers, but not live disgraced among my family and connexions. By God, exclaimed Rebia, I will not permit you to emigrate; I will not submit to such a separation: but I will give you a hint—profit by it, and you will succeed in your expectations, and all your wishes will be accomplished; never will you again be annoyed about Antar nor any one else. Let not your ene-

mies exult in your emigration and departure, nor fill their hearts with joy. Oh! do advise me, my friend Rebia, cried Malik, in this troublesome affair, that I may not be browbeaten and bullied. Be quiet, said Rebia, till we reach our own country. Introduce yourself to Prince Shas, son of King Zoheir, and demand his protection: tell him all your grievances, and surrender your daughter to him, saying, O Prince, my daughter is your handmaiden, I beg that she may live under your protection; marry her to whomsoever you please, but let not that foul slave, Antar, covet her. Thus will your daughter remain with the illustrious Shas, secure from every act of violence, whilst we will deliberate about slaying Antar. We will expose him to perils, and make him drink of the cup of dangers: you will not see him return for a length of time. Thus they continued in conversation till midnight, when they returned to their tents; and, having first divided the spoil, they mounted their horses and departed, traversing plains and deserts until the day shone over them, when, lo! a dust arose in their rear and darkened the whole land. Speedily it advanced, and the wild beasts fled before it: the black column appeared like a mass of clouds. Scimitars glittered, the spear-barbs sparkled, and shouts shook the mountains and the valleys. These, they cried, are the Teyans; they are coming upon us from their hordes—horse and foot have overtaken us. And all were terrified, expect-

ing death and destruction. Be of good cheer, cried Antar, observing how their countenances were disfigured with dismay; fear not their numbers; be not alarmed at the glittering of swords or the sparkling of spears; I alone will meet this numerous host, were they even double their numbers: do ye only protect my rear. Antar galloped towards the dust, to learn what occasioned it, followed by Prince Malik and the tribes of Abs and Çarad; but the horsemen of Zeead stayed behind with Amarah, Rebia, and Malik, Ibla's father. This was the Teyan army, headed by King Maljem, son of Handalah, and his brother the Blood-drinker: for Moofrij, when he had taken Rebia and his comrades prisoners, sent to these warriors to come and assist at the execution of the family of Zeead; and they no sooner received the glad tidings, than they assembled their troops and hastened to take vengeance on the family of Zeead: but when they reached the country of Moofrij, and saw nothing but dead bodies strewed about, broken spears, and shattered scimitars, they halted in the greatest consternation. Shortly arrived the fugitives, with Mohelhil, routed and dispersed. King Maljem having questioned them as to what had happened, Mohelhil imparted to him all that had occurred with Antar, who had already slain Moofrij and Jabir, and scattered their troops over the rocks and the plains. Indeed! cried Maljem: you have clothed us with dishonour, and disgraced us in

every quarter of Arabia, by your flight before that base-born slave. When he had collected the remnant of the discomfited army, after a halt of two hours, he mounted, and set out with a force of twenty thousand horsemen, who travelled with the utmost speed till they overtook the Absians, as we have already stated, at a spot which happened to be the last of the Cahtanian territory and the first of the land of Adnan; and, as soon as they beheld the Absians, they encompassed them on every side. The Absians were terrified at the sight of their vast numbers, and at the brilliancy of their steel armour and coats of mail. O Malik, said Oorwah to Ibla's father, verily we have fallen into a most perilous situation; Antar is our only resource, in order to avoid death and perdition. You are right, replied he, much agitated and in great disorder; take my advice and fly, otherwise we must drink of the cup of annihilation. If you resolve on flight, observed Oorwah, the first captive will be your daughter Ibla. Let her alone, continued Malik, let her be captured, provided that vile slave do not possess her. At any rate, said Rebia, we must wait awhile, till these horsemen come nearer to us; and, when the dust arises on all sides, let us give the reins to our steeds, and cry out, Fly, Absians, fly! and let us then scatter ourselves over the desert. Those who join us will be our excuse, and those who remain behind will be slain and buried in the sand. No one will ever survive to bring any accusation

against us: we, on the contrary, shall appear to have fought with our friends, and be secure from blame and reproach. I am convinced Antar will never abandon his beloved Ibla or fly, so vast is his intrepidity and pride—he will fight till the foe sever his head. Malik, son of King Zoheir, will not follow us, so that death and destruction must overwhelm him. To this they all assented; and, with this vile nefarious project, they resolved on flight. But Antar received the twenty thousand as the parched land the first of the rain—his heart harder than stone, and his soul more impetuous than the waves of the sea when it roars. He penetrated the thick dust with blows irresistible, and thrusts more rapid than the twinkling of the eye, followed by the horsemen of Abs and Carad, under Prince Malik, who, pouring down vehemently upon the enemy, exerted every energy in concert with Antar: they imitated his deeds, and made the foe drink of the cup of death and perdition. In less than an hour, Antar checked the progress of the hostile tribe, and their van was driven back upon their rear. They roared out at Antar from a distance, but ventured not to approach the spot where he fought. Antar cut through them, although their numbers were great and their force immense. Ibla screamed out to him in a loud voice, for she trembled in excess of fear. Shiboob moved round her, and protected her with his arrows. But as soon as Antar heard Ibla's voice and cries, in order

to relieve her mind of the foe, he dashed into the midst of the troops and armies, and plied his whole force among them. In the mean time Rebia, Amarah, and the family of Zeead halted till the dust thickened, when they gave the reins to their steeds and fled, exclaiming, Fly, Absians, fly! But they had not proceeded far when a dust arose in front of them that obscured the whole country. Let us wheel to the left, cried Oorwah, that we may escape death and destruction. At the word, they turned their horses' heads and galloped to the left; but, before they had advanced any distance, another dust arose in front. Whither can we now fly? exclaimed Oorwah: the enemy has cut off every road and communication in this desert and wild. They drew up and halted, eagerly staring round them. At last the dust cleared away, and there appeared horsemen of a swarthy complexion, mounted on chargers swifter than antelopes; every one exclaiming, O by Abs! O by Adnan! At these shouts their souls revived: they hastened forwards and saluted them, and related all the horrors they had endured from the Teyans. Overtake Prince Malik and Antar, they cried in conclusion, for they are combating twenty thousand lion-warriors, and are almost overpowered and destroyed. Upon this the horsemen rode on at full speed towards the field of contention, and, rushing upon the Teyans, they shouted, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Antar was at that moment nearly exhausted; he was

covered with wounds, and his courage cooled: for he had rescued Ibla from captivity seven times, and had overthrown the heroes around her: he had also driven back the enemy five times from Prince Malik, now rushing to the right, now to the left, whilst the Teyans wheeled in whichever direction he moved. At this critical juncture arrived the Absians, as we have stated, and attacked the enemy, as we have described.

When Antar departed to accomplish Ibla's deliverance, with Prince Malik, King Zoheir was attending a marriage-feast with the tribe of Fazarah; and upon his return, three days after, he inquired for Antar and his son, but was told they had set out for the land of Tey. Being greatly alarmed for them both, he instantly sent for his son Shas. Know, my son, said he, that your brother Malik is gone with Antar against the Teyans; and I am in fears about them, being aware of the great power of King Maljem, son of Handala, and his brother, the Blood-drinker. I wish that you and your brother Cais would mount, with two thousand horsemen, and overtake them. Return not without them. Shas obeyed his father's orders, and marched on till he came up with them in the field of carnage.

Now Antar's powers expanded. He dismounted from Abjer, who was much fatigued at the dreadful scenes he had endured. He mounted another, and assailed the enemy with the impetuosity of a

lion; and in the fury of his assault he overthrew heroes, and plunged them into misery and disgrace: he hewed off joints and arms, and cut through the troops, right and left. The deeds of the Absians would have turned infants gray. King Maljem and his brother halted upon a high sand-hill, taking no part in the contest, but waiting to receive Antar and the Absians as captives; when lo! they observed their own army staggering, and the Absians making their way through them; and blood flowing over the land, and the steadiest hearts quaking, and their horses stumbling over carcases, and warriors hurled to the ground, and the bravest wounded. Instantly King Maljem and the Blood-drinker darted forward, and eagerly ordered their troops to renew the conflict, and to force back the fugitives to the combat. Thus was Maljem engaged in the terrors of war, and in the thickest of the fight, when a bellow, like a peal of thunder, echoed behind him. He quickly turned round, and behold it was Antar! Foam issued from the corners of his lips as he overthrew the heroes, right and left. Maljem was horror-struck at his yell, and the immensity of his form: but Antar rushed upon him in this state of terror, and pierced him with his spear through the thigh, forcing it even into the ribs of his steed. Maljem nearly drank of the cup of annihilation; but, urged by the sweetness of life, he clung to the neck of his horse, and fled. Antar then roared out at his brother; and as he was about to pierce him

also, he fled, and followed Maljem. The troops soon imitated their leaders, and the standards and ensigns were reversed. Antar and the Absians furiously pursued them, till they had driven them out of that land; when they returned for the dispersed cattle and scattered arms: and having collected the spoil, they halted, and congratulated each other on their safety. But Antar searched for his friend, Prince Malik, whom he at last found, but covered with wounds. He soothed his anguish, and calmed his heart with encouraging expressions; and turning towards Shas and Cais, he complimented and thanked them for their timely appearance, extolling them and their father, King Zoheir. Cais smiled upon him, and felicitated him on his escape; thus captivating Antar's whole mind and heart. Shas, on the contrary, received him haughtily, and with the harshest severity and most overbearing pride, exclaiming, Welcome, thou son of Zebeeba! When they had reposed and eaten, Rebia inquired of Shas the cause of his coming; who gave an explanation of all that had passed with his father on the subject. The next day, Shas, Malik, Cais, and Antar, with the whole army, marched forward, preceded by their immense plunder, the united property of three large tribes; and after three days marching, they approached their own country. As soon as they halted for the night, Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, repaired to the tents of Prince Shas. Malik cast himself at his feet, and

kissed his hand. What is the matter, O Malik? said Shas. O my lord, cried Malik, you have indeed done us the greatest of favours; and you have exposed yourself to imminent perils on our account: but now I implore you, my lord, graciously to bestow on us your protection. Keep off this vile black from my daughter: take her to your own dwelling when we reach home, and make her serve you as your slave; only suffer not this base-born to dishonour me in my daughter. It is true, my lord, his reputation is great, and his friends are numerous; and I am quite worn out by his attentions and importunities. His object is to espouse my daughter, and our enemies already exult in my shame and disgrace. I throw myself on you, my lord, and I consign my affairs entirely over to you: for you alone are able to assist me, and protect my daughter. Tell me whether you will do so or not! Either take my hand, or I will turn my face to the wilds and the deserts, and go down to one of the Arab princes, and demand protection of him; where I may become at least a respected guest, far from my own country. Shas pitied his distress: he endeavoured to soothe and calm him, saying, I will keep this black slave away from you: verily he shall be prohibited from any intercourse with your daughter, or I will make him drink of the cup of perdition. Thus Shas, having quieted Malik's mind, and dismissing him, sent for Antar; who no sooner appeared, than Shas abruptly commenced

by saying, Know, O son of Zebeeba, outrage ever ends ill; and he who covets what is not his by right, is an oppressor and a tyrant. Your uncle Malik was with me just now, and complained to me of his situation. I have granted to him my special protection, and his daughter Ibla will henceforward live in my family, and with my wife. Her enemies will be mine, and I warn you that you must no more frequent her society: no more must you talk of your marriage with her, either in private or in public; otherwise in no land will you have a more decided enemy than myself. I have heard you say a thousand times that you will never submit to disgrace or infamy; but now you are wittingly dishonouring yourself by a worldly lust after women. Do you indeed say, exclaimed Antar, whilst the tears started into his eyes, and he sighed from his sorrowing heart, do you indeed say that I am dishonoured by reason of my worldly desires? God forbid! Indeed, though love and affection thus overwhelm me in disgrace, it is my uncle himself that has excited my passion; for when she is a prisoner, he urges me to liberate her, and I expose my life to perils for her sake: but when his daughter is safe in his tent, he calls me a slave, and the son of a slave-woman. Antar's eyes flashed fire, and he quitted the presence of Shas; but he conquered his feelings till he came to his friend, Prince Malik, to whom he related all that had lately passed with Shas. O Aboolfawaris, said he, greatly distressed,

let not your bosom be agitated—let not your thoughts grieve you; for by him who created man and things, I will carry off Ibla for you, were I even to be slain in the attempt. I will accomplish your wishes. Wait patiently till we reach the presence of my father, and you shall see what I will do to your enemies. I will so act that you shall enjoy supreme authority over them all, high and low. Antar blessed him, and thanked him. Retiring, he waited till it was dark; when he said to his brother Shiboob, Son of a black, walk my horse Abjer into the open plain, that he may breathe freely, and recover from the fatigue of battles and conflicts; for I can no longer remain with this dastardly tribe. What has happened, asked Shiboob, that you are going to quit your country and family in such a hurry? Ay, cried Antar, as soon as we reach home, Prince Malik is resolved on taking my part; but Shas will never resign his hatred towards me. Thus disturbances will arise among the tribe, and this unhappy business will be productive of dissensions: so that the noble Arabs will say of me, that Antar was the cause of troubles and divisions among the tribe. Now I do not wish to load Prince Malik with my distresses, which are indeed intolerable; for he is interested about me in every trouble and adversity: it is my wish to cure my own disease with my own medicine, and not let my enemies triumph over me. I will establish myself at Mecca, near the holy shrine; and there will I

make my complaints to the Lord of mankind, in order that his supreme decrees may succour me, whether death assail me, or fortune relieve me. Do so, my brother, said Shiboob; wait patiently for Ibla, and comfort yourself. Yes, continued Antar; for as long as she resides in the habitation of her father and mother, my heart is at ease about her: but should her father listen to the addresses of any other person, then shall the Arabs learn what I will do: they shall see who is the most powerful. I will slay him, were he even in the chambers of Chosroe, or the Roman Emperor, or under the protection of the Kings of the tribe of Asfar. Not a man would I leave alive among them.

Shiboob followed his directions. He led out Abjer, and, quitting the tents, walked him about among the sands and wastes, till the renowned Antar joined him; and when it was quite dark, he mounted his steed and departed, preceded by Shiboob. They traversed plains and deserts; and, as they travelled on, Antar reflected on the frightful adventures he had encountered, and the dreadful scenes he had endured on account of Ibla. Still his ambitious passion was not assuaged, nor was his disorder, the result of his love, appeased: and thus he spoke:

" If, O tear, thou canst not relieve me in my " sorrow, perhaps thou mayst quench the flame " that consumes me. O heart, if thou wilt not wait

OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

" patiently for a meeting, die then the death of a " woe-begone, wandering stranger. How long must " I defy the evils of fortune, and encounter the " vicissitudes of night with the Indian blade! I " serve a tribe, whose hearts are the reverse of " what they exhibit in their fondness for me. I " am, in the field, the prince of their tribe; but, the " battle over, I am more despised than a slave. " Oh that I could annihilate this affection of a " lover! How it humiliates me! It agonizes my " heart; it enfeebles my courage. But I will soon " seek the sacred shrine, and complain of my ill- " usage to the Judge against whose decrees there " lies no appeal. I will renounce the days when " my tears deceived me, and I will aid the widowed " and plaintive dove. On thee, O daughter of Ma- " lik, be the peace of God! the blessing of a sor- " rowing, heart-grieved lover! I will depart, but " my soul is firm in its love for thee. Have pity, " then, on the cauterized heart of one far away. " Soon will my tribe remember me when the horse " advance—every noble warrior trampling and " stamping over them. Then, O daughter of Ma- " lik, will agony be plainly evident, when the coward " gnaws his hands in death."

Having finished his verses, Antar pursued his way with Shiboob, travelling day and night, until they approached the land of Mecca. Ours, my brother, said Shiboob, is a singular history; equally so is our journey into this country, for we have seen

no one. Forward, O Ebe Reah, cried Antar, for hitherto we have never seen any one but that has brought evil upon us; and truly I am harassed with encountering disasters, and my heart is disgusted at fighting. And Antar quoted these two couplets: "Retire within yourself, and be familiar "with solitude: when you are alone, you are in "the right road. Wild beasts are tamed by gentle "treatment, but men are never to be induced to "abandon their iniquities." He had scarcely finished these lines, when he distinguished a scream through the calmness of the night. O Arabs, look! is there not a human being in this desert who will hearken to my cry, who will observe the respect due to rank and noble birth? Will no one deliver my virgin daughters from the miseries of captivity and infamy? Alas, O disgrace! Alas, no aid, no succour! Such was the cry; and thus a voice continued:

"Flow and stream, O eyes, in copious tears for "the damsels, bereft of all assistance, friendless, "dishonoured in the desert. Mounted on tall ca- "mels, they mourn for such iniquitous barbarity in "the lonely waste. The old man, wounded, lies in "the last agony, and his sons have been robbed of "their lives by the calamitous spear. Their mo- "ther in her distress breathes in fire, and in the "madness of her passion calls on instant death. "O ye travellers by night under the veiled dark- "ness, perhaps there is a hero among ye who can "show himself a lion-warrior, and whose thrust in

" the battle-day under the black clouds of dust " may assist us against the foe before the pangs of " death arrive, and thus obtain a noble reward from " the eternal God."

As Antar heard this, the flame in his heart blazed afresh. Alas, my brother, said he, this must be an oppressed female. Her enemies have slain her sons, have made her daughters captive, and have left her to become a prey to her own anguish. I am resolved instantly to find out this wronged lady, and perhaps the God of Heaven will take vengeance on those who have wronged me. Thus saying, he slackened his bridle, and galloped over the country in the direction of the spot whence issued the voice. O mourner! O woman of tears and woe! he cried, tell me if any one has injured thee—that I may come to thy aid. Alas! replied the woman, whilst she wept from joy that some one had answered to her cry, By the Lord of Heaven, a horseman of the desert has insulted me; he has hurled at me the shafts of sorrow; he has slain my three sons, taken captive my three daughters, and has wounded my husband As-hath, the son of Obad. It is now three days and three nights that I am calling out in this wide desert, but no one has come to succour me—no one to intercede for me—no one has even vouchsafed me an answer, but thou, O Chief of the Arabs. If thou art a man of noble spirit, deliver me from this calamity. Of what tribe art thou? exclaimed Antar. I am of the noble race of Ken-

deh, she replied. This year a famine visited our lands; so we emigrated, in order to go down to the country of Harith, where we have a daughter married. It was our intention to settle there: but a warrior, called Sudam, son of Salheb, attacked us with forty horsemen of the plundering Arabs in this wild. They slew my three sons, and my three daughters they took prisoners, and wounded my husband As-hath. They are now about to convey us to the mountains of Toweila, there to sell us as slaves. Take care of these women, said Antar to Shiboob; assist them down from the backs of the camels, whilst I go and look out for those vile wretches who have done this foul deed. Thus saying, he urged on Abjer; and it was just at the first dawning of day, when he distinguished some horsemen advancing from the centre of the desert, headed by Sudam, like a ferocious lion, who thus exclaimed:

"I am Sudam, the assailer of warriors; in me is "a heart harder than mountains. In horror and "fear of me, even the wild beasts of the waste "shrink into the obscurity of caverns: and were "Death a substance, I would steep his right hand "in the blood of his left."

Antar grasped his spear; he slackened the bridle of his steed, and gave a shout that made the deserts and the rocks tremble. Frustrated are thy hopes, he cried; into hopeless misery art thou fallen. As Sudam cast his eyes on Antar, he rejoiced, and was

glad. Here is a glorious morning! he exclaimed, addressing his comrades: this booty to begin the day with will suffice. Assault him, one of ye; let him not escape: bring me his horse and his spoil. At the word, one of the forty galloped down upon Antar, crying out, State thy descent; peradventure thy connexion may protect thee: otherwise, deliver up thy horse and thy armour. But Antar deigned not an answer; and, without a word, he assailed him like a lion rushing out of his den: he brandished his lance before him, and, piercing him through the chest, forced the point out at his back; and he threw him down dead, weltering in his blood. Sudam and his associates marked Antar's intrepidity; they all stood aghast: but though Sudam was most anxious to engage him, his friends would not suffer him, and they all fell on Antar at once. He, however, received them as the parched soil the first of the rain; and plunging with them into the thick dust, he soon began to glean off horseman after horseman; so that the sun had scarcely risen, before they were all stretched upon the earth. Sudam was bewildered at such prodigious efforts of valour; and though he felt alarmed, he knew he must attack him. Accordingly, he advanced, and exclaimed, Hold, O Arab: tell me what horseman thou art, and with what tribe thou art connected; for thy battle excites my surprise, and thy prowess is most wonderful. I should be overjoyed in thy friendship, and I would willingly live with thee.

Let us unite our force and plunder; and, to begin, I will divide with thee the spoil that is now in our power. There are three virgins; and those who were to have shared them with me thou hast killed. Away, thou son of a cuckold, replied Antar; away with this absurdity: come on to the contest! Despair of this booty and these damsels, for the God on high has delivered them from bondage and infamy. Sudam was highly indignant that Antar should presume to thwart him, or he be disappointed of his prey; so he rushed upon him, and sought to engage him, conceiving that he must be like other warriors whom he had fought. But Antar received him like a ferocious lion: he gave him no time either to advance or to retreat, but struck him on the chest with his cleaving Dhami, and he divided him down to the belt of his back. Sudam fell down dead, weltering in his blood. At that moment Shiboob ran towards him, swift as a blast of wind; and seeing that Antar had slain the hero, he congratulated him on his safety. And when they had collected the scattered horses and dispersed spoil, they repaired to the women; who, at the sight of this plunder, felt convinced that their defender had destroyed their enemies. So they crowded round him, and kissed his hands, thanking and praising him; but the mother of the damsels advanced before the others, and thus extolled her deliverer:

"May thy God grant thee all thou desirest in

" thy hopes, and bestow on thy lands the blessings
" of plenteous showers! O Knight of the troop!
" O thou unrivalled hero in the tumultuous clatter
" of spears and the thrusts of the lances! may
" every morn thy foes tremble before thee! May
" their lives dread the speed of death! May thy
" envious enemies feel in every limb their hearts
" fried in flames and fire! Mayst thou increase in
" glory wherever they insult thee; and may the
" sword of thy honour rest on their skulls and
" heads! Were people to be impartial in their
" language, and tell the truth, no one but thee
" would they style a hero: for truly thou standest
" alone, unequalled in the universe, matchless in
" the mountains and the valleys."

Antar was exceedingly gratified at the old lady's verses, and greatly admired her eloquence, and the elegance of her expressions. He requested the young women to veil themselves; and turning towards their father, who was lying on the ground, he dismounted, and bound up his wounds, and assisted him to sit down to repose himself a little; congratulating him at the same time on his deliverance from his enemies. The Sheikh thanked him, and kissed his hands. Antar also rested himself awhile after the fatigues of the conflict, and the old lady brought him something to eat, which she placed before him, whilst her daughters stood round him in silent admiration. Now Antar had eaten

nothing since his separation from Ibla, neither had he slept; so he ate till he was satisfied, and then asked them whither they were going with their baggage? We wish, they replied, to proceed on our journey to the tribe of Harith, for they are our relations; and with them we intend to remain all this year, O Aboolfawaris. Upon this, Antar directed them to mount their camels: so they all seated themselves in their howdahs, together with the Sheikh; and they departed, seeking the rocky deserts. But as Antar accompanied them, the Sheikh questioned him about his affairs, and his projects, and his expectations. Antar informed him of all his adventures with his uncle Malik, and that he was now going to Mecca and the holy shrine, there to take up his residence for some time. O Aboolfawaris, said the Sheikh, my heart is much interested in your fate: you have made me forget even the slaughter of my sons; for you have indeed acted nobly towards me, and done what no friend ever did for friend before. But I have nothing with which to recompense you for these honourable deeds, but these honourable damsels, whom you liberated with the blade of your sword and the barb of your spear. Take one of them, I beseech you: come and live with us, that we may serve you with all our power—myself, this old lady, and my daughters, even to our dying day. How can this be? said Antar. How can I resign

Ibla, my uncle's daughter? and he thus continued in verse:

"Were my heart mine own, I should desire "nothing beyond you—it would covet nothing but "you. But it loves what tortures it; where no "word, no deed encourages it."

The Sheikh was amazed at Antar's love and passion: and thus they travelled on till they reached the land of Harith; and as they were now in safety, Antar took leave of them; and giving them all the horses and spoil he had captured, he separated from them, and, in company with Shiboob, traversed the plains and the wastes till he arrived at Mecca. He alighted in the Sacred Valley, and there he resided, passing his days in hunting, to relieve his sorrows and afflictions, and his nights with Shiboob, in talking over old stories and past events.

CHAPTER X.

Soon after Antar's departure, the sons of Zoheir searched for him in every direction; but, when all their inquiries were fruitless, Prince Malik was sorely grieved for his loss, for he loved him sincerely. Shedad and his companions were also much troubled; but Malik, Ibla's father, and Rebia, and Shas, were the happiest of men. Now, indeed, said Shas to Amarah, your business has succeeded to your every wish—you have no rival with Ibla, in the absence of that obstinate black; therefore, as soon as you reach home, present to her father the marriage dower and settlement, be married to Ibla, and thus obtain your heart's desire: I will back your claims. And turning to Malik, Ibla's father, he added, Give your hand to Amarah—make your daughter over to him, and marry him to her: I, too, will stand as witness for you, that our projects may be completed, our hearts relieved from pain; and Ibla will be in security in the dwellings of the Zeead family. I swear by your liberality towards me, cried Malik, I wish Amarah may have ten sons by her at least; and he extended his hand to Amarah: and the contract was formed by shaking hands. Thus he married his daughter to him, and

the people of the tribe witnessed the deed. For my part, said Oorwah, I anticipate nothing but evil and ill luck to us all from this match; for whoever espouses that girl will rise in the morning a headless trunk. Prince Cais laughed at Oorwah's predictions, for he too was aware of their folly. The plot soon reached Prince Malik, who was in the rear of the army. By the faith of an Arab, said he to Shedâd, I much fear that some sad disaster will befal my brother Shas for all this, and that he will repent when the evil day comes; but never will I permit Amarah to feast on Ibla until I am withdrawn from the mansions of this world. However, you may now demand back from your brother all that your son Antar gave him in cattle, and Asafeer camels, and he camels, and the tiaras and girdles, and the diadem; for it was all Antar's property. Let us say nothing about it, said Shedad, till we reach home; then you shall see what I will do in the presence of King Zoheir. Having marched on till evening, they alighted and reposed till morning, when they pursued their way to the land of Abs and Adnan, near the lake of Zat ool irsad, where they halted. Shas had always kept in the advance of the army, and it was his practice to pass his leisure time in hunting. One day, on the march, he separated from his brothers, and, only taking with him ten horsemen, he launched out among the wilds and the plains in pursuit of the antelope and the deer. Prince Malik went home. And just

as Shas and his comrades were returning, lo! a great dust arose and obscured the country; and there came forth a hundred horsemen, all in steel, and advancing from the quarter of the tribe of Fazarah. Shas and his friends divided themselves into three parties. Sons of my uncle, said he, if this troop attack us, we have no other means of escaping death but by the blows of the sword: separate, therefore, four horsemen in each division. To this they assented, and soon the ten heroes attacked the strangers; but in less than an hour they were all slain, and Shas was taken prisoner, and dragged before the chief, whose name was Maisoor, son of Zeead, of the tribe of Hazrej, which was also a division of the tribe of Harith. He was roaming about on a predatory excursion against the lands of Abs and Adnan; and for two days they had concealed themselves in the country of the tribe of Fazarah, but had not chanced to fall on any prey till they met Shas and his party. The prisoner was soon brought into the presence of Maisoor, who resolved on killing him, for Shas had slain Maisoor's brother in the fray; but as soon as he looked at him, and saw how magnificently he was dressed, and that he was mounted on an Arab steed, richly caparisoned with housings of burnished gold, studded with pearls and jewels, he was assured that he was a distinguished chieftain. State your birth and parentage, said he, perhaps they may save you, before you are laid low in the dust. I am the son of King

Zoheir, ruler of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, replied Shas. I have slain some of your countrymen, and am now in your power: demand whatever quantity of cattle you please; but, should you put me to death, you are aware that behind me are warlike tribes and heroes. Shas, you must die, exclaimed Maisoor, silent must be your soul; you afflicted me in my brother, and have left me to mourn him for ever. Upon this he placed him on the back of a horse, and scourged him with a whip he held in his hand till the blood streamed from every part of his body; and then Maisoor and his companions passed over deserts and wilds, seeking their own country, whilst Shas endured the pangs of death at every moment.

In the mean time Prince Malik and his companions reached home; but in the greatest distress at the disappearance of Antar, the intrepid warrior. When they presented themselves to King Zoheir, they informed him of the dreadful scenes they had endured with the Teyans, and the battles they had fought; and to the King's inquiries about Antar, they related his exploits. When he asked for his son Shas, they assured him he was on a hunting party, and that he would return in the evening. King Zoheir was persuaded that they had ill-used Antar; and observing his son Malik was full of grief, and that he was unable to speak, Tell me, my son, said he, what ails thee. May God curse every act of oppression and those who

abet it! exclaimed Malik: curses on those who know what justice is, and do not adhere to it. He then stated to him all that had happened to Antar: how he had exposed his life in battle and carnage for the family of Zeead, and had rescued them from dangers; and how they had obliged him to abandon them in the desert. Vilest of men, cried King Zoheir, turning to Amarah, this is all owing to your infamous conduct towards your tribe, and your treachery to Ibla in taking her captive: your death would indeed be more gladsome than your life! Is this the return that you make your cousin Antar, the destroyer of horsemen, for having delivered you, on his arrival from Persia, out of the hands of the Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age? He immediately ordered the slaves to seize Amarah. They rushed upon him, and, throwing him on the ground, they laid on him with such heavy blows, that the blood streamed from every part of his body till he was almost dead; whilst his brother Rebia stood by, but dared not make a single remark on the subject, knowing well what King Zoheir suffered on account of Antar's absence and his son's wounds. Oorwah only laughed at the indignities and disgraces thus heaped upon Amarah. Well, Amarah, said he, these are the first-fruits of your marriage with Ibla. Still the slaves continued to beat Amarah; and, when he was near his last gasp, they tied him, with his hands behind him, to a tent-pole, groaning in excess of pain. King Zo-

heir now ordered Malik, Ibla's father, into his presence. What! cried the king, do you consider yourself as one of the illustrious Arabs and a Chief of the tribe of Abs and Adnan in rank and degree? How then have you dared to act thus? How dared you to accept your daughter's dower from your nephew, and, refusing to acknowledge it, marry her to another? Your infamy and ignominy will not be consummated till you have wedded her to a wretch who has violated your honour, and clothed you in shame amongst all the Arabs of the desert and the plains. How often has Antar liberated you from captivity and misery, even after you had exposed him to a sea of deaths in the land of Irak! And did he not bring to you the wealth of the King of Persia and of King Monzar, with their he-camels and Asafeer she-camels? O my lord, replied Malik (for his deceit and cunning were ever at hand), I swear by your liberality. I have not injured my nephew Antar. I have delivered my daughter over to your son Shas; and when I said to him, Let no one else interfere with her—she is your property; you know what is good and what is bad for us; you are lord over my children and my property; my daughter is at your disposal—marry her to any one you think will suit her: No one but the Chief Amarah is a proper match for her, was your son's reply. So he betrothed her to Amarah, and was arranging all our differences, when I objected, saying, My lord, how can this

be? my nephew has already brought me the marriage dower, and your father favours him on this point, as also your brother Malik. Away with your folly! continued Shas; I will settle it. And he sent for Antar, and made terms with him: at which being much exasperated, he abandoned us in the night, and we know not whither he is gone. So vexed am I at his absence, that I feel as if on the burning coals of hell—for he was indeed a limb of my own limbs; but I could not thwart Prince Shas's orders. Now that my daughter is at home, I pray you, do not use her ill, but look after her as you please: make her one of your handmaidens, and I am your slave. Do you and the tribe of Abs bear witness to what I say. King Zoheir saw through all his art and malevolence, but said, Let there be no compulsion used towards Ibla, till Antar appears, and we hear what he has to say; we will then decide who is to blame: and, when my son Shas returns, he will explain what you said to him, or I will expose you to the public for your conduct. King of the Age, exclaimed Shedad, it is my turn now to demand of Rebia and his brother the blood of my son. It is they and Malik, who has married his daughter to Amarah, who have destroyed him. O that thou, O Shedad, groaned out Amarah, O that thou wert but married with this kind of ceremony, which consists only of stripes and whips. King Zoheir and all his attendants laughed heartily at Amarah; and thus

they continued talking, till, it being dark, they all separated. But still Shas did not return. King Zoheir was in great distress, and was much agitated till the dawn of day—but Shas did not return. Convinced, at length, of the loss of his son, he called out to his horsemen, and ordered them to go forth in quest of Shas over the whole desert. They mounted their steeds, and plunged into the midst of the waste, where they roamed about the whole day, and returned at night, having heard nothing of Shas. King Zoheir's affliction increased, and the tears poured down like rain. Alas! it is his base conduct towards Antar, he cried, that has ruined my son. By the faith of a noble Arab of Medhr, if I hear of his death, I will strike off the head of that Amarah, and I will hang Malik, son of Carad.

Now Maisoor was continuing his journey with Shas, torturing him and making him swallow the bitterness of death, till he reached the land of the tribe of Harith, and Shas was nearly lifeless. When they were settled in Maisoor's tents, he summoned his comrades: You know, said he, that this Absian prisoner has slain my brother, and I must put him to death; do you take his horse and his arms, and those of his comrades, and leave me to assuage my heart by tormenting him. He enclosed Shas between four bars of iron, and stationed a guard of slaves over him; and, whenever he went out, he kicked him; and, whenever he entered, he thumped

him with his fists; and, when Shas was hungry, he gave him nothing to eat; neither did he allow any one to pity him. This story was soon spread abroad amongst the tents, till, at last, the torments and disgraces Shas endured reached the chief of the tribe. He was a valiant horseman, and his name was Mewhoob, son of Yezid. He sent for Maisoor, and said to him, My cousin, such conduct towards your prisoner is by no means just; for he is a prince, and the son of a prince—his father is supreme among the tribes of Arabs: and I cannot possibly permit you to kill him, now that this business is become so public, unless you go to the King of this country, Abdoolmodan, and consult with him about destroying him. If he order you to kill him, do as he bids you; but, if you kill him without his permission, he will be bound to punish you. For, most certainly, the family of your captive will not rest quiet—and, no doubt, some one here will depart, and give information to his tribe: and, if his father hear of his death, he will mount, and come down upon us with the tribes of Abs and Adnan, Fazarah and Ghiftan, Marah and Dibyan, for he rules over those Arabs; and he will root us out of the land. And should he send us to our King, and require our punishment at his hands, he will be greatly enraged against us, and will say to us, You took the son of King Zoheir prisoner, and slew him with your own hands, so you must suffer what you made him suffer. Now, my cousin, take

my advice—relieve your prisoner from torture, and consult with King Abdoolmodan. Maisoor was much disturbed at this, and alarmed at the dangers that threatened him. He hastened back to Shas, and untied his hands, but bound his feet, and kicked him in the rear; and, having stationed a slave over him, he rode away, with twenty horsemen, traversing the wilds and the wastes on his way to King Abdoolmodan.

But Shas, now that his torments were somewhat lightened, addressed Maisoor's wife, saying, Noble lady, will there ever be any relief from the deaths I endure? If they delay much longer to kill you, she replied, you will probably escape total perdition, and perhaps be ransomed at a considerable price, for wealth softens the hearts of all men. O my aunt, added Shas, I am powerful in cattle and possessions, but I have no one whom I can send to inform my family of my situation. And Shas continued talking till a party of women entered, all clothed in black; among whom was an elderly lady, who, after saluting Maisoor's wife, exclaimed, Daughter of mine uncle, who is this young prisoner? Cousin, replied the lady of the dwelling, springing up on her feet and complimenting her guest, this is the son of the King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan. The moment she heard this she advanced towards Shas, and, expressing her grief at his misfortunes, Young man, said she, are you indeed one of King Zoheir's

sons? Yes, my aunt, replied Shas. Which of them? continued the lady. I am Shas; he answered. May God grant your rescue, exclaimed she; for you are all famed for your bravery, your benevolence, and liberality—but I do not think you seem to be very eloquent. Now her view in this speech was to learn something of his history, and to draw from him some of Antar's verses. Noble lady, he replied, you have among you some of the tribe of Cahtan, who are so gifted with eloquence that they put to shame all the tribe of Adnan. Yes, said she, we can boast of Emir ool Cais, the son of Hijir: he has already fixed some lines on the Holy Shrine, in which are these words:

"My beloved is come to me, to efface all painful "impressions from my tortured heart. Didst thou "not see that, when she visited me by night, I "found the sweetest essences in her breath? Yet "she loves me not."

We also, cried Shas, laughing and much pleased, have a black, born to slavery, who tends the camels and the sheep. We have lately admitted him to our rank, and acknowledged him as a relation. He can utter the most perfect rhymes—such as neither Emir ool Cais nor any one else can equal. Had I known his real worth among warriors, never should I have fallen into bondage and captivity. By your life! cried the lady, do you not recollect any of his verses? Upon which Shas repeated these two distiches:

" May nought but protection touch thee from " the sword! Mayst thou ever move like the " branch of the ever-green tamarisk; resembling " the flowers that glow in the evening, entwined in " chains round her neck."

Before Shas finished, the ladies joined in testifying their pleasure and admiration. The thoughts are indeed most beautifully expressed, observed the old woman, and their meaning is elegantly conveyed. But are not these the words and rhymes of the great Antar, son of Shedad, who is distracted with his love for Ibla? Yes, said Shas; and I perceive you are acquainted with him. Most true, she added: I heard of him some time ago, with my family, in the noble tribe of Kendeh. Is he married to Ibla, or not? Alas! cried Shas, I am the person who has injured him: I thwarted him in the execution of his purpose. But I have bound myself to the God of Heaven, who is our final refuge, that, should I be liberated this time by his means, I will throw myself at his feet; for he is a favoured being, and he who is his foe quickly falls into fetters and manacles. May God destroy his oppressors, and save us from his death! said the lady. How speedy are his rewards! Adhere firmly, O Arab, to this resolution, and feel secure of liberty; for this soul would not exist in the body of man but in the expectation of the beneficence of Fortune. And having recommended Maisoor's wife to behave kindly to him, she left him. Now

this was the woman of Kendeh whom Antar had rescued, with her husband and her daughters, from the grasp of Sudam, and had afterwards escorted to her family. So, as soon as she returned home, she sent for her husband, to whom she communicated the circumstance. Cousin, said she, we have now the means of rewarding Antar for his gallant conduct—Shas, liberated by his hand, will befriend him in his suit for Ibla. Mount, therefore, your camel, and hasten to Mecca, and acquaint Antar with what has happened; and let him determine in his wisdom how to act. As-hath mounted his camel without delay, and departed over the plains and wastes on his way to Mecca; and he had been on his journey only three days when he met Maisoor, who was all joy, accompanied by ten horsemen, officers of the government of Abdoolmodan. Now Maisoor, as soon as he was admitted into the presence of Abdoolmodan, kissed his hands, and consulted him about Shas. Hasten back, cried he, avenge your brother's death; and, if you are able, do the same to all the tribe of Abs: root them out. Delighted at this permission, Maisoor returned with his ten officers, all anxious to enjoy the sight of Shas's execution; for, at that period, there was not an Arab but cried out for blood and vengeance against the tribe of Abs. When Maisoor reached home, he ordered his servants to slaughter camels and sheep, and prepare a feast, and make ready a sumptuous entertainment for his

whole clan; and he particularly requested the attendance of Mewhoob. Satiated with eating, they called for the goblets of wine; and as they drank, they cast the offals and scraps at Shas, whilst he himself was bewailing the severity of his fate; for he was a prince, and could not endure his reverse of fortune; and whenever Maisoor looked at him, he wept. Ali, cried he, when you pierced my brother Shiban through the chest, and forced the spear out at his back, why had you not pity on him? why did you not feel for him? Early to-morrow morning will I hang thee, that those present and absent may take warning by thy fate. The lady of Kendeh was witness to this scene: it was dark, and the wine rioted in the heads of the guests, most of them having already retired to their dwellings; the servants were lying down asleep, and Shas was bemoaning his torments in tears and lamentations—thus speaking:

"Was there ever seen by the stars of night one "like me, bewildered, and sorrowing and sighing "for his native land? And by the lustre of the "dawn the foe will spoil him of his life in their "ferocity, or murder with their daggers. O ye "breathing gales, in the name of God, blow high "to Mount Saadi; peradventure ye may explain "my situation to my brother Cais, and Rebia, and "Malik; for I am bound to my tribes by ties that "they will remember. Look, my cousins: in the "obscurity hear the herald announce—the mes-

" senger proclaim the tidings. Then let the dust " of the horsemen appear: let its black clouds arise " in sable columns, and beneath its dark shadows " let Antar be the consolation of my disquieted " heart. He, with his might, can indeed calm my " mind, and soothe it into patience."

And lo! a person entered, and took him by the hand. Shas, congratulate thyself on thy safety, said the stranger, at the same time striking off the bonds from his hands. Absian, follow me to my tent—fear not—you are at liberty, continued the voice. Shas instantly arose and followed his guide, whilst the darkness of the night concealed them till they reached a spacious tent, and Shas's terrors and alarms were at an end; and as he considered the person's face by the light of the fire, behold it was the old lady, the mother of the young women, the same that had addressed him a few days ago. Explain all this to me, said he, for truly you have dared a deed for me the bravest warriors would not venture to do; and I must make you some return for so noble an act. High-born Shas, replied the dame, whatever you may wish to do towards me, do it for Antar, son of Shedad, and befriend him in his marriage with Ibla. Let this be my engagement between God and you: when you meet him, kiss his bosom and his hands for me; aid him, and be kind to him, for we were all delivered by his sword, and rescued by his spear. And she related to him all that the mighty Antar had done for her

and her family when he met them; how he had delivered them from the grasp of Sudam, and had conducted them to this country. I have despatched my husband, she continued, to Antar, to give him this intelligence, that he may take measures for your rescue: but when I saw your death was nigh, I did this deed. Shas listened, and his eyes were filled with tears at Antar's exploits, as he said to himself, Such was ever Antar's conduct towards me and to all mankind; but we disgraced him by servitude, and we degraded him to the care of camels and sheep. Such has been our conduct to him, Chiefs and Princes as we are, boasting of our high rank and our superior condition. But if I am liberated from this critical situation, and meet him again, I will kiss the soles of his feet; I will aid him, and treat him generously. The old woman now presented him food, of which he ate till he was satisfied: she also brought him some women's clothes, and put them on him, and made him sit with her daughters; so that all his fears were removed, and he reposed quietly till morning.

At day-light, Maisoor waked from his sleep, and sent for Shas, that he might torture him as usual, and afterwards hang him. The slaves went forth to drag him in, but could not find him: they rushed in crowds towards their master, and crying out with a loud voice, exclaimed, He is gone, he is gone. He shouted out to his horsemen, who mounted, and separated over the wastes and wilds till the third

hour, when they returned without any news of the fugitive, having perceived no trace of his flight. Maisoor felt assured of his calamity: he dashed his fist against his head till the blood darted from the veins. Just then one of Abdoolmodan's officers came up to him, and addressed him: his name was Shireed, son of Mean, and he was a devil in the form of a man. Be not so distressed, said he; search among your enemies in your own clan, for certainly he is not gone hence. My opinion is, that you should direct a woman to search the women, and a man to search the men; thus you will succeed. Maisoor acknowledged the good counsel; and having given the necessary orders to his slaves and handmaidens, he stationed men on the highways, and women in the tents.

When the old lady observed this, and that the search had already commenced in the first tents, she instantly started up, and taking up a cauldron, she filled it with water, and placed it on the fire; and when she had infused into it many medicinal roots, and fresh herbs, and black juices, she let it remain on the fire till it boiled: she then stripped Shas quite naked, and stained him with the dye till he became totally black; and clothing him in the garb of a slave, she conducted him out, he going before her with the other slaves, driving the camels and the sheep to the pastures. But when they were at some distance, she saw Shireed himself, who immediately turned away from them; but the old

lady commenced the conversation, saying, May God assist you, mighty sir; you have indeed performed deeds which no man on earth can surpass. I hope you will catch this accursed Absian, so that my sorrowing heart also may be relieved by his death; for the Absians slew my sons. Thus she pursued her way over the desert, till, reaching the pasture, she turned towards Shas, and said, Be no more afraid—you are now free. Fly—bend your steps towards Mecca, and when you meet Antar, kiss his hands for me: salute him for me. So Shas bounded over the wastes, hardly crediting his escape, and continued running forward and looking behind him till evening: he then turned out of the road into a mountain-cave, where he slept till the night was almost passed. Again he arose, and set out on his way to Mecca, till the sun arose and he thought himself secure from pursuit, when lo! in front of him arose a thick dust, and horsemen appeared like black eagles, who no sooner espied Shas than they rode down towards him, and surrounded him on all sides, headed by a Chief, who, staring in his face, Cousins, said he, this is the very fellow who last night was lurking about our tents, and stole my horse Sahab. And he seized Shas, and tied him with cords, and bound him fast, and fastened a long rope round his neck; and as he dragged him along, Villain, said he, how dared you lurk about my tent, and steal my horse, and thus impudently venture back a second time among us? I will tor-

ture you well, and punish you, and cut your throat. But tell me, whither have you carried my horse? Shas groaned from the excess of agony he endured: Arab, he cried, I am no robber; I know nothing about it. Do not put me to death—you may suffer for it; for I am indeed Shas, son of King Zoheir, King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, Fazarah and Ghiftan, Marah and Dibyan. I have been made prisoner in this land, and have encountered infamy and disgrace, such as no one but myself has ever endured; and only by this disguise have I escaped death. Shas continued speaking till one of the horsemen ran up, and struck him with his fist in the face with his whole force: O my countrymen, said he, this fellow's father, King Zoheir, slew my father some years ago, and I in consequence was brought up an orphan; so they took away from me all I possessed in goods, in he and she camels, and noble steeds: but now has fate delivered this hero into my hands, that I may avenge my father's murder. His companions approved the justice of the threat, and were surrounding Shas, to put him to death; and as he was about to be destroyed, lo! various wild beasts were seen scudding towards them, and antelopes running away in terror. A man on foot was coming down upon them like a descending cloud, and behind him there appeared a lion-warrior, like a tower on a promontory, or a fragment rent from the mountain's side; and close to him rode a horseman, mounted on a steed that

outstripped the western wind. The horsemen stopped to contemplate the agility and powers of the man on foot; and when he drew nigh, Shas gazed intently at him, and lo! it was Shiboob, and the hero behind him was his brother Antar, the lion-warrior. Haste to me, Shiboob, exclaimed Shas; I am Shas, King Zoheir's son. I have fallen into the hands of these wretches, and have suffered horrors; and had I not seen you at this very instant, my gall had burst, and I had expired of agony. Foul wretches, exclaimed Shiboob, let go my lord Shas, for Antar, the trampling hero, is coming down upon ye. And he roared out to his brother, Come hither, thou son of a black woman; God has facilitated thy success, and has accorded his divine aid. Antar increased his speed, and galloped towards him.

Now the cause of Antar's appearance in that spot was As-hath, whom the old lady had desired to go for him. With all haste he traversed the plains till he reached Mecca, where he inquired for Antar; and being directed to his residence, he introduced himself, and told him what had happened to Shas, and how he had left him in despair. May God never deliver him from peril or death! cried Shiboob, for my brother has no such enemy among the Absians as him. Brother, said Antar, bear malice against no man; and he repeated these verses:

"Do not bear malice, O Shiboob. Renounce it;
"for no good ever came of malice. Violence is

" infamous: its result is ever uncertain, and no one " can act justly when actuated by hatred. Let my " heart support every evil, and let my patience " endure till I have subdued all my foes."

When Antar had finished, the old man was amazed at such clemency towards his enemies, strong and powerful as he was. That night they reposed, but early next day Antar said to As-hath, Let us depart, O Sheikh, before my lord Shas be reduced to the last extremity, and be killed. The Sheikh and Antar were soon mounted, and Shiboob started in front of them, making the wild beasts and antelopes fly before him; and they proceeded till they reached the spot where they found Shas at the point of death with those horsemen, who belonged to the tribe of Riyan. As soon as Shiboob recognized them and addressed them, he attacked them with his arrows, and gave notice to Antar, who urged on Abjer towards them: but he did not come up with them till Shiboob had brought down three warriors with his shafts. Antar quickly slew seven of them, and only one escaped, mounted on a swift camel.

Antar devoted himself to Shas, and, dismounting from Abjer, loosened the rope from his neck, and untied the cords from his hands. Shas hung down his head from shame, and wept bitterly. Rejoice, my lord, said Antar, in your safety; grieve not for the past, for no one is born but to encounter evil. O Aboolfawaris, replied Shas, it is not that I am

distressed at the misfortunes that have befallen me, but it is the abominable conduct that I have pursued towards you: had you not effected my release, I should have even destroyed myself before the evening. No more of that, cried Antar, till I have gratified all your wishes. My first wish, said Shas, is to come close to you, that I may kiss your hands and the soles of your feet, and thus bind myself in love to you for ever, and exert all my power and faculties in proving my sincerity towards you. As he spoke, he cast himself at Antar's feet, in order to kiss them: but Antar begged him not. Shas would not listen to Antar's expostulations, till, said Shiboob, we want no kissing of feet from you; all we demand of you is to order his uncle to give him his daughter in marriage. Speak no more, O Shiboob, cried Shas, until we reach home, and I will concert a plan that will amaze the high and low. Upon this, they moved towards a pool of water, into which they plunged Shas, and washed off the black dye. Antar took out some of his best clothes, and having dressed him, he mounted him on one of the noble captured steeds. Take you, O Sheikh, said Antar to As-hath, these horses, and all this plunder. Depart home, and may God reward you for your worthy acts. As-hath thanked him, and drove the horses and plunder before him, seeking his own country.

But Antar and Shas, and Shiboob in front,

marched on till about the third hour, when a dust arose ahead. They halted to observe it attentively, when lo! two thousand horsemen of the tribe of Riyan appeared, with their King Hoosan at their head.

The horseman who had escaped did not stop in his flight till he reached the dwellings of his clan. The whole tribe crowded round him, inquiring what was the matter. He informed them what Antar had done, and how he had destroyed his comrades: and as soon as King Hoosan heard the news, he cried out to all near him, Come on, my countrymen, perhaps we may still succeed in slaying him. To this proposal they all assented; and they marched away, two thousand in number, till they overtook Antar and Shas: and as they drew nigh, they attacked them, shouting aloud, with spears and faulchions. Shas no sooner beheld this disaster than he felt convinced of his death, and that he could not even escape by flight. Alas! he exclaimed, have I escaped so often only at last to fall into this greater peril? Fate and destiny I have hitherto averted, but this can never be repelled. Antar smiled. My lord, said he, congratulate yourself on your security from death and destruction; for there are only two thousand assailants—vagabond Arabs: and by your munificence, I would this day annihilate, for your sake, the inhabitants of the earth in its utmost breadth and length.

Cheer up your heart, and brighten up your eye!
And Antar thus continued in verse:

"Augment not thy fears and alarms, my lord.
"Come on with the black, well practised in war.
"By thy life, were there thousands, I would meet
"them and scatter them to the east, and disperse
"them to the west. I am the image of death—
"such as those figure to themselves who are bereft
"of their children or of their parents. The Indian
"blade obeys my hand; for, when the day of ter-
"rors is intense, I glut it with blows. The tall
"spear complains of thirst among the foe, but with
"me it is drenched in draughts of blood. More-
"over I should say, the sword would be heavy to
"my joints, were I not to mount with it on a
"strong horse. I am the Absian Antar, the horse-
"man of his tribe, when the brave hasten into the
"theatre of war. I plunge among the warriors in
"the scene of battle, and destroy them with spear
"and scimitar of wrath. There lives not my equal
"in all the tribes, and in the conflict of lions. I
"dread not flight: my charger, my lance, my
"breast-plate, my courage, my sword, my shield,
"plunder far and wide the foe. Tribe of Abs, on
"the battle-day I am yours, and my glory is en-
"nobled by that parentage."

As he finished, he fell upon the enemy like a ferocious lion, his soul unappalled at death! he assailed the two thousand with reiterated blows and repeated thrusts; and as different bodies followed

one another, he dispersed them over the whole plain, and overthrew them far and wide: whilst Shiboob, in front of Abjer, shot his arrows, and slew the horsemen to the right and left, laying them low in the field of battle. The dust was immense; it arose in rapid columns; and the mind was scared at the exploits of Antar, who was now engaged in the hottest of the fight, when King Hoosan himself appeared, exciting his heroes and rallying his horsemen, as he shouted out, What means this horror which a single slave has infused into you, you so numerous a host? Rush down on him on all sides with your spears; hack him piecemeal with your scimitars, or he will extirpate ye all, even to the last, and he will quit your lands safe and unhurt. But Antar permitted him not to conclude his harangue: he assaulted him like a devouring lion: he roared at him in a voice that thrilled through him, and filled his whole soul: he pierced him with his spear through the chest, and forced it out quivering at his back. Hoosan fell dead, weltering in his blood. But as he had been mounted on one of the most celebrated steeds of Arabia, Antar said to Shiboob, Take this fine charger to Prince Shas; tell him to mount, and not be afraid. Shiboob obeyed, and quitted the contest with the horse. Shas was standing aloof in one corner of the plain, contemplating the intrepid conduct of Antar, and the slaughter he was making. He was all amazement at such brilliant achievements, and at his

style of destroying his opponents with his blows and thrusts; and there he continued till Shiboob joined him with the horse, and said, Rejoice in your safety, my lord, your enemies are destroyed. So Shas mounted, and again became a valiant warrior; assailing the foe, and engaging in the combat—bold under the protection of Antar. The battle continued to rage, and blood to flow, and the flame of war to blaze, till night came on, and veiled them in obscurity. More than six hundred and fifty of the tribe of Riyan being slain, the remainder dispersed, crying out, May God curse your flat-nosed father and your harlot mother! How strong are your blows! how forceful are your thrusts! Antar, Shas, and Shiboob pursued them, till, having driven them out of that country, they returned to the dispersed horses and scattered spoil, which they collected: and as Shas observed that Antar was like one merged in a sea of blood, he kissed him between the eyes, and complimented him. By your existence, my prince, said Antar, had the day-light lasted longer, I would not have permitted one of them to return home. Shas was amazed at his magnanimity and discourse; and whilst they were wandering over the deserts and the sand-hills, Antar wished to halt and rest. Let us not alight here, cried Shiboob, for cares and difficulties may befal us. I am well acquainted with all these tracts, and here it was that your father Shedad made us captives. There is not a

spot that I do not know, nor a fountain I am not acquainted with. Ahead of us, on the road, are ravines and defiles, and a valley, rocked in on all sides, called the Valley of Foxes; and much I fear that the fugitives who have sought their own country may rally against us and come down upon us, and, by anticipating us, may possess themselves of the entrance of the defiles. Take my advice—listen to me, and let me conduct you out of this wilderness and desert towards the country of the tribe of Zebeed. I will lead you across those mountains and plains, and hasten with you into the land of Dimeya and the Great Lake and the waters of the tribe of Akhram. We will then ascend the hills of Khashakhish, and descend into Edjil, where we need be under no alarm or apprehension. Thence we will traverse the land of the tribe of Rebeeah, and speed into the country of Abs and Adnan—thus being secure from the people of Riyan. Forward, then, thou Father of the Winds, said Antar, highly approving of his counsel: go on, whithersoever it pleaseth thee, and do what thou listest. So Shiboob ran on before them, and Shas and Antar followed him, till they were at some distance from the land of Riyan, and the face of security shone upon them. Shiboob was their guide, and conducted them through various tribes, from clan to clan, until he brought them to the land of the tribe of Codha'ah. And it was on the fifth day of their journey that they arrived at the

Great Lake and the waters of the tribe of Akhram. Antar was astonished at Shiboob's accurate knowledge in traversing these plains and deserts; and when they reached the tribe of Ghaylem they reposed and rested. Here they ate something, and their eyes sought sleep. But, as they slept, Antar beheld his beloved Ibla, and her image visited him by night: he saw her charms and her beauties. It was near morning when he awoke. His love and passion were intense; but, feeling strong in hope under the protection of Shas, he repeated these verses:

"The dear image of Ibla visited in sleep the "victim of love, intoxicated with affliction. I arose "to complain of my sufferings from love, and the "tears from my eyes bedewed the earth. I kissed "her teeth—I smelled the fragrance of musk and "the purest ambergris. I raised up her veil, and "her countenance was brilliant, so that night be-"came unveiled. She deigned to smile, and looked "most lovely; and I saw in her eye the lustre of "the full moon. She is environed with swords "and calamitous spears, and about her dwelling "prowls the lion of the land. O Ibla, love for thee "lives in my bones, with my blood; as long as life "animates my frame, there will it flow. O Shas, "I am persecuted with a deadly passion, and the "flame of the fire blazes still fiercer. O Shas, "were not the influence of love overpowering every

" resolution, thou wouldst not thus have subdued " Antar."

Shas had also waked from his sleep, and overheard what Antar had uttered; and his heart was sorely pained at his plaints. Calm your heart, and brighten your eye, O Aboolfawaris, said he, in a kind voice, Ibla shall not be withheld from you, were she even beneath the seventh earth. Soon after they mounted, and traversed the deserts for ten successive days; but on the eleventh day they passed over a country called Zat ool Ialam: and in the middle of the plain they met six howdahs, upon six camels; and over each howdah was a crescent of polished gold, with hangings of magnificent velvet; and round the howdahs rode a troop of sturdy slaves, armed with shields and sharp swords. The whole cavalcade was preceded by a knight in whom fortitude and intrepidity shone conspicuous. He was close-vizored, and broad-shouldered; over his body was a corslet that enveloped his limbs; upon his head was an Aadite helmet, like a raised canopy; he was girt with a well-watered scimitar, and a well-proportioned spear was slung round him; and beneath him was a white horse, of the noblest breed; and, like a ferocious lion, he marched in front of the howdahs and the camels. This youth, O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, must either be nobly connected and related to Abdoolmotalib, or he must be a chosen horseman, thus to venture

alone in this wild; and that would be a species of contemptuous security. I think, Aboolfawaris, you had better direct Shiboob to go on forward and inquire who he is, that we may learn from his conversation what may be his views. O Prince, replied Antar, may you experience every thing that can give you gratification, and may every thing that can distress you be averted from you. O Ebe Reah, he continued, addressing Shiboob, go on to this youth, and order him to surrender all his goods and property before he drink of the cup of death. Shiboob let out his feet, and hastened towards the young knight. Now the warrior, as soon as he beheld Shas and Antar, addressed one of his slaves, saying, Ride towards these slaves that are advancing upon us, and warn them from their fate and destruction. If they be poor Arabs, let them come nigh unto me, that I may give them clothing and money; but, if they be plunderers, drive them away, make them retire, and let them not hasten to their death. So the slave advanced till he met Shiboob, to whom he cried, Whither speedest thou so fast to thy fate, urging on thy existence and life to the Tomb of Perils? It is my first intention, replied Shiboob, to seize the property and all the camels thy master possesses: return, therefore, to him, and order him to deliver up every thing before the vicissitudes of fortune environ him. Vilest of slaves, exclaimed the other, verily you have lost your manners: this day you

shall drink of the cup of perdition from the hand of this mighty warrior, whose fury makes even lion-heroes shudder; also famed for his eloquence and liberality. Son of my aunt, said Shiboob, much surprised, to whom does this youth belong? What is his name among horsemen? Whither are ye going with these howdahs and camels over these sand-hills and deserts? Tell me the truth; make no ambiguous explanations; do not prevaricate. The rank of my master is exalted, replied the slave; fluent and rapid is his speech: his name is Roudha, son of Meneea. He is now on his way to the dwellings of the noble Absians, to demand in marriage Ibla, the daughter of Malik, son of Carad. He will slay every horseman that dares to dispute her with him; and he will overwhelm her father with wealth, and lawfully marry her.

Now this horseman was of the tribe of Saad; and his meeting with Antar in that place is thus accounted for. The father of Roudha left behind him at his death immense property, of which the son took possession as soon as he grew up to manhood: and he spent much of it among the warriors, that they might teach him the art of fighting, and instruct him in the various modes of thrusting and assailing, and all the plans and stratagems in battle and feats of arms, and also the manœuvres in boxing and wrestling. So, when he became perfect in the art of war, and very expert in the thrust and the blow, he used to practise with them

in vanquishing the Arab tribes, and in plundering the dwellings and the fountains; and on their return home, when they were dividing the spoil, he would say to them, Sons of my uncle, I give you my share; I am rich enough without it. But there was a man among them that bore him an inveterate grudge: his name was Asmoo, son of Diraa; and one day, when he was in his company, eating and drinking, he said to him, Son of my uncle, have you ever seen the only person that outshines every one of the age? And, pursuing the conversation, he told him all Antar's history; enumerating the feats he had performed in battle, and mentioning that his celebrity was spread over every plain and city; repeating, also, some of the poetry he had composed on his cousin Ibla, whose uncommon charms and loveliness he extolled with peculiar emphasis. His object was merely to rouse his countryman against Antar, who, he thought, would destroy him, and make him drink the cup of extinction. Roudha listened, and his heart was rent in pieces; and being the more galled and provoked by his countryman's continued eulogiums, he made inquiries every where; and as the result was only repeated panegyrics on Antar's prowess and intrepidity, he said to himself, If it be true that Antar stand alone in the world, and be the bravest of horsemen, he who shall engage him in the field of battle, and shall vanquish him in the contest of swords and spears, will be pre-eminent among all warriors; his

dignity will be exalted far above his contemporaries. Doubtless, his cousin Ibla must be wonderfully handsome and beautiful, as she is talked of by every man and every woman. How I long to exert myself to obtain this object, that no one but myself may be quoted for his excellencies!

Having consulted with his mother, Do, my son, said she, whatever pleases you, and let no one be your equal in martial exploits; for your rank is exalted above all, your beauty is most eminent, and your star auspicious. Follow your heart's desire. These words confirmed him in his resolution, and all alarms and doubts were at an end. He collected vast presents, and cattle, and precious articles, and determined on his journey. He had five virgin sisters; them he took, with his mother also, that they might assist at his wedding with Ibla: and when they were all ready, and the ladies, each on a separate howdah, they set out for the land of Abs and Adnan, travelling over plains and deserts, till they encountered Shas and Antar.

The conference between Shiboob and the slave being over, they returned to their respective parties. Shiboob came running up to his brother, smiling and laughing. Son of a black, cried Antar, what have you heard that makes you so merry? How is this horseman called? Whither is he going? And when Shiboob had told him, Antar, too, laughed and smiled, saying, This Arabian ignorance is quite inconceivable; and he urged on Abjer till he ap-

proached Roudha. Come on, youth, he cried; here is the very person you are seeking, that he may show you horrors and wonders. Roudha only laughed, and, galloping his horse, advanced in front of Antar. Halloo, he cried, thou mighty warrior! which of the Absian heroes are you? for, indeed, I mark their well-known fortitude shining in you. Birth, exclaimed Antar, is the boast of cowards: however, know that my genealogy is long. I am Antar, son of Shedad, the son of Ibla's uncle, whom you are going to demand in marriage. Roudha was overjoyed at these words: his chest expanded, and he was in ecstasy: he slackened his horse's bridle, and riding up to the howdahs, O my mother, cried he, now indeed I have obtained what I so ardently desired. This is Antar, the warrior of battles. This day will I bring down death upon him. His mother just put her head out of the howdah, and said, Well, my son, if this be Antar, go back, and put him to death. Encouraged by this advice, he hastened back, seeking Antar, with all his paternal impetuosity, and Arabian pride and courage. He gave the full reins to his charger, and, poising his spear, he rushed down on Antar, like an angry lion, and thus spoke:

"As soon as my age knew me, its power was
"reduced, and was humbled—its calamities shrank
"from me. I am he to whom the deadly spear
"bows, and it precedes me against the foe I engage.
"Should any one thwart me, I crown his head with

" the cleaving blade, whose blows never fail; and " the Indian sabres associate with it, as if they were " its children and its relations. How many nations " are there, whose armies my sword has dispersed, " and whose camps it has scattered over their lands! " How many are my victims, whose carcasses ever " lie for the fowls of the air to devour, and round " which the wild beasts come prowling! O Ibla, " there is coming for thee a husband, who will tear " thee away. Time itself may perish, but his glo- " ries can never perish. O Ibla, as to thy slave, his " death is resolved at my hands, and his judgment " day is fixed. Let the heart of thy father, O thou, " my hope, be this day at ease! Let him sleep by " night, as long as the stars wander in the skies."

As Antar listened to these verses, he was convinced that his antagonist had fallen into the sea of love. Coward-born, he cried, I will this day prepare such a marriage for thee, no other wedding shalt thou require. And reflecting on all he had suffered on Ibla's account, and the misfortunes he had encountered, he assaulted Roudha, thus speaking:

" How fortune removes away what I anxiously " wish to approach, and thus sends a monster that " I must fight! O thou, from whom fortune has " averted all its vicissitudes, at me it has levelled " all its insults. What, am I the only person who " must experience the treachery of its disposition? " How, then, can any one, who associates with me,

"live in happiness? I have tried it, and I am "proud of it: it may enfeeble me, and often its "trials have turned my head gray. But still how "can I fear the calamities of fortune? No—its "severities are the most tolerable of all that I "suffer. How many nights have I wandered over "the wastes alone! it was dark, and the stars were "declining towards the west. How many lakes "are there whose waters I have mixed with blood "in the morning, where the wild beasts sought "refreshment and repose! My scimitar and my "spear are my companions, when the lions of the "den crowd around me. O thou, that hungerest "for my death, return, free from such avidity, and "behold not the cup thou wilt drink."

Having finished, he assailed Roudha like a cloud; and Roudha received him as the parched earth the first of the rain. These two furious warriors commenced the conflict: they dealt blows and thrusts, and for an hour were tasting of death, so that the eye was scared. Antar beheld in Roudha what he had never yet experienced from the stoutest hero: he was on his guard against any fatal event, for he observed him brandish his lance as a writer would a reed. Upon this, he pressed upon him, and clung to him, excluding all escape, so that stirrup grated stirrup. He struck Roudha's spear, and shivered it: he extended his hand towards the rings of his mail, and, tearing him out of his saddle, made him his prisoner, and threw him to Shiboob, who,

with cords, tied his shoulders and arms behind him, and brought him before his brother Antar. He drew forth Dhami from its scabbard, and was about to put him to death, when lo! his mother and his sisters cast themselves out of their howdahs on the ground, their faces uncovered, their hair dishevelled —drowned in tears, and their veils loose. O Knight of the age and æra, exclaimed they, with one voice, by the life of your ancestor Adnan, have compassion on our tears—our misery—our forlorn state, and the absence of our heroes! If you are resolved on the death of our brother, O put us to death first, for fortune has left us only him of all our family and friends. The eldest sister then advanced towards Antar, and casting herself at his feet, she thus addressed him:

"O Knight of the horse, all that has been said "of you is true. Pardon! for in my heart there "is a burning flame. This youth, whom you have "captured, is my brother: besides him, I have no "life, no sight. Release him, and pardon him: "protect us, and accept our gratitude. This day "I implore your forgiveness; for you are a warrior "at whose glory every one must bow, and for whom "the fire of war blazes. Pity him, and release him "—in your kindness, pardon him; for he is my "hope—he is my hearing, and my sight."

Here she stopped, and retired. The second sister then came forward, and thus addressed Antar:

"O Knight of the horse, tears burst from my

" eyes. Have pity on my weakness—my patience " is exhausted. Release your victim—this boy— " pardon him, and we will ransom him with wealth " and jewels. Though your complexion be black " as a coal, let your deeds be recorded, brilliant " as the moon. Listen to us females, whose re- " putation is now decreased; for they only demand " mercy at the hands of a conqueror. May God " execute your every wish in exalting your family, " in supporting and glorifying it."

She retired. The third advanced, and thus spoke:

" O Knight of the horse, unrivalled warrior, " foremost when chargers neigh, and horsemen are " in trouble. Every princely mortal is ennobled " by thy sword; and yours are praises like the " sweet-scented ambergris. Accept my compliment, " and reward me with your kindness. Have pity " on a forlorn girl, who is in misery. Release this " boy, and pardon him; for he is my hearing, and " the light of my eyes. Pity this distraction of a " heart, a prey to anguish before I die; for this is " my last breath."

She retired. The fourth sister came forward, and thus spoke:

" Patience and forbearance are no more; grief " and sorrow oppress me. My heart is divided in " its wishes—pity the anguish of my soul. O " friend, take me by the hand, for I am sinking " with desolation. My soul longs to bid farewell

"to its afflictions; but, alas! all its joys are ex-
"tinct. Let us at last be relieved by your kind-
"ness!"

She retired. The fifth sister now advanced, and thus addressed Antar (she was the youngest, and the most beautiful):

"O Knight of the horse, protect me, and pity
"my destitute condition: do not reject our pe-
"tition. This youth, whom you have captured, is
"our brother. Pity his youth, and let not strangers
"exult over him. Though he have behaved proudly
"and overbearingly, let your compassion extinguish
"rancour and anger. You are one who have the
"lives of warriors at command, and destroy whom-
"soever you wish. Though your complexion be
"black, bravery, and beneficence, and courtesy,
"are far superior; and if the inhabitants of the
"earth were all exalted, the multitude would be
"slaves, and you would be raised on high."

Having finished, she retired. The mother then advanced, and thus commended Antar:

"O Knight of the horse, protect us, and pity
"our forlorn state: become our succour against
"the vicissitudes of fortune. But if you are re-
"solved on putting him to death, satiate first your
"vengeance on us. God forbid, that a Knight
"should be deficient in liberality, and injure us,
"or make us weep tears of blood. He attacked
"you insultingly, but he is overpowered. Pity his
"youth, and pardon him his crime. O Knight, to

" whom there is no equal, pity our tears,—compas-
" sion will grace your other accomplishments; and
" when all the earth is exalted, the multitude will
" be the earth, and you heaven."

As Antar listened to these prayers, and the speeches of Roudha's mother and sisters, his pagan pride stormed in his head, and an anxiety to protect them increased throughout his limbs, for Antar was ever interested for woman; and his heart softened after what he had endured, and he said to Shiboob, Release Roudha from his fetters. I have pardoned him on account of his mother and sisters. He directed the women to return to their howdahs, safe and secure from harm. Shiboob accordingly liberated Roudha from captivity, and whilst all this was passing, Shas stood listening and looking on and admiring Antar's excessive generosity and kindness, and he said to himself, Truly Antar has exercised his liberality in its proper place. But Roudha was no sooner at liberty than he ran towards Antar, and kissed his hands, thanking him, praising him, begging his pardon, and saying, You well know, O Aboolfawaris, that time teaches man some new wisdom and experience: I was indeed ignorant of the state of the world and its affairs, and was going to demand your cousin in marriage, knowing very little of you; but now I have had proofs of your value, and till now I was ignorant of the respective dignity of Horsemen. Now, however, I beseech you to accept the presents that I have brought with

me for your cousin Ibla; you deserve them better than I do. I beg most earnestly that you will oblige me by receiving them. And turning towards the camels, he unloaded them: on these were three robes of velvet of three different colours; on each robe was a wreath of jewels worth 30,000 dirhems of gold. These he presented to Antar, and he kissed the ground before him, imploring his forgiveness. By the faith of an Arab, Roudha, said Antar, you are more munificent and liberal than I am: never can I make you any suitable return. Roudha bade Antar farewell, and Antar kissed him between the eyes, and thus they separated, each seeking his own country.

Antar and Shas travelled night and day, till one morning being near the land of the Absians, Shas said to Antar, I think it would be proper, Aboolfawaris, to apprize our families of our arrival. As you please, my Prince, said Antar; and he bid Shiboob to go forward. Shiboob gave his feet to the winds, and in less than an hour he reached the tents. The families hurried eagerly from every quarter, and the news soon reached King Zoheir. He ordered Shiboob into his presence, and being informed of the approach of Shas and Antar, he ordered Amarah to be released from prison and confinement, and then he mounted, with his sons and officers, and went out to meet Shas and the lion-warrior Antar. He also ordered his slaves to proclaim it throughout the tents, that no one should

be absent, but that all should come forth and bring goods with them, to make offerings to Shas and Antar in the wild and the waste. In obedience to these orders and proclamations all the horsemen marched out; the noble warriors of the family of Carad rejoiced, but silence reigned among the family of Zeead, as if they had lost their children. Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, joined the others and went out in the procession, Amarah too mounted, muttering to himself, No welcome, no welcome, to this bastard slave, who is returned safe! and forsooth King Zoheir is not to be satisfied but by requiring us to attend him, and be witnesses to his filthy face. Thus he mounted, though his anguish was insupportable. Not a person remained in the tents; every one had come forth to hail Antar, the lord of battles: before them went the women, beating the cymbals, and the slaves waving their swords; and the whole country was in uproar and tumult. They had not proceeded far when they met Shas and Antar. The first that advanced towards them was Prince Malik.. I congratulate you, O my tribe, he exclaimed, on what has appeared this day, which God has vouchsafed to honour with his favour, and on the meeting of my brother and my friend. Thus saying, he embraced Antar and his brother. Antar kissed the Prince's head, and prayed for a continuance of his glory. After this, they all crowded about Shas and Antar, making their offerings of gold and silver, and girdles, and

robes: joy and gladness were diffused among the slaves and the freeborn; and the high and the low exulted in the return of Aboolfawaris Antar. Amarah had hinted to his slaves to stand close to him, and not to quit him, saying to them (as he was about to execute King Zohier's order) When you see me make my present, advance quick, and catch it before any one else. The slaves promised to do as he bade them, and they had prepared their coarse aprons to catch the golden offerings, which their master was to make. So when this munificent Amarah came nigh unto Shas and Antar, and stood between them, he testified the utmost joy, and said to Antar, God has brightened your eyes in this affair, Aboolfawaris, and you have received of his bounties and favours what no one other, on foot or on horseback, ever possessed before. And he let fall out of his sleeve some gold coin in a sly, artful manner; but Shiboob slipped in and caught it, and took it away and put it all into his own hair-cloth apron, and kept it all himself, saying, God bless such great men as you who offer presents to their friends and comrades. May God reward you well, Shiboob, said Amarah, for you are deserving of wealth and money: we are all greatly rejoiced at your return, and all our griefs and sorrows are at an end. Malik, Ibla's father, next advanced, and embracing Shas, congratulated him on his escape: he kissed his bosom and hands, and saluted him; but Shas turned away his face from him, and said,

Malik, no more of your deceits and artifices; if you are really glad at my deliverance, as you say you are, marry your daughter to your nephew, Antar, this very night. Malik smiled the smile of shame, and his heart burned with excess of anguish.—By your life, my lord, said he, through your intercession my heart entertains no rancour whatever towards Antar; and at this very moment, O prince, my daughter is his handmaiden, and I am one of his slaves, and do you be my witness; if you wish, I will marry her to him this very night; and now that he has done all these things, how is it possible that I should not love him and favour him? Having thus spoken, he dismounted and fawned on Antar; but all this was the result of his excessive cunning and deceit. However, Antar dismounted from Abjer, and kissed his uncle's bosom and hands, exclaiming, O my uncle, do not load me with what cannot be supported! I am indeed your slave, and the shepherd of your flock. After this, they all mounted again, and every heart was cleansed of its griefs and distresses. Shedad thought the world too narrow for the extent of his joy on the arrival of his son: his mother Zebeeba too kissed him, as she said, If you would but stay and tend the camels with me, my heart would be relieved from the pain of these terrible events. Antar smiled, and composed her. As soon as the people had retired to their tents, King Zoheir ordered camels to be slaughtered, and a dinner to be prepared, and a

splendid feast to be set out (the like of which no one in the world ever saw), to testify his joy at the escape of his son Shas from drinking the cup of death, and the safety of the great Antar. They were thus occupied for three whole days, and Antar was always seated by the side of King Zoheir, and every one presented him gifts of value, consisting of horses, female slaves, and gold. On the fourth night he was invited to a banquet given by Prince Shas, and when they had dined and the wine-glasses were going merrily round, Shas started up and put his hand into Antar's, in fulfilment of what had been hitherto so grievous, and exclaimed in the presence of all the Absians, O sons of my uncle, O ye, that are here present, whether friend, relation, or companion, let every one who wishes to recompense this hero according to his power, do so; for there is no one in the whole tribe but Aboolfawaris, who can defend his property and goods, or protect his family and friends. Let it not be said, O my cousins, that Shas only speaks thus because he is overcome with wine; for, by the Lord of Heaven, I am the freedman of his sword and his spear, and he has overwhelmed me with liberality and munificence. Nothing will I keep hidden or concealed—I will lay it all before Antar, as also the property of my brothers and my father—every thing that belongs to me. Shas's brothers were all unanimous in their assent; but Antar thanked them and prayed for them, saying, O my lords, this does not

please me: this appears wrong in my eyes, that all the property of the Arabs should be at my disposal, and that I should squander the wealth of the chiefs. It is, however, necessary that in ten days I should make an excursion among the tribes of Cahtan, and carry away all the property of those Arabs, and I will not let my marriage-feast be concluded till the season of the spring be passed, and the high and low be entertained and enriched. It shall be a day to me, future ages shall record. Aboolfawaris, cried Prince Malik, we will not permit you to absent yourself, nor let this your day be followed by your morrow until you have celebrated your marriage-feast and wedding; and when you resolve on an excursion, we will accompany you, and be in your suite, and at your command: were we to expend our whole substance, and were we all to act justly and impartially, all our property and that of all the Absians would be yours and at your disposal: for how often have you rescued it from the hands of the horsemen by the blade of your sword, and by the exposure of your life in our cause. When Antar heard the princes thus address him, the flame within him burnt violently: he could no longer make any opposition, but waited patiently till the feast was over, and when Shas invested him with a superb robe, and mounted him on an Arab steed, and treated him with every kindness, he retired with his father and uncles, seeking the tents of Ibla's father. Now all the party had separated to

their own homes and tents, and there was not one among them but would willingly have offered all he was worth to accomplish Antar's success but Amarah alone, and his anguish was redoubled, his gall was burst, and his very soul melted; and his brother was in despair about him, for again the fever seized him, and the strangury, and the pains in his loins, and the diarrhœa. When Rebia went to see him he complained bitterly of his situation, and grieved and implored his assistance. Amarah, said Rebia, it is quite impossible for us any longer to oppose Antar; for any more absurd plans on our part would only be followed by our death and ruin.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day King Zoheir, accompanied by his sons and his horsemen, rode out to the chase, as was customary among the Arabs of those days. They first made inquiries for Antar; but, hearing nothing of him, they remained abroad till near the third hour, when they returned home to their respective tents. But Shas, and his brother, Malik, sent a slave to the habitations of the Carad family; and he returned in an hour, his heart filled with grief. My lord, said he to Prince Shas, no one has heard any thing of Antar this day: his uncle, Malik, assured me so; adding, that, when they retired from your feast, he stayed drinking with him an hour, and afterwards repaired to the tents of his mother, Zebeeba. Early this morning they searched for him, to accompany them to the chase with your father, King Zoheir, but they could not find him; so, on that account, they put off their hunt for the day: and, when Shedad asked his mother about him, she told him, that, when he came home, he did not go to sleep; but, as soon as the fires of the tribe were extinguished, and the obscurity of night came on, he mounted his horse, and, taking his brother, Shiboob, with him, he

departed over the wilds and the plains. On hearing this account of Antar, Shas was exceedingly grieved. May God curse thee, O Malik! he cried: how infamous are thy deeds! how black are thy actions! What is the matter? asked Prince Malik. Know, my brother, replied Shas, that Malik secretly plots against Antar the very reverse of what he promised us: he deceives both us and Antar. And he only received him thus craftily and artfully, just to quiet his apprehensions for the moment; and now he has driven him away out of the country, and has sent him on some perilous expedition. It may be, observed Prince Malik, that he is gone, in order to bring back what may supply his marriage-feast, and enable him to support his wedding establishment. O my brother, continued Shas, cast away all such ideas. Be assured that Malik will ever practise on us his craft and wiles; and it is my opinion we should inform our father of his conduct. The news was soon spread abroad, to the great joy of his enemies, and particularly of the family of Zeead.

But the cause of Antar's disappearance was as follows: When Rebia, and Malik, son of Carad, saw Antar return safe with Shas, and that his glory was greatly exalted, and that every family befriended him, their galls burst, and their senses were blinded, particularly Malik, a proficient in arts and frauds; for he dared not to contradict King Zoheir: and though in his presence he ex-

pressed his satisfaction, in the violence of his iniquity and accursed malignity he said to his daughter Ibla, Take these robes that your cousin has brought you, abandon your grief and sorrow, gird yourself with these strings of pearls and jewels, and decorate yourself with every sumptuous article of dress, and be not shy of your cousin in any respect; for now you will be married to him, and all your property will be delivered over to him: the business is now finally arranged, and his high honours render it necessary to conclude it. Now Antar, on his return from entertainments, always devoted himself to a conversation with Ibla, enjoying the sweetness of her smiles: and, on his return from Prince Shas's feast, he accompanied his father and his uncles to the tents of Ibla's father. Ibla received him in the kindest manner; and her father had instructed her, when Shedad and Zakhmet ool Jewad should depart for the night, to detain Antar, and push about the glasses. Being, therefore, seated, and the conversation turning on his marriage, said Malik to Antar, O Aboolfawaris, the words of Prince Shas grieve my heart; I do not approve of our providing the marriage feast out of our own property. Well, said Antar, I will perform in your presence deeds such as the bravest heroes will fail in executing—such as no prince or warrior will be able to accomplish. But what do you intend to do, O Aboolfawaris? asked Ibla. Tell me all, that I may comprehend it. Whatever

you please, cousin, said Antar. I demand of you, then, added Ibla, that you will place me amongst the most exalted, as Khalid, son of Moharib, did on his marriage with his cousin Jaida, daughter of Zahir. You little devil, exclaimed her father designedly, where did you learn any stories of knights and warriors? Oh, said Ibla, I heard this from the women who came to congratulate me on the return of my cousin. Antar smiled: And pray what did you hear on that occasion? said he. Know, answered Ibla, that, whilst they were talking of marriages and feasts, one of them said, No one has ever made a really magnificent wedding but a knight of the tribe of Zebeed—and he was Khalid, son of Moharib, when Jaida, daughter of Zahir, was united to him: for he slaughtered at his feast a thousand camels, male and female, and twenty lions and lionesses; and he invited to his entertainment the horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, of Khitaan, and of Morad. He staid with these three tribes, and supplied them with provisions: and the camels were the property of Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears, a knight of the tribe of Aamir; and, when he married Jaida, the bridle of her camel was held by the daughter of Moawiyah, son of Nizal. Antar, irritated at her words, quickly replied, And dost thou think, then, O Ibla, that this was such a great exploit? At thy marriage I will permit no one to lead thy camel but this Jaida herself, with

all her perfections—and round her neck shall be slung the head of Khalid; so that no one shall vie with thee, or be exalted above thee. No, cried her father, I will not allow of this: give up such a proposal, my daughter. She is talking nonsense, Antar: do not listen to her; stir not from home till your projects are completed; for I cannot possibly refuse King Zoheir and his sons. Antar made no reply, but hastened back to his mother's dwelling, and awakened Shiboob, and ordered him to prepare his horse. Shiboob instantly complied; and Antar sprung on his back, Shiboob running by his side. And when they were beyond the tents, and the fumes of the wine had fled from Antar's brain, Well, thou black-born, said he to Shiboob, away to the mountains of Toweilaa and the land of the tribe of Zebeed by the shortest road. Well, brother, replied Shiboob; but what is there so urgent in this affair, that you have set out at this unseasonable hour? Antar related what had passed. There can be no doubt, added Shiboob, that it is your uncle who has exposed you to this perilous enterprise; for how should Ibla know any thing about warriors, or hear such things from women?

Now all this was Rebia's contrivance: he it was who suggested this wicked and malicious plan to Malik, in order to sacrifice Antar. Malik desired his daughter to mention it to Antar, and make the demand of her cousin, but not to explain at whose instigation. Thus Antar set out by night, traversing

wilds and wastes, disregarding Shiboob's hints; on the contrary, he was full of joy at an adventure his beloved had required of him. And as the journey lengthened, he thought of Ibla, and thus exclaimed:

"I traverse the wastes, and the night is gloomy: "I stray over the wilds, and the sands are parching: I desire no other companion but the sword, "whether, on the day of horrors, the foe be few or "numerous. Ye beasts of the desert, beware of "the warrior; for, when he brandishes his scimitar, "caution avails not. Accompany me; ye will be- "hold prostrate carcases, and the birds darting at "them as they hover and look on. Now, that I "am going in quest of him, no eternity is there "for Khalid*. No, no: let Jaida no longer boast. "Short will be the happiness of their country: "soon will the tiger come. O Ibla, may the riches, "that come for thee, rejoice thee, when Fortune "casts me among thy enemies! O thou, who, "with one glance of the eye, hast exposed my life "to deadly arrows, whose wounds are frightful! "it is well; for thy embrace is an unadulterated "paradise, and the flames of separation from thee "cannot be endured. O Mount Saadi, may showers "from the rain-cloud ever moisten thee, and may "the dew ever refresh thy lands! How many "nights have I travelled in thy society, and lived

* Khalid signifies "eternal."

" in happiness, unalloyed by pain, with the damsel " who circles the goblets, and whose form shines " among them like the flame of wine: the maiden " who passes them round is of the daughters of " Arabia, elegantly formed, and Paradise is in her " eye. If I live, it is she whom I will ever remem- " ber; if I die, a night in death with her will be " existence."

Now Khalid, whom Antar went to seek, was a horseman of the tribe of Zebeed; and the Arabs of those deserts, and the Kings of those countries and cities, stood in awe of him. He was a hero of the dust and confusion; and Maadi Kereb, the father of Amroo, the Zebeedian, was allied to him in feats of arms, and in rank, among the Arabs of the desert: and he used to confess among the horsemen, that he had learnt all his courage and intrepidity from this undaunted lion, and this all-conquering warrior, Khalid, son of Moharib; and he was also the cause of his marriage with Jaida, the daughter of Zahir: and their history was marvellous to relate.

Moharib and Zahir were two brothers, by the same father and mother; and the Arabs called them uterine brothers. Both were eminent for their bravery and courage; but Moharib was the chief of the clan, and Zahir was his minister under him: he was his counsellor and adviser. At last it happened, that a violent dispute and quarrel arose between them. Zahir retired to his tents,

greatly afflicted, and he knew not what to do. What is the matter with you? said his wife. Why do I see you so bewildered? Tell me what has occurred, and what you are thinking of. Who can have displeased or insulted you, you the greatest of the Arab Chiefs? What can I do? he replied; he who has injured me is one against whom I cannot raise my hand—one I cannot harm; my companion in the womb—my brother in the world; and had it not been he himself, I would have shown him the power of a formidable antagonist, and made an example of him among the tribes and Chiefs. Abandon him, leave him in his own land, exclaimed his wife; at the same time reciting these verses, from some poet of the time:

"As to thy soul, away with it, if it cry out in "pain, and abandon thy home, to mourn over him "that built it. Bear not insult from thy relations; "quit thy relations, and seek what will stand thee "in lieu of them. As to thy person, thou mayst "wander from country to country; but as to *thy-* "*self*, thou canst find no other self but it. The "warrior's might is not proved till with his life he "remove all that pains him. Send not thy mes- "senger on an important affair; for, with regard "to thyself, there is no adviser but thine own self. "He whose death must be in a certain spot, can- "not die elsewhere. This is the opinion of a wise "and sensible man; so listen to it, and doubt not."

Zahir assented to his wife's counsel; and he pre-

pared for his departure, struck his tents, loaded his camels, and departed, seeking the tribe of Saad, who were also his cousins. Still he was greatly afflicted at this separation from his brother, and thus spoke:

"I will wander from thy home a thousand years, "and the journey of every year shall be a thousand "miles. Were my favours from thee a thousand "Ægypts, and in each Ægypt were there a thou- "sand Niles, still thy favours would be but trifling; "and I shall be content far from thee with a little. "I will recite in thy absence this distich, which a "string of pearls cannot equal in value: 'When a "man is vexed in the land of his tribe, there is "nothing left for him but to depart.' O thou who "hast maliciously offended me, soon wilt thou feel "what the beneficent Deity will effect; for he is "the judge between thee and me—he, the un- "changeable and imperishable."

Zahir continued his journey till he reached the tribe of Saad, where he alighted. They received him kindly, and welcomed him, and begged him to settle among them. It happened that his wife was with child; and he said to her, If a son be born, most welcome will he be; but if it is a girl, conceal it, and let it appear to the world at large that we have a male child, that my brother may not exult over us. When her time was completed, she brought forth a daughter; so in private they called her Jaida, but in public Jooder, making it appear that she was a boy: and accordingly they made a great entertain-

ment and rejoicings, evening and morning. His brother Moharib, about the same time, had also a son, whom he called Khalid (eternal); giving him this name because he had continued to prosper in his affairs after his brother's absence. Now as the two children grew up, and their fame was spread among the Arabs, Zahir taught his daughter to ride on horseback; he instructed her in all the martial exercises of a warrior, and in all that constitutes bravery and courage, and in the arts of war and battle: he hardened her, also, to toils and dangers; and whenever he went forth to battle, he took her with him, mingling among the other Arab clans in her company; and when the horsemen joined her, she ever commanded in the front of the boldest. Thus she continued to overthrow her contemporaries, and attacked lions in their dens, till she became a common proverb: and when she vanquished a hero, she cried out, I am Jooder, son of Zahir, the horseman of the clans and the tribes. In the like manner flourished her cousin Khalid, son of Moharib, who was the Chief of his people; and he had established dwellings where guests were entertained, and where horsemen took up their abode. Khalid was educated among them, and acquired fortitude of heart: he perfected himself in horsemanship among them, until he came forth an intrepid warrior, and a valiant hero; every horseman and every knight acknowledged his courage and undaunted soul. At last he heard of his cousin Jooder; and his anxiety to mark him, and engage

him, and be an eye-witness of his skill in arms, became very great: but he was unable to gratify his wish, on account of his father's indignation: and thus he continued, till, his father dying, he obtained possession of his seat, and inherited his property and lands. He acted as his father had done, in keeping up the establishments for guests, in protecting the timid and the helpless, and in clothing the widowed and the naked. He used also to ride out in the plains with his warriors, and exercised himself with the horsemen; so that his bodily powers and vigour were strengthened. And after a short time, he collected some rich presents, and taking his mother with him, he went to visit his uncle: neither did he halt till he came unto Zahir, who was delighted to see him, and set apart for him a magnificent dwelling; for he had heard accounts of his accomplishments from various travellers. Khalid also visited his cousin: he saluted her, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes, thinking she was a young man. He was much pleased with her, and stayed ten days with his uncle, every day engaging with his horsemen, and lancing with his warriors. But his cousin, when she beheld how beautiful and valiant he was, was deeply enamoured of him. She renounced sleep; she ate nothing, and her love and passion increased: and now when the flame of love had gained complete possession of her heart, she complained of her situation to her mother, saying,

O my mother, if my cousin departs, and I do not accompany him, I shall die of grief in his absence. Her mother pitied her, and could not reproach her, being fully convinced how unavailing would be all reproof. Jaida, said she, conceal your feelings, and be not so distressed: you have not acted improperly; you have, on the contrary, done nothing but what is correct; for he is your cousin, of your flesh, and of your blood. You resemble him in beauty and loveliness, in form and figure, and also in bravery and horsemanship. To-morrow, when his mother comes to us, I will explain the matter to her: we will marry you to him without delay; and we will, moreover, return to our native land. She waited patiently till the following day, when Khalid's mother came: her mother then conducted her into the apartment, and uncovering her head, her hair fell over her shoulders. Khalid's mother perceiving her excessive beauty and charms, was quite bewildered, and exclaimed, Cousin, is this not your son Jooder? No, she replied, this is Jaida; the moon is risen. And she related the circumstance, and all that had passed with her husband, and how she had concealed her sex, fearful of the consequences. Cousin, continued Khalid's mother, in astonishment, amongst all the daughters of Arabia, most celebrated for their beauty, I have never seen one more lovely than this girl. What is her name? Jaida, she replied; and my only object in disclosing this circumstance, is to offer you all these

charms: and it is my wish to marry her to your son, and to return to our native land. To this Khalid's mother immediately assented: And most fortunate, said she, will be my son with such a possession. She instantly started up, and repaired to her son, to whom she imparted all she had seen, expatiating on the charms of Jaida's form. By the faith of an Arab, said she, I have never, my son, beheld in any desert or city, amongst the most perfect of the daughters of Arabia, any one that resembles your cousin: nothing can be more beautiful than her form—more exquisite than her loveliness and shape. Haste then, my son, to your uncle Zahir, and demand her of him. Lucky, indeed, if he grants her to your wishes: let her not, my son, escape you. As Khalid listened to these words, he hung his head towards the ground, and remaining thoughtful awhile, Mother, said he, I can stay here no longer; I must return home to my horsemen and my troops. I do not wish to have any thing more to say to my cousin, now that it is ascertained that she is a person of a waving bosom, awkward in speech, and of a trivial, light disposition; for I have always been accustomed to the society of warriors, where I throw away money, and acquire martial renown. As to her love for me, it is only a maiden, feminine weakness. And he mounted his horse, and accoutred himself in his armour and warlike weapons; he bade adieu to his uncle, and resolved on instant departure. What

means this haste? exclaimed his uncle. I cannot possibly remain here any longer, answered Khalid; and he rode off, traversing the wilds and the wastes. His mother took leave of Jaida, and having communicated to her all that had passed with her son, she mounted her she-camel, and set out on her way home. Jaida's soul felt the indignity. She was deprived of all repose, and scarcely ate any thing; and when her father, a few days after, was going forth with a party of brave horsemen in quest of gain, and to plunder warriors, he looked at her, and observing she was much altered, out of spirits, and dejected, he made no remark, hoping that she would soon recover.

Her father had no sooner quitted the tents, than Jaida, who perceived that her life was in danger, and that her situation was critical, said to her mother, Mother, I am dying, and that wretch Khalid still lives. I must make him drink of the distractions of death, and make him taste of the bitterness of punishment and torture, if God but grant me the power. She rushed forth like a lioness, and, clothed in armour, she mounted her horse, telling her mother she was going to the chase. She traversed rocks and mountains, her anxiety ever increasing, and her distress augmenting, till she approached the dwellings of her cousin. Having disguised herself, she entered the tents of public entertainment, close-vizored, like a horseman of Hijaz. The slaves and attendants met her, and

gave her a most hospitable reception, behaving towards her as they always did to their guests, or any noble personage. That night she reposed; but the next day she came forth into the course, where she engaged the horsemen, and proved her superiority over the bravest, to the great astonishment of all the spectators. It was not yet mid-day when all her cousin's horsemen acknowledged her superiority. Khalid marked her prowess, and was surprised at such uncommon skill, and went forth to meet her. Jaida encountered him, and they both commenced the attack, exhibiting every stratagem in the assault and defence, until the darkness of the night came on; when they separated, unhurt, and neither of them knew which was the conqueror. Thus was Jaida exalted in the eyes of every spectator, and the distress of their hearts was assuaged when they saw her wonderful intrepidity and skill. Khalid ordered all his slaves to attend on her, saying, Treat this great Knight most hospitably; and he retired to his own tents, his heart entirely engrossed with the combat. She remained three days with him, and every day she appeared on the course, and engaged her cousin till the close of the day; and though she was exceedingly rejoiced, yet she never discovered herself: and it never occurred to him to make any inquiries of her, or ask her to what tribe she belonged. On the fourth morning, Khalid mounted as usual, and sought the plain; and as he passed by the tents of entertainment, he

saw her mounting her horse. He saluted her, and she returned the compliment. Noble Arab, said Khalid, I wish to put one question to you. I have hitherto been deficient in decorum, but I now beseech you, by the God who has clothed you in robes of beauty, and has endowed you with such dexterity in feats of arms, tell me who you are, and to what noble Princes are you allied? for your equal in bravery and horsemanship I have never beheld. My heart is all anxiety—my soul is all doubt and eagerness. Jaida smiled, and replied, as she opened her vizor, Khalid, I am a woman, and no warrior; I am your cousin, Jaida, who offered her person to you, and resigned herself to you; but you accepted her not, priding yourself on your love of arms. And she instantly turned away, and giving the reins to her charger, she sought her native land. Her cousin retired, abashed: he knew not what to do with the love and passion that now beset him. He abhorred all his warlike pursuits, on account of the troubles with which they had encircled him; and his hatred for women was converted into love. He sent for his mother, and related the adventure. My son, said she, this circumstance only renders you still more deserving of her: wait patiently, that I may go and demand her of her mother. She accordingly mounted her she-camel, and departed over the deserts, following the traces of Jaida; who having reached home, informed her mother of all that had occurred; and

greatly was she alarmed at what she had done. Khalid's mother soon arrived, and throwing herself into her cousin's arms, begged her to marry Jaida to her son. Zahir was still absent on his excursion. But when she imparted to her daughter Khalid's request, That can never be, said Jaida, were I even to drink of the cup of death. I only performed this deed in the presence of heroes, in order to extinguish the flame of my agony and distress, and to soothe the anguish of my heart. Upon this, Khalid's mother returned home, disappointed, and found her son in the cruellest state of misery and anxiety. He started up in haste (for his love and passion had greatly augmented), and eagerly inquired what had passed with his cousin: and when he learnt what Jaida had said on the subject, his grief became still more violent; for this rejection of his love shot a flame into his heart, as he had only known it by experiencing the miseries of desire and torture. What is to be done now, O mother? he exclaimed. There is no way of eluding this calamity, she replied, but for you to assemble your horsemen from the Arab Sheikhs, and all between whom and you there exists any connexion or acquaintance. Wait till your uncle returns from his expedition, then go with your comrades, and demand her in the assembly of warriors: if he denies the fact*, explain to him all that has passed,

* That is, if he denies that he has a daughter.

and importune him with assurances till he grants your request. His mother's advice soothed his pains: and when he heard of his uncle's return, he assembled the Chiefs of his family, to whom he related his adventure. Greatly were they amazed; and Maadi Kereb (for he was one of Khalid's bravest comrades) observed, This is, indeed, a most singular occurrence: we have always understood that your uncle Zahir had a son called Jooder: but now the whole affair is discovered, and made manifest. You are, therefore, the person who has the best right to the daughter of your uncle. It will be well for us all to go to him, and throw ourselves down before him, begging him to return to his family, and not marry his daughter to a stranger. Khalid, without any further delay, took with him one hundred of his chosen horsemen, who had been brought up with Moharib and Zahir from their youth; and collecting some magnificent presents, more valuable than his former offerings, he set out, and did not halt till he reached the tribe of Saad. Khalid congratulated his uncle on his safe return; but Zahir was amazed at this second visit, after so short an interval, particularly when he perceived the Chiefs of the family with him. He never thought of his daughter Jaida, and only supposed that they were come to induce him to return to his native land. He received them hospitably, and accommodated them with tents, and lodged them in his most magnificent dwellings. He slaughtered

camels and sheep, and prepared a feast, supplying them with every requisite for three days. On the fourth day, Khalid arose, and having first thanked and commended his uncle, he demanded his daughter in marriage, and begged him to return home with them. Zahir denied having any other child but his son Jooder; but Khalid explained the whole affair, and stated to him what had happened concerning his daughter; at which Zahir hung down his head to the ground, in excess of shame. For some time he remained thoughtful; till feeling that the business could only become worse, he turned towards all present, and said, Cousins, I will no longer hesitate to confess the secret: and now let us terminate the business, and marry her to her cousin as soon as possible; for he, of all men, merits her the most. So he gave him his hand for the marriage, and they immediately shook hands in the presence of the Chiefs, who were witnesses to the contract; and they settled her dower at five hundred she-camels, red-haired and black-eyed, and a thousand he-camels, laden with the rarities of Yemen. The tribe of Saad, with whom Zahir had been living, were amazed at this event. But when Zahir demanded Jaida's consent to this arrangement, she stood abashed at what her father had done: however, he assured her so positively that he could not leave her unmarried, that she at last said, Father, if my cousin desires me in marriage, I will not enter unto him until he can slaughter at

my wedding-feast a thousand camels belonging to Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears. Khalid assented to this requisition; but the Sheikhs and warriors would not quit Zahir till he had collected all his property and wealth, and departed home with them: and no sooner was he settled, than Khalid conducted away one thousand horsemen, with whom he vanquished the tribe of Aamir. He plundered their property, and slew a number of their heroes, after having wounded the Brandisher of Spears in three places, and taken away from his lands more than Jaida had demanded. With this booty he returned, exulting in his success: but when he now sought the consummation of the marriage, Jaida again sent for him, and said, If you wish me to be your wife, first fulfil all my wishes, and execute the contract I shall form with you. 'My demand of you is this: on my marriage-day, let the daughter of a noble, free-born woman hold the bridle of my camel. She must be a Prince's daughter, and of high distinction; so that I may be honoured above all the virgins of Arabia. Khalid acquiesced, and obeyed. On that very day he mounted, with his horsemen, and traversed the plains and the valleys, seeking the land of Yemen, till he reached the country of Hijr, and those sand-hills. Here he attacked a family-tribe of Moawiyeh, son of Nizal. He came down upon him like a torrent of rain; and plying his sword among his horsemen, he took prisoner

Amima, Moawiyeh's daughter, from her retirement; and thus he returned, having performed deeds no heroes of old ever executed, dispersing whole tribes and clans, and plundering the property of all the Arabs in those parts; and he did not re-enter his own dwellings till he had collected wealth that covered the country and the desert. The damsels met him, playing on their cymbals and musical instruments, and the whole tribe rejoiced; and when he came nigh to his own home, he clothed the widows and orphans, and invited to his feast all his friends and companions. All the Arabs of that region flocked to his marriage, and he supplied them with meat and wine in abundance. But whilst the guests were engaged in feasting and merriment, Khalid, accompanied by ten slaves, rode away into the wilds and the marshes, to attack lions in their dens single-handed, and to hunt lions and lionesses, with their cubs, that he might carry them back to the tents, where he wished to serve up their flesh as a meal, and distribute it among all classes. Jaida knew what he was doing; she also mounted her horse, completely armed, and, disguising herself, quitted the tents; and as there remained still three days of carousing, she sought for Khalid in the desert, and found him in a den. She rushed at him like a savage lion, and assailed him with loud shouts, crying out, Dismount, you Arab, from your horse—strip off your coat of mail, and your armour. If you hesitate, I will drive this spear through your chest, and

force it out quivering through your back. Khalid determined to engage and attack her, and they commenced a furious combat, and after an hour's conflict, he perceived in her what affrighted his eyes. Checking his horse, and refraining from the battle, I demand of you, by the faith of an Arab, he cried, to tell me what horseman of the desert you are, for I observe that your thrust is irresistible, and your blow inevitable; and verily you have disappointed me in my wish, and in the accomplishment of my hopes. At these words, Jaida raised the visor from her face. Khalid, she cried, Who like you can attack wild beasts in their dens? That this should be said to the virgins of Arabia is not the attribute of a lion-warrior! Khalid was abashed at her taunts. By the faith of an Arab, he replied, No one but yourself can resist me. But is there no one in all this desert who challenged you, or did you only wish to exhibit before me a specimen of your gallantry? By the faith of an Arab, added Jaida, I only came forth into this desert to assist you in chasing the wild beasts, that you might not be reproached among the warriors on my account. Khalid was astonished at her expressions, and amazed at her spirit and resolution. So they both dismounted, and darted into a cavern. Khalid seized two ferocious beasts, and Jaida seized a lion and two lionesses, and they performed deeds to strike every eye with horror. This being done, they congratulated each other, and Jaida was rejoiced in the presence of

ASIATIC SOC.

Khalid. Henceforth, said she, I will never permit you to leave the tents till after our marriage; and immediately she hastened back to her private apartments. Khalid also returned with the wild beasts to the horsemen, who shuddered at what he had done, and exalted his dignity above all other heroes. They thus continued the feast, and every one was satiated with food. The maidens put the cymbals in movement, and the slaves flourished their swords, whilst the damsels and virgins sang till the evening, when Jaida was married to Khalid, and he was blessed in her possession. Amima, the daughter of Moawiyeh, held the bridle of her camel, and the glory of Jaida was exalted among women and men. The hour was propitious; every foe grieved; every friend rejoiced. But in the course of that year Zahir died, and Jaida inherited all his property, his he and she camels. The kings of Arabia feared her, and mighty rulers were tributary to her; and every courteous poet of the desert extolled her in his rhymes. Now it happened that this story reached Rebia, and he was delighted at it, for he felt certain of the destruction of Antar.

Now Antar, with Shiboob running ahead, did not halt till he reached the lands of Zebeed. He concealed himself in the barren wastes, and despatched Shiboob to gain intelligence. Shiboob hastened onward till he came to the tents, which he entered about the close of the day, and began a conversation with the slaves and freemen, till, the morn-

ing dawning, he returned to his brother, swift as a blast of wind, and exclaimed, These lands are just now unoccupied by their masters, for Khalid has mounted his horse with some others, and has left Jaida here with two thousand warriors. But what is Jaida's employment? cried Antar in haste. Whither is Khalid gone? I asked some slaves about him, replied Shiboob, and they told me he was gone to war with the tribes of Temeem and Aamir, with the chiefs of his heroes. But Jaida rides out every night with twenty horsemen, and wanders about the highways far from the tents, fearful lest any Arab foe should surprise them. By the faith of an Arab, cried Antar, my wishes are accomplished: this very night will I seize Jaida, when she launches out into the desert. But do you, O Ebe Reah, as soon as I fall upon her and attack her, run on and cut off the way home from her attendants, so that not one may escape. Thus they remained concealed till the darkness of night came on, when they quitted their retreat, and, as they had arrived close to the tents by a by-road, Jaida and her horsemen appeared under the obscurity of the night, and Jaida headed the warriors like a tower, or a fragment rent from a mountain, and thus she exclaimed:

"The dust of horsemen in the desert is brilliant "to me: to pierce their bosoms in the fight is my "employment. To hunt lions in their dens is my "glory, and to boast over others who cannot equal "me: for daily I am in the wastes, making lions

"tremble for their separation from their lionesses
" with their cubs. And the tribes acknowledge that
" my fame is raised above all that have preceded me.
" I am Jaida, and him who dares to assault me I
" will plunge into night, in the rocks or in the plains.
" I alone may exult above all mankind, in my ac-
" tions, in my fortune, and in my husband."

Antar listened till Jaida had finished her verses, when turning to Shiboob, Son of my mother, said he, intercept these horsemen on the side of the tents, whilst I attack Jaida, and I will show you what I will do amongst these our foes. Shiboob obeyed, and giving his feet to the winds, sought the extended waste, till he was in their rear, and had cut off their road home: here he crouched upon his knees, and emptying his quiver before him, he remained in expectation of their approach. But Antar's assault on Jaida resembled the assault of a voracious lion; he drove his spear at her horse and it entered his chest, and she and the horse fell together to the ground: at the instant he drew forth his noble Dhami and rushed upon her comrades. In the twinkling of an eye he slew twelve of them: the remaining eight fled; but Shiboob received them with his arrows of death. Antar also overtook them, and destroyed some, quick as the eye-glance; so that not one out of the twenty escaped. They now returned to Jaida, who had fallen, and for a time she was stunned; but soon recovering herself, she stared to the right and to the left. Seeing no one, she

started up, and grasped her scimitar, and speeded homewards. She was, however, much weakened by her fall, and could not conceive who could have done such a deed. She had not gone far, when she met the horses of her companions, without their riders. She mounted one of them, and as through the darkness of the night she was proceeding to the tents, lo! Antar encountered her, looking out for her with Shiboob. She no sooner heard Antar speak to Shiboob, than being convinced that he must have been the author of her own fall, and the death of her attendants, Begone, she cried, ye who would realize your hopes with Jaida; and though your attack and your thrust have given you an opportunity of seeing her stretched on the ground, yet is she returned to make you drink of the cup of annihilation. She thus became furious, and bellowed like a lion at Antar: he met her, and they commenced the conflict, which they kept up so violently and vehemently, that their arms and shoulders were completely benumbed, and they felt assured of death, whilst Shiboob, to protect his brother, watched about the desert in the dark. At last Jaida was fatigued and exhausted, for she had encountered a warrior unlike any warrior, and a hero without an equal: still she would not retreat from the battle, and notwithstanding all she had suffered, she evinced perseverance and desperate resolution to the last, concealing her pain and anguish, and fully determined rather to perish than surrender herself to Antar.

When Antar was aware that she began to fail, he darted at her as a lion on his prey, and seizing her by the rings of her mail, he raised her up in his hand like a sparrow in the claws of a devouring hawk; and as he dashed her violently to the ground, her length nearly entered into her breadth. Shiboob fell upon her, and fastened down her shoulders, and bound tight her arms and her ribs. And it was about day-break, when said Shiboob, Now, my brother, let us away before the day becomes clear, and the news reach the dwellings, for horsemen will come upon us from all sides. What means such a proposal? exclaimed Antar. Shall I return home without any he or she camels? Shall I leave the property of these people untouched and at liberty? and must a second expedition be undertaken for Ibla's marriage?. By the faith of honest Arabs, I will not stir from this country till I drive away all the he camels, and untouched she camels, and whatever else I covet: then will I return home, and my wishes be fulfilled. Shiboob approved; and they concealed themselves till the sun had risen three hours, and the cattle came forth in quest of the pastures: and when they were at some distance from the tents, Antar rushed among them, and separating them from their shepherds, he drove away five thousand he and she camels, with their herdsmen, having first dealt some cleaving blows among the slaves, who cried out, Quarter from thy sword and thy spear! Some of them escaped home, and exclaimed

Alas! alas! we are undone. The horsemen instantly mounted, and joining the slaves and the shepherds, What is the matter? they cried; where is Jaida? What has fortune done to her? The slaves only replied, What of Jaida? we know nothing of her. We only know that a black horseman, tawny and furious, the image of a painted death, has driven away the camels, and has slain many of us with his sword—he is now waiting and looking out for any who may assail him. We imagine he must have already killed Jaida. But one of the horsemen, named Jabir, exclaimed, What is this? Can any single warrior oppose Jaida, the destroyer of heroes? Can any one contend with her in battle? Had she even fallen in with a numerous host, she would not have left one alive. She must only be absent in the desert for the chase. We must keep this business secret from her, and parry this attack. Upon this, they slackened their bridles, they fixed their spears, and rode off till they overtook Antar, scattered about as they were in tens and twenties. They beheld him motionless in the waste. He had taken his feet out of his stirrups, and crossed them over Abjer's neck, leaning on his overwhelming lance, nor was he moved by this sight. As they approached, they cried out, Who art thou, thus exerting thy feet towards death, and drawing the bridle of perdition towards thyself? No answer deigned he to give them; but, replacing his feet in the stirrups, he lifted his spear from the ground, and assailed them like a lion rushing out of his cave. He

pierced one, and overthrew him; a second he deprived of life; of a third he tore out the entrails; a fourth he dashed to the earth; a fifth he left despairing of life. Now those that advanced against Antar amounted to eight hundred, all valiant scowling-eyed warriors. But where are the Pleiades, and where the earth! Where are towns and where are villages! Where are the seas, and where are rivers even when they flood! And in less than an hour he had destroyed numbers of them; the rest escaped, and sought safety in flight, exclaiming, May the curse of God light on your flat-nosed father, and your harlot mother! How forcible are your blows! how irresistible your attack! He pursued them, till having driven them out of that land, he returned for their scattered horses and dispersed arms; and when he had collected the whole, Shiboob followed him as he traversed the rocks and sand-hills, till the best part of the day was spent, when, lo! a dust arose in front of them, and darkened the land. Well, said Antar to Shiboob, All paltry shifts and evasions will be useless this day. Do you take care of our booty and Jaida, whilst I show you what I will do with these foes. Thus saying, he gave the reins to Abjer, and hastened onward. But he had not gone far, when Shiboob appeared before him. Where is Jaida and the plunder? he cried. Alas! replied Shiboob, this dust and the slaves under my charge took off my attention from her, and as soon as they perceived the dust also, they

refused to drive on the camels; they screamed out at me, and came down upon me; I turned aside from them, and slew three of them; and greatly afraid I was, that, were I to attend to them exclusively, this army might overtake me whilst you were engaged far away from me in the conflict, and that I should be made to drink of the cup of death; for, indeed, this dust announces an immense force, and you are alone in the desert. O, you son of an accursed mother! cried Antar, so you in your alarms have quitted Jaida and the booty. By the faith of an Arab, I will show you wonders this day. He slackened his reins, and galloping on till he overtook the cattle, he found that the slaves had already set Jaida at liberty, and were shouting out, O for the warriors of Zebeed! Jaida was also mounted; but her distress and indignation were intense, for she was bandaged up on account of her wounds, and unarmed. Antar observing their situation, rushed upon them like a ravenous lion, and roared out a frightful roar at the slaves. Ye bastards, he cried, presume not to move. He pierced the first, and hurled him to a distance; a second he deprived of existence; a third he embowèled; a fourth he made a warning to all that beheld him. But the slaves and the horsemen, seeing their own alarming position, exclaimed, O warrior of the age, quarter, quarter from your sword! quarter from your spear! and they all assembled together, and drove the cattle on before him. As to Jaida, when she

marked Antar's exploits, she shuddered, and her eyes were bewildered. She gave the reins to her horse, and galloped towards the dust, in hopes of assistance from it. Antar pursued her like an eagle, or a lion springing out of his den, and it gladdened his soul that he should have to plunge into the midst of that army in quest of Jaida, so that he might fulfil his object; even were he to drink of the cup of perdition. Jaida ardently gazed to ascertain what horsemen were in front of her, and lo! they were of a swarthy complexion, on steeds nimbler than antelopes, and they all shouted out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! Come on, O Aboolfawaris, on to your foe! Fear not, for we are come solely on your account into this land.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the Princes Shas and Malik missed Antar, they inquired of Ibla's father concerning him; but as he gave them no direct intelligence, they repaired to their father, King Zoheir, to acquaint him with what had happened to Antar. At this news his bosom became tightened and oppressed; he sent for Shedad, and asked him about his son. He could give him no information; but said, My lord, my brother Malik has complete ascendancy over him, and I am convinced that he has entrapped him, and exposed him to dangers. I am in the greatest distress and despair about him. By the faith of an Arab, cried King Zoheir, if your son Antar should be slain, or should any misfortune befal him, I will put your brother Malik to death, and I will hang his son Amroo; so, Shedad, try to obtain some true intelligence for me on this point. Shedad signified his obedience, and quitting the king's presence he commissioned Zebeeba to go to Ibla and inquire of her what had passed, and what had been concerted. Zebeeba accordingly repaired to Ibla, and in answer to her questions Ibla imparted to her all that had been planned against Antar. Zebeeba immediately returned, and told Shedad all his

brother Malik's contrivances. Upon this, he hastened back to King Zoheir, and communicating the news to him, he added, Never can my son return—never will he be able to escape from the claws of his enemies, now that they have exposed him to the swords of Khalid and Jaida. May God never let your brother taste of rain or moisture! exclaimed Shas. By the faith of a noble Arab, I will not suffer him to remain alive whilst I am among the mansions of this world. But should Antar be killed, most ample vengeance will I have; your brother Malik shall be well repaid. But if he be still alive, I will aid him against all his enemies. And it was the wish of Shas instantly to mount and to go after Antar. Stop, my son, said his father, for I myself will march with all my warriors of the brave Absians to the assistance of Antar, our protector, and the remover of all our difficulties.

King Zoheir immediately ordered his slaves to proclaim to the horsemen an expedition against the tribe of Zebeed. He himself mounted, and went out towards a spot called Nika, where, the eagle standards being raised over his head and all the noblest Absians being assembled round him, he prepared for war and battle; and as they were about to traverse the wastes, Malik, Ibla's father, went up to King Zoheir, and said, What means all this agitation? Whither have you resolved on marching with this host? To loosen the knot you have tied, replied King Zoheir, that we may unravel it with

arms and slaughter. But you, filth that you are, how often have you deceived us, and lied in your speech! and exposed our cousin to misfortunes and calamities! My lord, said Malik, this affair was none of my doing. I have but this moment heard of it; and, in fact, I was resolved on returning to the tents in order to strike off my daughter's head with the edge of the sword, for the women must have turned her wits to have made her talk so absurdly to her cousin, thus obliging Antar to undertake so perilous an enterprise. By the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Shas, truly thy death would be preferable to thy existence, for this plot is only one of thy deeds, and one of thy stratagems, and one of thy calamities; otherwise, never would Ibla have pointed out such a dreadful adventure. I swear to thee, were I not afraid of my father and Antar's comfort, I would strike off thy head, and make thy skull fly from thy shoulders, that thy infamous designs might revert on thyself. Avaunt! away from us! Associate not with us in this affair—be no longer a companion of ours. And he fell upon him with a whip he had in his hand, and cut him across the shoulders till he nearly killed him, and thus forced him back. King Zoheir also drove away Rebia and the crowing Amarah, together with all the family of Zeead, and all the plotters against Antar; and with the remaining warriors he proceeded on his journey.

But Malik, Ibla's father, shrunk away, crying

out with pain; I cannot, will not, remain any longer in the land of the tribe of Abs, said he to Rebia, for now no one will ever again raise his head towards me. I will emigrate, and seek the land of Syria, where I will establish myself, and worship the Cross: and not let this slave-demon bully me—Oh, had he cut off our heads with the sword, it would have been more tolerable than this insult! Ay, said Rebia, it is very true, O Malik! King Zoheir has only treated us thus on account of this vile, base-born slave; let us therefore emigrate from the land of Shureba and Mount Saadi, that no one may find fault with us, or expose us to taunts and reproaches. So they collected their standards for their departure, and directing their slaves to strike their tents and load the camels, they mounted, and prepared for an entire separation. They drove away their cattle, with their women and their children before them, amounting in all to seven hundred, for Rebia was one of the sheikhs of the most celebrated Absian families, and he had been the companion of renowned monarchs. His brothers were nine, all famed horsemen, who took part in the councils of King Zoheir. Malik was also of the party, with his daughter and all his property. Oorwah, son of Wird, likewise departed with one hundred horsemen, all Absians, and great warriors. Towards the close of the day they set out, and when they halted in the evening they began to deliberate on the course they should take. Nothing can suit

us better, said they all, than the land of the tribe of Aamir, for they are honourable and noble people. Let us go down to Khalid, son of Giafer, a liberal and hospitable man; and also Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears; let us for ever establish ourselves among them, for we form a numerous host. No; said Rebia, why should we go down to these great tribes? we form of ourselves seven hundred tents; let us repair to some of the well-known waters and springs, where we may be in the way of hearing of Antar, and what happens to him among the tribe of Zebeed with Khalid, son of Moharib. If he be destroyed, I am sure King Zoheir will turn to us again, and endeavour to conciliate us, that we may return home. After this they assembled their standards, and having travelled the distance of two parasangs, they halted at a place called Zatool Khirjein, where they let the cattle graze.

King Zoheir, in the mean time, continued his journey over the land, far and wide, until he joined Antar.

As soon as Antar saw the Absian horsemen, he was pleased, for he felt assured they had come on his account. But Jaida, knowing that they were Absians, surrendered herself to Antar, and begged for quarter. He protected her from death, and ordered Shiboob to tie her hands behind her back. Antar dismounted, and went to do homage before King Zoheir, saying, Why, my lord, all this com-

motion? O Antar, replied the King, it was your expedition against your enemies that has rendered this movement necessary; and, moreover, our fears for you in the scenes of death. Know, too, that one like you must not be so easily abandoned; we must exert ourselves to protect you; and had you informed us of this journey, and this your resolution, we would have made your uncle's insidious designs and foul deeds revert on his own vile person, and have obliged him to marry you to his daughter. Antar kissed his feet, and thanking him for his kind discourse, My lord, said he, by your munificence, which I can never repay, I have only exposed myself to these difficulties that I may leave my uncle nothing to say against me. Moreover, I am firmly fettered and bound down to him, and can do nothing but what he requires or what he proposes, whether it be near at hand or at a distance. And turning towards King Zoheir's sons, he saluted the Princes Shas and Malik; and thanking them also for their conduct, he paid his duty to his father Shedad, and his uncle Zakhmet-ool Jewad, and congratulated them on their safety. In return, they related to him all that concerned his uncle Malik, and the disgrace with which they had loaded him; at the same time making inquiries about his situation, and all that had befallen him in the land of Zebeed. My lords, said he, it has terminated, through your favour, in the happiest manner. Wherever I have

been, I have succeeded, and whithersoever I have turned, I have prospered; for when I directed myself towards this land, I found it stripped of its warriors, so I have gained possession of Jaida, who was my grand object; and had I had fifty horsemen to fight, I would have driven away the cattle of three tribes. But now the business will be easy enough. Alight you here, and let my lord, King Zoheir, repose. Let us attack these tribes, and carry off their property, and their he and she camels, for their chief, Khalid, is absent against the tribe of Aamir, and has confided them to the care of Jaida, and he does not know that she has fallen into the talons of the devouring eagle, at whose command the mill of war revolves. King Zoheir accordingly alighted, bid his tents be pitched, and the standards to be raised, whilst his horsemen, with his sons, rode off; and being absent all night, they returned in the morning, with camels and cattle that covered the whole country; King Zoheir having strictly enjoined them not to capture the married women, nor touch any thing but the slaves and the cattle. So when he beheld this immense abundance, he greatly rejoiced, saying, Antar is indeed a most fortunate fellow, and no one contends with him but dies in anguish.

During a stay of three days they slaughtered camels and sheep, and feasted; but on the fourth day they departed for their homes. King Zoheir set out, and by his side rode the Chiefs and Antar,

who conversed and recited verses all the way till there remained only two days march between them and their own country; and as they entered a spacious meadow, How wide and extensive is this spot! exclaimed Antar, how well adapted for battle and contentions! O Aboolfawaris! said King Zoheir, all places are alike to us, and we are prepared for all events: to me this spot appears most fit for eating and drinking, and for hunting in the vicinity. O King! cried Antar, I have only been brought up in war and conflicts, and the encounter of warriors, and I feel that my heart enjoys nothing so much as feats of arms. May God ever protect thee, thou valiant knight of the horse, thou plunger into night! cried King Zoheir. Soon after they struck their tents, and marched on a little way, when lo! something appeared like a cloud. They halted, and lo! it rose on high, and obscured the whole region. The light of day was changed to gloom, and beneath the dust was the flash of scimitars and the glitter of spears, and shouts and lamentations. O Aboolfawaris! exclaimed King Zoheir, truly it has turned out just as you wished: doubtless this dust announces the army of Khalid, and the prisoners he has taken from the tribe of Aamir. We have nothing to sustain us but patience against the blows of cleaving scimitars and the assault of these devouring lions, and yet we shall attain the pinnacle of glory. Antar smiled: Great King, said he, let not your bosom be oppressed; for yours are horsemen

prepared for battle; but the foe shall soon be reduced to captivity and disgrace. Not one of us will shrink from the combat, cried out King Zoheir's sons and the warriors. And directing their horses towards the dust, and having first secured the foreign slaves whom they had captured, they drew up their men, right and left, Antar heading them, and longing for the blow and the thrust.

Now this army in front of them was the force of the tribe of Zebeed, under the command of Khalid, son of Moharib; and the prisoners who were with them were the treacherous family of Zeead, Rebia, and Amarah. It happened that when Khalid went forth against the tribe of Aamir with five thousand horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, and Khitam, and Zarim, and Cais, son of Mokewshah, the Moradian, and Maadi Kereb, the noble knight, they continued their journey, and eagerly pursued their course till they reached the tribe of Aamir; but they found them already well informed of their intentions, and entrenched among the ravines. This mode of defence was the plan of the Brandisher of Spears: for after the defeats he had received from Khalid, he kept perpetually on the look out, and was on the watch night and day; so that when Khalid invaded his country, he found him prepared; and not being able to take him unawares, he consulted with a man well versed in such matters, called Leith, son of Maad. O Khalid! said he, if you wish to lose time in absurd enterprises, and not return but disap-

pointed, remain in this land; but if you wish to return victorious, attack the land of the tribe of Abs and Adnan: such an invasion will enrich your comrades with he and she camels, in roan horses and cattle. Accordingly he marched till he came to Zat-ool Khirjein, the very spot where Rebia and Oorwah, and Ibla's father, with their brave followers, had halted. When Khalid beheld this profusion, the tents and the horses, he was much surprised, and said to Maadi Kereb, Illustrious Chief, when we passed by this spot the other day, we saw no one. And whilst they were conversing, the Absians mounted, and began the assault and the shout, O by Abs! O by Adnan! and at their head was Rebia, and the ruffian Amarah, and Oorwah, and his noble adherents. Khalid shouted to his people, and they rushed to the conflict and the combat of swords and spears. The Absians exerted their whole strength; but the enemy was superior in number. They persisted in the fight the whole day, but before evening the Absians had lost one hundred horsemen. The remainder were taken prisoners, their property was plundered, and their families made captive; and a great lamentation arose among them: but the grief and plaints of Ibla exceeded the rest; for when she had seen that her father was again resolved to marry her to Amarah, she burst forth into most violent cries and wailings; but when this sad event took place, and they were all made prisoners, she was a little re-

lieved, and she cried out in a loud voice in the name of Antar, never thinking of any part of her family but to revile and abuse them. Khalid remarked how much distressed she appeared, and inquired who was the wretched mourner. Some of the prisoners, who were no friends of Antar, related to him the whole story, and told him that Antar was gone in quest of Jaida, in order to carry her away, that she might attend on Ibla on her marriage night: and we, they added, on account of this circumstance have fallen into this disaster; for King Zoheir was incensed against her father, and went off after her cousin, being greatly alarmed about him, aware of your power: thus has he produced feuds amongst the families—Rebia too has accompanied us. This report roused the alarms of Khalid. What, cried he to the Absians, is King Zoheir now in my country? Yes; they replied, and with him all our troops and forces, and our lands are left destitute of all protection, there being only Warca and three hundred horsemen appointed to defend them. Then, cried Khalid, by the faith of an Arab, will I tear out his lips, and erase the tribe of Abs from the race of men, and make them a proverb in the world. Sending for Maadi Kereb, he exclaimed, Away with these horsemen to the land of the Absians! Make their women and their children captives! Slay their horsemen and troops, and go with your prisoners into the land of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed, so that I may occupy this country,

and by some lucky chance encounter King Zoheir, and render his expedition most inauspicious to him. Should he surrender himself a prisoner, I will confine him in my tents to grind wheat and barley. Maadi Kereb did as Khalid directed, and departed with a thousand men; whilst Khalid turned back, a flame raging in his heart; and all Malik's sayings to Antar were reported to him, viz. I will not marry you to my daughter unless Jaida, the daughter of Zahir, be present to hold the bridle of her camel. At this he fell upon Malik's nose with a whip; he treated Amroo, his son, in the same manner; and he gave them a thrashing hotter than burning coals. Amarah was looking at them in their tortures, and made a thousand calculations as to his own fate. Rebia had been severely wounded in three places, and he was more distressed than any one of the party, for he had been the instigator of this murderous contest in which they had been made prisoners. Oorwah also had the same feelings, and he felt resolved never again to follow the counsels of the family of Zeead, for they were wicked, obstinate people: and when he heard Malik scream out in pain and torments, This, said he, is the reward of one who is every day marrying his daughter to some one or other, but never makes her over to her only friend and protector. Thus was Khalid's heart a little appeased; and as he traversed the passes of the desert, his soul full of Jaida, he thus recited:

"I lead on the horse in clamorous multitudes

" like hideous dragons, and they sweep along with
" their feet and their armour: mounted on them
" are stubborn warriors, all strong-armed and full-
" mustachioed. Thus they trampled down the lands
" of the tribes of Aamir and Kelab, and the country
" of the tribe of Hellal; who fled at my approach,
" and ran like wild animals from the lion of the
" forests: they passed the night on the mountains,
" and their armies watched my form from the sum-
" mits of the sands. As to the Absians, I attacked
" them by day, and surrounded them with the
" points of the spears—I captured their Chiefs, and
" I have left some as rotten carcasses at Khirjein.
" How many of their high-bosomed beauties are
" shedding tears from their fawn eyes, crying out
" in their anguish, O by Abs! help us. But the
" Absians are in chains. Zoheir is, indeed, march-
" ing against me with slaves and with Chiefs; but
" death has driven him to a land where the women
" surpass such men. If what I have heard be true,
" truth is bartered for lies: for soon will it be evi-
" dent in the day of contention who is the dupe in
" the acquisition of glory. The gleaming scimitar
" sparkles in my hand, and the pliant spear weeps
" in blood. I fill the ears of the warriors with
" dread, that the nations fly away from the din and
" the clamour; and the hero, at the very mention
" of my name when he slumbers, sees in his dreams
" a phantom of my form. But, if time allow it, I
" will one day return and seize in fetters that de-

" spicable Absian slave; and were I to boast of my " powers, I would say, the whole earth is convulsed " by my right hand and by my left."

Khalid continued his march over the sand hills, till he came nigh unto the Absians, as we have stated; and he gave a shout at the meeting that made the mountains tremble with horror. But when the Absians heard the cries and exclamations, they said to one another, These are the voices of our own women—the cries of the daughters of our uncles. Ruin has fallen upon us, and no profit have we gained in this trade. What do you think of this? said Antar to King Zoheir. I cannot comprehend it, he replied, nor what has happened to us; but I will despatch some one to clear it up. And calling to an Absian horseman, Go, said he, and inquire about these captives. The horseman instantly gave the reins to his steed, and as Khalid saw him approach at full speed, he said to himself, If this horseman, whom King Zoheir has sent, should demand quarter of me, by the faith of an Arab, I will not consent—I will disgrace the tribe far and near; and every one that I capture I will reduce to slavery. Still is my heart anxious about Jaida, for I have no intelligence of her. So turning to a horseman, he said, Go forth to this Absian, and hear what he has to say; learn, too, if he knows any thing of Jaida, and return, for I am in alarm about her for the evils of Fortune: and my fears are great that she may be a captive, or lying dead

on the plain. The horseman rode off, and met the Absian half way, and cried out, O thou, a criminal towards your own life, and marching towards the silence of the tomb, say, what news? before I hack thy joints. Thou Zebeed Arab, replied the Absian, what meanest thou by these threats and menaces? The event is still to happen, we must come down on you, and you on us. But as to myself, I am only here to ask intelligence and to give information, and to warn you. And what, asked the Zebeedian, do you require of us? what information do you give? and against what would you warn us? This is my intelligence, added the Absian; we have conquered your country—we have taken prisoners your wives and your families, and we have plundered your property. But we warn you against the black Absian, and the Adnanian troops that accompany him, whose spears are sped with death. The intelligence I demand is this, whence have you obtained these captives that are now in your power? Have you invaded the lands of Aamir and Kelab? Now I have done speaking, and I demand your answer. As to your question about the prisoners, replied the Zebeedian, we obtained them without any trouble or difficulty, such was the impartiality of fortune towards our Chief Khalid, the ruler of the necks of the Arabs. And when he had described all that had happened, he concluded by saying, Khalid has despatched Maadi Kereb, with one thousand horsemen, against the Absians, and has ordered

him to ravage their lands, plunder their property, slay their men, and to take their women captives. And he departed yesterday evening, swearing that he would not leave a single Absian alive. But now I must ask about Jaida, the daughter of Zahir. She is our captive, exclaimed the Absian, and severely wounded. What hero could take her prisoner? asked the Zebeedian, equal as she is to her own cousin in the fight? She was taken, answered the Absian, by a man, who resembles no man; by a warrior like unto no warrior; one who regards not the conflict of heroes, and before whom the necks of the bravest bow down; our protector on all occasions, our relief in adversity—the kindler of the flame of war on the day of carnage—an intrepid horseman—the instructor of warriors in the blows of the cleaving scimitar—one who has humbled the fiercest lions, and vanquished the stoutest heroes—the serpent of the bowels of the desert—the Chief Antar, son of Shedad. On hearing this, the Zebeedian returned to Khalid, and the Absian hastened back to King Zoheir; and as he advanced he thus spoke:

"Arise, ye Absians! we have fallen into cala-
"mities; your dwellings are destroyed; loud winds
"whistle about them: nothing remains but the
"echo! They have driven away your property
"and your children; disgrace is let loose, as mis-
"fortunes descended. Behold your goods plun-

"dered and ruined, and your wives violated with "their slave girls. The Zebeedians invaded you "with their horsemen, and death has succeeded to "joy, by means of their strong spears, like long "poles, whose thrusts calamities accompanied. "Were you to behold your wives; they are, in- "deed, captives, and no one listens to the la- "mentations—they are mourning over their land, "and their enemies have accomplished all they "wished. Come on! take vengeance! Avert from "ye this disgrace; your wives are in consterna- "tion; tears and sorrow abound among them. "Couldst thou, O Antar, behold the grief of Ibla, "as she calls out, and frequent are her calls. "Couldst thou but see her; how her tears flow, "bedewing her garments and her robes. Ibla is "among them, shining like the sun. Her charms "are like the full moon in the heavens.—Come "on, ye cowards! engage the foe, for death, "and not existence, is now most acceptable. No- "thing remains but blows and thrusts; skulls and "chins must fly. The enemy has made your wives "captives, as ye have done, and the one has re- "quited the other."

On hearing this, King Zoheir and the Absians wept. Antar nearly fell from his horse, though rejoiced at the sorrows of the family of Zeead, feeling assured that their own iniquity had visited them, and convinced that his uncle, Malik, had

been the cause of the mischief, and the contriver of the expedition. But on Ibla's account he endured all.

The Zebeedian messenger also turned back, and tearing off his garments, he related to Khalid what the Absian had told him; thus speaking:

"Holà, ye full-armed nations! ye have fallen on "the tribe of Abs that are marching towards you "with spears, on thin-flanked generous steeds that "fly with them, and bear them like hideous dra-"gons. They are driving away all your property, "leaving nothing but what is old and rotten in the "ruins of your homes. Your families are exclaim-"ing; Is there any one to aid us against those who "have exposed themselves to nocturnal depreda-"tions? Is there any merciful one who can pity a "tribe whose women and lords are prisoners? O "Khalid, could thine eyes but behold Jaida shed-"ding tears from her fawn eyes! Haste thou, lion "hero, and soothe the edge of the sword and the "spear among them; for is not death pleasanter than "life that loads man with ignominy? Forget not the "wretches who have covered us with shame by "what they have done in the nights that have "passed."

Anguish and grief overwhelmed Khalid as he heard these verses, and he ordered the Zebeedians to prepare for battle. The riders mounted their steeds and girded on their swords. Every brave horsemen stood forth; the cowards shrunk away and

were terrified; the warriors sought the open plain, and the Absians did the same as the Zebeedians. The whole desert trembled under their charges. Spears were in motion, and tore out lives at will. King Zoheir turned towards Antar (for he beheld what made him shudder), O Aboolfawaris, said he, this is indeed a frightful scene, replete with terrors and destruction. By your existence, my lord, replied Antar, lives will not fail or increase; and such a day as this is what I long for and ardently desire. I will assuredly release our property, and our women, and destroy the foe, were even the Great Nushirvan, or the emperor of the christians, or the kings of the tribes of Asfar among them, and not one survivor will I leave to mourn over them; and thus Antar continued:

"When a youth is content with a contemptible "existence of pleasure, and wears a veil like a girl, "and attacks not the insulting lions; and gores not "the chests of the chargers; and treats not hos- "pitably the guests that come to him; and defends "not the tribe with his scimitar; and attains not "glory with the blow of the cutlass; and is not re- "solute in calamities; and upholds not with all his "might him who protects his neighbour; and does "not steep his spear in the blood of the chieftains: "Say then to the female mourners of death, when "they would bewail him—Stop, O ye mourners! "Never mourn, but the lion of the den, intrepid in "the rising conflicts. They call me to the battles,

" and I meet the envious and the hostile; I smite " with the sabre, when the men of combats exclaim, " O thou, joy of champions! I gore with the lance " in quest of honour, and I strike with the severing " falchion: I rush into the carnage, and I heed it " not; the brave youth alone is hailed by the chief- " tains. Such is the fame that lasts, and never " perishes through the remainder of existence. " And I will defend my tribe by my exertions from " the terrific calamities of war: I will rescue our " property in a battle, to which the firm-rooted " mountains shall bow in submission; and I will " cause my darling Ibla to shout to them all in " their dispersion and confusion; I will liberate our " captives from them with the sword that splits the " skulls of the warrior-chiefs. I am Antar, and " my reputation is well established among the " valiant for the strokes of my falchion."

May God never abandon thy mouth! and may no one ever harm thee! cried Shas. But when Khalid beheld the Absians advance like overpowering lions, the horrors of his situation increased. Rage and fury worked within his soul, and he shrieked out to the tribe of Zebeed, Come on, my cousins! the battle! the battle! Pour down punishments upon your foes; but whoever of you falls upon an Absian, let him not slay him: if he be able, let him take him prisoner. With this exhortation, he bent his head over the saddle-bow, and began the assault, and his men acted as he did.

The noble Absians received them, brandishing their sharp swords and long spears, headed by Antar, the knight of the blow and the thrust, rushing down upon his foes and antagonists. Now the conflict raged furiously between the two armies; deaths were at hand; horrors abounded; the sword fell among them right and wrong; souls were dragged out with violence; lives quitted bodies; the heavens rained torments upon them, and made horsemen drink of tortures; the terrors of doubt augmented; calamities stuck to them with their fangs and claws. Men became old, young as they had been; the cupbearer of death made them quaff the liquor of extinction; fate decided among them, and erred not, but always effected its purpose; and bodies were suffering the severest agonies. Thus they continued the engagement, and the summits of the mountains burst at the fury of the carnage and the slaughter. Antar endangered every horseman of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed; his scimitar threatened and menaced in every direction as he stretched the heroes in the dust. But his impetuosity was principally directed towards the prisoners on account of Ibla; still he could not reach her, so numerous was the host in front of him. Khalid, too, was dealing most vigorous blows, that startled the eyes and alarmed the hearts of the bravest; saying to himself, Wherever I assail, no one can resist me; and he imagined the whole earth was within his grasp, and verily the mountains

rocked under the vehemence of his attack, and trembled in awe of him. But he experienced from the Absians the reverse of what he expected; and never could he make a single prisoner till he had completely harassed and exhausted him. Towards the evening he fell upon that part of the army where King Zoheir fought. He pierced through it, and wounded Princes Shas and Malik. And when King Zoheir beheld this calamity, his senses were disordered, and he attacked him like an undaunted lion, and engaged him till the day was clouded over, and the sun was clothed in robes of twilight yellow, and the armies of darkness threw around him the robes of obscurity. At last the troops retired from the battle, and separated to the right and to the left. Blood was still streaming and flowing, and the whole field of contention was choked up with skulls. But when the darkness became general, all dismounted and began to eat. Then King Zoheir acquainted Antar with the exploits of Khalid, and the extraordinary scenes that had passed between them, and told him that Shas and Malik were wounded. By the Ruler of the world, exclaimed Antar, sorely grieved at this circumstance, I must make him drink of the wine of perdition! I could not give my attention to him this morning in the battle, for I sought the release of Ibla; but, to-morrow, I will be the first to engage; I will challenge him to the conflict, and when I have slain him in the face of all these warriors,

perturbation and disma ywill seize them, and we will rescue our captives from bondage and imprisonment, in spite of the boasting of Khalid. Yes, said King Zoheir, we shall vanquish them, and bring down annihilation upon them; but, I own, my heart trembles for Maadi Kereb and his expedition against our families with his ruffian Arabs, for no one remains to protect them but my son Warca with a small party of brave fellows: and I fear much, that he will gain a victory over them, if we do not succeed to-morrow in the concussion of swords and spears. After this, they partook of a repast, and sought repose in slumber: but Antar watched till it was dark, when, mounting his horse, he went forth in order to protect his friends from any sudden calamity under the veil of nocturnal darkness, attended by Shiboob, and in his heart was a flame of fury that he had not subdued Khalid, and had not released Ibla from misery. The words of King Zoheir also, and his alarms for his children, burst upon him, and he felt conscious it was all owing to him, and to the failure of his attempts: so, as soon as they had launched into the desert, he poured forth all his sorrows to his brother Shiboob, saying, in conclusion, I would not go alone on the execution of my own concerns, except in a country where there is no one that harbours evil designs against me. Moreover, I do not feel secure about the issue of this business, though truly I performed deeds, in which the bravest of

heroes would have failed. Thus they continued roaming about, gently moving as it were, on their tiptoes, till they came in the rear of the army, where they concealed themselves.

Now, by the first dawn of day, the two armies sallied forth, anxious for the battle and the contest. King Zoheir was expecting to see Antar dart forward as usual, but he did not appear, and to all his inquiries no one could give him any satisfactory information: at this he was troubled and astonished. The circumstance was soon publicly known, and whilst King Zoheir was expressing his distress at such an event, lo! a great dust arose and increased; a black cloud preceded it with immense velocity, and the wild animals were seen running away in terror: the two armies stared with fixed eyeballs, when, behold! there came forth from beneath the dust some horsemen like lions, and at the head was a knight like the declivity of a mountain, stalking over the land with two feet of prodigious size and length; and in front of him were men bound with cords, and numerous dispersed horses without riders: and the multitude shouted, O by Zebeed! and he that led them was Maadi Kereb, whom Khalid had directed to proceed from Zatool Khirjein. He had marched on, till approaching the tribe of Abs; he said to his cousins, Only drive away the horses—mind not the camels—capture not their women and families—and let us be gone as speedily as possible, that the mass of the tribe of Ghiftan

may not attack us, and whilst we attempt too much, let us take care not to be worsted. Accordingly they assaulted the tribe of Abs, and drove away the horses and steeds, and without laying their hands on the daughters, they departed over the rocks and the plains: but when the cries of the slaves and the freeborn arose, Warca mounted with the few horsemen that remained with him, and pursued the enemy. Maadi Kereb turned upon him, and made a violent assault upon the Absians; and before the close of the day, one hundred and fifty of the Absians were made prisoners, Warca himself being made captive. Maadi Kereb immediately resumed his journey with all speed, nor halted till he reached the two armies just as they were about to begin the attack. Ah! cried King Zoheir, this is just what I feared; now, indeed, our only resource is to smite with the sword, for never must we behold our wives reduced to infamy and ignominy. Maadi Kereb was joyfully received by his friends, who advanced and saluted him, and in answer to all their inquiries, he told them what had passed. He asked them also for Khalid. Alas! said they, we know nothing of him; last night he went forth to keep the watch, and even till now we have seen no traces of him. Maadi Kereb was greatly distressed: he could neither rest nor repose—he cried out and shouted, and made the assault of one violently afflicted. All the ranks followed him, extending their spears to grasp souls. The Absians

received their spears on their breasts, and their lives spurned the calamities that overwhelmed them, and the misfortunes that overpowered them. The whole country shook as with an earthquake—blood began to flow and stream—death was eagerly occupied, though at first in jest. The achievements of the feeble were distinguished from those of the brave, and the sun had not mounted high before proofs of death were manifest. King Zoheir was on the right defending himself, and boldly fighting, surrounded by his sons and a party of his brave followers, who at last seeing the calamities that were descending upon them, spread themselves over the desert in flight. In vain King Zoheir would have rallied them; they heeded him not; and the Absians were nearly destroyed: heavy evils pressed upon them; and just at the moment that death was let loose upon them, lo! a shout arose in the rear of the enemy, and a large body of horse charged in various directions, exceeding a thousand men, every warrior armed with a lance, and every one crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Antar was in front of them, and Shiboob by his side, roaring out, Hey, O Zebeedians! misery awaits ye from all quarters: abandon your false hopes; and if ye will not admit the justice of what I say, behold, here is the head of your leader Khalid! Calamity has overtaken him. Thus saying, he raised up a towering spear, on which was a head like the head of a demon. And immediately Antar assailed them with

his companions, plying their blows and thrusts among the tribe of Zebeed. Antar pierced them with penetrating thrusts, and hurled down the horsemen off their steeds; and the souls of the Absians revived after death. Cousins, exclaimed King Zoheir, in such a crisis as this we must persevere and be firm in adversity, that we may obtain the noblest rewards of glory. Turn back then on the foe. Our friends are advancing; Khalid, son of Moharib, is dead.

Now while Antar was keeping watch over his countrymen, he said to Shiboob, Let us stretch out into the desert under this darkness, and let us make towards the spot where are our prisoners, perhaps we may rescue them before the morning. Shiboob assenting, they plunged into the desert until they heard no more of the armies, and then they sought the forces of Zebeed. Khalid had also that night taken on himself the protection of his countrymen. His distress and anguish were intense; and he had only one attendant, his slave Damis: and when they had roamed far over the waste in the thick obscurity of night, Damis directed his course towards the Absian camp. Damis, said Khalid, my sole wish this night is to meet Antar, that I may drink of his blood as I would drink pure water, for he has laid low my beloved Jaida. Khalid had scarcely finished these words when the indistinct form of Antar appeared before him. He moved towards him, and cried out, What foul Arab art thou?

Whither art thou going in this obscurity? Antar also addressed him; his agitation increased. Damis recognised him. My lord, said he, mark how the olden god has gratified your wishes, and has fulfilled your desires. Antar, alone, is moving towards you. Come on; hola! and make him drink of the cup of perdition. Khalid gave a shout at Antar. What wouldest thou of me? cried Antar. O Khalid, what seekest thou? What are thy designs? Bastard, exclaimed Khalid, to bring destruction on thee; to darken thy life, and make thee feel thy proper value. And he instantly made the assault of night and day. Antar received him with blows like the harbingers of fate. Shiboob and Damis were each eagerly occupied; they too began to manœuvre and fight; and when they separated, they shot their arrows, directed by the sound of their voices.. In the mean time Khalid and Antar were engaged in a conflict of attacks and thrusts; of pressure and junction, neither man nor genii could have waged. They exerted all their powers and bellowed; their blows descended by thousands; the contest was fiercer than a blazing fire. The obscurity of night continued till the skirts of the garments of darkness were drawn up, and the light of day shone, when Antar saw in Khalid what he had not counted; but the flame of his fury only raged the more; he plied his blow and thrust the more violently: so likewise did Shiboob and Damis; though wearied by the vehemence of their labours,

still they sprang and plunged at each other the more. The arrows of either being expended, they returned to the contest with daggers, and trusted to the blows of their poniards; and just as each raised his hand with his dagger, and aimed a blow at each other, lo! there burst forth a withering howl; and a voice exclaimed, I will not fail, for I am ever the lover of Ibla: I will not be controlled! and he that uttered this sound was Antar. Perceiving his antagonist flag in his strength, he pushed upon him like a voracious lion; he poured down upon him the attack of fate and destiny, and smote him with the irresistible Dhami, and behold his head rolled upon the ground. When Damis saw this, and heard the shout, he was struck with horror. He attempted to fly, but Shiboob overtook him, and plunged his poniard in between his shoulders, and forced it out between his paps: then turning towards his master, he congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his adversary, and what had happened to him. By the life of the eyes of Ibla, exclaimed Antar, I never beheld a more valiant hero, nor a more impetuous arm. Very well, said Shiboob, but, this time however, you have not so much the advantage over me as to make me blush; for you have slain your man, and I mine. But, said Antar, how different were they in their advance and retreat! Upon this, he ordered him to take up Khalid's head, and thus they retired from that spot to the field of battle, and when they arrived, he perceived the Ab-

sians discomfited, and the Zebeedians hot in the pursuit of his friends, who were invoking his assistance. All the troops being now dispersed over the plains, and there being only one hundred men stationed as a guard over the prisoners, Antar, who observed this circumstance, called out to the slave-girls and slaves of the Absians, why do you delay releasing your masters from captivity and bondage? And he rushed upon the hundred men, and scattered them right and left, stretching many on the dust. The slaves instantly liberated their masters from their cords, and rescued both men and women, who sending forth one universal shout, made the mountains ring with the uproar. They hastened to the scene of action, and blackened the country on all sides. In a moment Antar assailed the foe, and poured down upon them thrusts that anticipated death, whilst Shiboob hoisted up Khalid's head on the point of a tall spear, and cried out in that voice, and spoke in those words. God now dispelled the gloom and sorrow from the heart of King Zoheir and his warriors. Flight and dismay fell upon their enemies, who fled towards their own country. The Absians retired from the field of battle exulting in the realization of their wishes, and the accomplishment of their hopes. The horsemen dispersed to collect the spoil and the cattle, but Antar returned like a ferocious lion, and sought King Zoheir and his sons, thus speaking:

"Verily we have found the Zebeed stout in the

" day of our concussion, and the troops of death " have scoured the plain. But when they fled, we " laboured in their rear as fire-works among straw, " when it burns. I have left Khalid a prey to birds " on the ground, and not a breath of life is in his " carcase. I was born for war, and I kindle it when " it cools. I would plunge into hell-flames when it " blazes. I have met the thrust through the dust " with smiles, and the scowling warriors when they " were moist with sweat. And were deaths to ad- " vance upon me, when they are in quest of the " grasp of souls, I would anticipate their assault."

Having finished these verses, he hastened to King Zoheir and kissed his stirrup, and related to him the combat he had sustained with Khalid. O Abool-fawaris, cried the King, we have indeed been exposed to the most imminent perils, and all to please your uncle Malik. O King, said Antar, all this proceeds from your gracious favours towards your slave, who is not worth the dust of your feet, and who can never requite your favours. And whilst they reposed, Antar sent for Jaida; she was not to be found. He inquired for his uncle Malik and Ibla; no one knew any thing of them. At this he was greatly distressed and astonished; his eyes filled with tears; and he wept, as he informed King Zoheir of the event, and he even felt more than Antar. These men, said he, have made us a common proverb among the Arab tribes; and to his inquiries about who remained at their post still and quiet at the

time of the engagement, not fighting and not combating, they assured him, there were only Amarah, Rebia, and Oorwah left behind, for they were covered with wounds; and not one of them able to move or stir: but there were women, and a crowd of people attending them. On hearing this, King Zoheir summoned Rebia, who came supported by some slaves. O Rebia, said he, have you not failed in what I recommended to your care! But the God of Heaven will repay you. We left you in charge of our habitations and our families; but you emigrated thence, and abandoned them to be plundered by the foe. ' You have adopted the evil propensities of your brother Amarah, even so as to reduce us to this unhappy state. O King, cried Rebia, whilst he poured forth groans and plaints, it was you who reviled me; you insulted me; you abused me; you refused me justice. You treated me contemptuously at the time of your departure from home; and you have implicated me in the dissensions between Antar and his uncle. But never have I failed in my duty towards you. You were not acquainted with the real state of the case: for soon after your departure, Ibla's father determined on emigrating on account of the beating he had received from your son Shas, saying, By God, he would remove to the cities of Syria, and worship the cross. This alarmed me; so I accompanied him on account of the oaths I heard him utter, and with him I went down to Zatool Kherjein, and did all I

could to soothe his heart, repeating to him, Kings are only indignant and conciliatory with regard to their subjects when the internal evidence of affairs is made clear to their satisfaction. But we had been there only three days when these disasters befel us. Well, said King Zoheir, this business is now over, Rebia; and this is not the time for talking about it; our hearts are bent on home. So tell me where are Malik and his son Amroo? Rebia swore by every oath (all false), that he had seen nothing of him from the time they had been set at liberty. I was lying on the ground wounded, he added, and the blood was still issuing from my wounds. I will punish him according to his deserts, said King Zoheir, and I will show him which of us is to be master.

They remained in that spot till morning, that every one might seek relief from fatigue, and quietly repose; except Antar, for he tasted not of meat that night, nor of sleep. He laid himself down near the Princes Shas and Malik, full of grief and sorrow. His father sat down near him, and also his uncle Zakhmetool Jewad. All tried to console him, and engage him in conversation. By my life in thee, O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik, enemies and designing malicious people shall not exult over us; particularly that family of Zeead. But, bear up like a man, till we learn whither your uncle is gone; then tear his soul from between his ribs, and make him suffer to the extent of your power. Thus they continued to console him till a great part of the

night was passed. At last, they all fell asleep, overcome by fatigue; and when Antar found himself alone, he wept and mourned; his tears flowed copiously. He sighed, and his passion and agony were excessive. His tongue loosened into rhyme, and as he wept he thus expressed himself:

" When my tears give evidence against me, how " can I deny it? and the fire of anxious love is burn- " ing in my entrails. In vain I would conceal what " I suffer from love, and the garments of sorrow are " every day renewed. I meet my pangs with cou- " rageous patience, and, though my love is severe, " my resignation is eternal. It is to God that I " complain of my uncle's ill treatment and perse- " cution, and when I find no friend to aid me against " his cruelty, O my friends, shall I let my love for " him destroy me; my arm being so strong, and " my sword Indian? O daughter of Malik, sleep " is sacrilege to me! Who can sleep whose bed- " ding is of burning charcoal? I will mourn till " the birds shall know that I am in grief, and the " plaintive dove shall pity me. I will kiss the earth " where thou art, perhaps my passion may be cooled " by the moisture of the ground. My mind and " my heart, O Ibla, are stupefied, and wail over the " track of the baggage-camels and the horses; have " compassion then on my condition, if thy love is " lasting: my vows indeed will survive, and my " love is immortal."

At day-light King Zoheir set out to return home;

but Antar's heart was like a pan upon a fire, and he despatched Shiboob to procure intelligence for him concerning his uncle Malik. As to the family of Zeead, it was all holiday time for them on account of their triumph over Antar. Towards evening King Zoheir permitted them to alight near some waters, that the women and children might repose; and when they were all dismounted, Amarah went up to Antar, and thus addressed him, giving vent to his exultation, How are you, black skin? you look vastly miserable indeed! At this Antar's fiery agony blazed the more, and he could not refrain from answering him in these words: Well, son of Zeead, although you would shame me for my blackness, yet am I fair in act and mind; and ask all the women in your tents that are with child, who is the father of their children: I perceive evident signs and proofs of jealousy in you; and every Arab can bear me witness, how greatly I honour the generous giver; how I abhor the base and ignominious; and thus he continued in verse:

"Shall Amarah threaten me, and shall he consider me a mean wight, unable to defend himself? whilst I have a sword more deadly than death; and whenever it moves, sparks flash from it, and a spear of the tall spear of Khata *, whose barb may be taken for a flame in the night, and that deals mighty and lacerating blows; when a man

* An island in the Persian gulf.

" dares it, it spoils him of life. Soon shalt thou know " which of us is nearest to death, and who shall be " left dead on the waste."

Shas happened to overhear what Amarah had said, and abused him in the harshest manner, adding, Cannot you have pity on yourself, and keep out of mischief? How infamously you use a man who has a thousand times shown you the greatest kindness! but you can do him no harm. Upon this, Amarah slunk away, and sorely he felt his inferiority. In the morning they traversed the valleys and the deserts till they came near home, when the high and low came out to meet them, and it was a grand day for them all. Each party retired to his dwelling; friends greeted friends; and those who remained rejoiced in the arrival of the absent. But when Antar beheld the abandoned and ruined dwelling of Ibla, his grief again overpowered him. He leant on his spear, and in a voice expressive of his consternation, he thus spoke:

" * Have the poets left aught to be repaired in " song? Canst thou recollect the abode of thy love " after long meditation? O dwelling of my Ibla! " Speak to me from Jiwa! Hail to thee, dwelling " of my Ibla! Secure and safe be thou."

At that moment King Zoheir's son came up to him and exclaimed, By the Holy Kaaba! no one has surpassed you in poetry, and you are the most eloquent of all the tribe of Abs and Adnan. But

* Thus begins his Moallacat, which appears afterwards.

one who can speak as you speak, and act as you act, how can he abandon himself to the vehemence of passion and desire? Drive away this sorrow from your heart! O, my Prince, said Antar, it is not by my own will or my inclination that this passion has entered into my soul, so that I can dismiss it at pleasure. And as his agitation increased, he thus continued:

"To whom do suns appear in the obscurity "of night, or shine in coloured robes and velvet, "comprising every beauty like a meadow fashioned "in marble, or a picture of ivory? They move and "wave about in garments like a ship sailing over "the billows: round them are entangled swords "and spears, and horsemen and suitors roam about "them: but among them she is a fair form like the "branch that flutters through a veil of ebony. I "beheld her—I became enamoured, but I concealed "what I suffered, so that no one knew of it—I came "—I conquered—but I forgave her for the ex- "alted beauties that were perfected in her. What "is it to me?—What care I for the railers? My ob- "stinacy and my perversity are increased towards "them; I shout when they persist in their in- "vectives against me, and their own reproaches "shall be their own murderers."

When he had concluded these verses, Antar retired to the tents of his father; the Princes also went away and repeated to King Zoheir what had passed between them and Antar, and the verses he had recited.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day came Beder, son of Amroo, and two of his sons, Hadifah and Haml, of the tribe of Fazarah, with some other Chiefs, and congratulated King Zoheir on his safety. In the course of conversation, said Beder, Think not, O King, that we shrunk from Maadi Kereb, when he came and drove away your property, and made your sons prisoners we, on the contrary, mounted our horses as soon as the news reached us, and we pursued them night and day; but we found them not. All has ended well, said King Zoheir. And he detailed the wonderful events that had happened, and told him how Antar had slain Khalid, son of Moharib. After this, a magnificent feast was prepared, and the visitors staid three days; and whenever Antar was in the King's presence, he raised his dignity, and seated him on his right hand, thus exalting his rank among the Sheikhs of the family of Beder and his sons, and dignifying him above all his nobles. But when the feast was over, Hadifah invited King Zoheir's son to visit him. Shas begged Antar to be of the party, and as he was ashamed to refuse and hang back, he departed with them: and as soon as they reached the habitations of the tribe of Fazarah, Hadifah

made them alight in a spacious meadow, abounding in springs and fountains, and trees and flowers. And it was now the season of spring. When they had reposed, varieties of viands were served up; the wine glasses went round, and the maidens sung with melodious voices. At last the tears burst into Antar's eyes, for he was agonized at his misfortunes. He arose, and going out of the tent alone, he wandered over the desert, when lo! a flight of turtle doves came flying from the right, and perching on the date trees, they conversed like childless mothers, and complained in the tones of women mourning the dead. At this sight the tears rushed in torrents into his eyes; scorching sighs and uninterrupted burnings burst from him—he was bewildered—and his heart and soul suffered the most excruciating pangs, as he thus addressed them:

"O bird of the tamarisk! thou hast rendered "my sorrows more poignant, thou hast redoubled "my griefs. O bird of the tamarisk! if thou in- "vokest an absent friend for whom thou art mourn- "ing, even then, O bird, is thy affliction like the "distress I also feel? Augment my sorrows and "my lamentations; aid me to weep till thou seest "wonders from the discharge of my eyelids. Weep "too from the excesses that I endure. Fear not— "only guard the trees from the breath of my burn- "ing sighs. Quit me not till I die of love, the "victim of passion, of absence, and separation. "Fly, perhaps in the Hijaz thou mayest see some

" one riding from Aalij to Nomani, wandering with
" a damsel, she traversing wilds, and drowned in
" tears, anxious for her native land. May God inspire
" thee, O dove! when thou truly seest her loaded
" camels. Announce my death. Say, thou hast
" left him* stretched on the earth, and that his tears
" are exhausted, but that he weeps in blood. Should
" the breeze ask thee whence thou art, say, he is
" deprived of his heart and stupefied; he is in a
" strange land, weeping for our departure, for the
" God of heaven has struck him with affliction on
" account of his beloved; he is lying down like a
" tender bird, that vultures and eagles have bereft
" of its young, that grieves in unceasing plaints
" whilst its offspring are scattered over the plain
" and the desert."

Thus he continued till the flame in his bosom cooled. Now Prince Malik also arose in order to follow him: he approached unperceived by Antar, and heard what he recited; and his heart was wounded. They remained some days feasting; but on the eighth day by daybreak they returned home. Antar's sorrows and afflictions burst out anew, and signs of illness appeared in him: nothing comforted him but the expectation of Shiboob. After a period of forty days, behold Shiboob came in to him by night, and his heart was near breaking. Well, Shiboob, he cried, hast thou any news with thee?

* This is a figure of frequent occurrence.

Truly I have news, replied Shiboob, news that thou mayst depend on. Haste then and speak, my brave brother, exclaimed Antar. Know then, added Shiboob, that your uncle is the falsest of men. He is gone down to the tribe of Shiban, and has demanded protection of their King Kais, son of Masood, complaining of his fortunes. Kais has assisted him, and your uncle has married his daughter to Bostam, the King's son, and he has established himself among them. At hearing these words, the flame was rekindled in all its fury in Antar's heart. Ah! he cried, and has Bostam indeed received the completion of his wishes? No, said Shiboob; when I quitted you I visited all the hordes of Arabs, and inquired at every dwelling, till at last I heard that your uncle was gone down to the tribe of Shiban; thither I proceeded without delay, and entering the habitations by night, I remained concealed till the dawn of day, when I beheld King Kais, and your uncle riding by his side; and, moreover, the King kept him near him, gave him a robe, and honoured him greatly. I no sooner saw this than I wandered among the dwellings till I discovered Ibla's tent, and watching it till her mother was gone out, I entered, and found her in tears, longing for her native sand hills. The moment she saw me, she jumped up, and cried, Shiboob, where is your brother Antar? I replied, At home: and what has befallen him for the loss of you, never befel man before. O Shiboob, she continued, I am under the greatest apprehen-

sion for him, and I am unable to send any one to him. My father has married me to Bostam, and has demanded as a marriage dower the head of Antar. The tribe has orders to be in readiness: so hasten to your brother, and give him this intelligence—recommend him to be on his guard. Thus she bade me adieu, and wept, adding, God be with you, Shiboob, repeat these verses to my cousin:

"O my cousin, all my comfort is destroyed, and "I am wasting in agonies of separation and in sor- "row. Were I able, I would eagerly fly to that "land with the winds: but round my tent are men, "whose hands are brandishing spears. In the "morning I am like a bird, but the hand of fortune "has clipped my wings, and my father has betrothed "me by force to mine enemy; my death and in- "famy are united in such an act. May God send "woes upon him! that he could unite one so gentle "as I am to a foe, as if it were a friendly contract; "and could thus condescend to a foreigner, rejecting "thee, O thou lion of the waste! By thy truth, I "will never break my vows to thee, were I to be "hacked in pieces by the broad-cutlasses; so con- "trive what seemest best to thee, for thou art most "experienced in expedients. Question the gales "of Nejd of my health when they blow in the "morning."

As Antar listened to these verses, he groaned aloud, and his eyes were flooded with tears; but his fears were quieted by this assurance. My object,

added Shiboob, in thus coming to you by night is, that you may conceal every thing about me. By the faith of an Arab, cried Antar, I will bring down on Bostam and the tribe of Shiban a calamity time shall record: and I will requite my uncle as he deserves. But, Shiboob, where has the party halted? In the land of Anizateen, my brother, answered Shiboob, and they are but few in number.

Now Bostam had promised Malik to bring Antar's head as a marriage present for his daughter; and soon after, as Bostam and his father were consulting about the management of the expedition, My son, said King Kais, this engagement to which you have bound yourself is very difficult, it is a very serious affair, for if we assemble the tribes of Shiban, and march against the tribes of Abs and Adnan, dissensions and feuds will arise among the Arabs. Wait patiently, let us deliberate about the execution of this project in a proper manner. But Bostam, after this conversation, only waited till it was evening, when he called his servant, and told him to prepare his horse. He girthed him, and brought it to him as soon as it was dark. Bostam mounted, and as he launched into the wilds and the wastes, he thus spoke:

"O Ibla, may thy salutations greet me fre-
"quently; keep my vows and preserve my faith,
"for thou hast subdued a Chief of the tribe of
"Shiban, who never felt love or amorous passion
"before, a knight to whom warriors in the battle

" bow through fear before he draws the sword. My
" heart is satisfied; one look from her reconciles
" me to my departure from my own country, al-
" though my eyelids are antimonied with sleepless-
" ness, and my eyes consider slumber as a sacrilege.
" O my tribe, I am slain by two large eyes, and I
" am become a distracted and impassioned lover.
" My soul longs for an Absian maid, that has
" launched at me the shaft of death. Surprising,
" that her deadly glances have shot their arrows at
" my heart! Since the new-born moon beheld her,
" it snatched up light from her countenance, and
" became full-orbed; and the shadow of night was
" astonished; she let her hair flow down, and there
" came on a total darkness. She is an idol; were
" she to appear before us every day, we should
" worship no other image but her. O son of She-
" dad, relinquish thy love; comfort thyself without
" her, now that she has met Bostam, the knight of
" the horse, and the horseman whose equal dwells
" not on earth, and be safe."

Bostam continued his journey over rocks and deserts till the obscurity of night was illumined, when recovering his senses, he opened his eyes, and looked around to observe what was before him. He soon perceived that the Ruler of the Air had deprived him of his succour, and that he had lost his way; for he had intended passing through the valley of Deecar, but he now found himself in the land of Dimaya; such had been the impression his love and

passion had made on his heart. At day-light he was in an open country, with roads in various directions. He halted, and looked to the right and to the left, when lo! a dust arose, and mounted on high in front of him, and there appeared seventy horsemen, all clad in steel; and before them rode a knight, like a strong bastion. On the back of his neck was slung a long spear. Bostam instantly put his steed in motion for battle and combat; and as he came nigh unto the troop they all halted. Their chief alone came forward, who beckoning to Bostam with his hand, exclaimed, What Arab art thou? state thy parentage. Thy parentage may be thy protection. Youth, replied Bostam, and should it not be my security, my well-proportioned lance, and my well-tempered blade, will be my protection. I am Bostam, son of Kais, King of the tribe of Shiban, and the protector of the lands of Numan*. But who of the Arabs art thou? The youth laughed aloud, and waved his spear in joy. Welcome! he exclaimed, I greet thee, O Aboolyaczan †, thou knight of the age. This is indeed a meeting for which I ought to render thanks to the Great Creator, who has shortened my road, and has thus favoured me. How so, young man? said Bostam. Hast thou any debt against me, the payment of which thou claimest? or is there blood that thou wouldest demand of me? No, Bostam; by God, no; exclaimed the

* Son of Monzar, now dead.

† Father of Vigilance, a nickname; (i. e.) the cock.

stranger. I have no debt, no blood to claim of thee; and never in my life did I see thee till this day. I am called Tarfa, son of Rafa. I have demanded in marriage Saada, the daughter of Shohab the Barbooyte, whom thou didst slay the day he plundered thee. But, said her mother to me, I will not marry my daughter but to him who shall avenge her, and shall bring me the head of Bostam, her father's murderer. This is my business with thee, that I may separate thy head from thy shoulders. And by the faith of an Arab, I will not betray thee, neither will I permit one of my comrades to approach thee till our contest be decided. Be on thy guard, and look to thyself. Bostam was amazed at this address, and forgetting the purpose of his journey, Tarfa, said he, since evil designs have driven thee on to this wicked contest, thou and thy party shall this day witness my exploits and my powers. All I demand of thee in this conflict is fair play. What dost thou demand as justice, asked Tarfa, that I may treat thee fairly? All I want of thee, added Bostam, is to wait whilst I dismount from my horse, and let him repose a little; and when I mount him again, come on and appease thy disquietudes. Well, said Tarfa, as thou wilt. Bostam accordingly dismounted, and loosening his horse's girths, rested him and walked him about a little. But he had no sooner resumed his seat, than advancing towards his antagonist, he exclaimed—

"Fortune is just, and has impartially decided;

" and by my life, O my tribe, it has never outraged
" us. I set out to demand blood of one who never
" betrayed me, and it has brought me one who
" seeks my blood; a lover who complains of the
" warmth of his love, and whose disease is like mine.
" It is an adventure to surprise all hearers; it will
" remain a tale among men. O tribe of Shiban,
" my heart is lost, so sing of it among the tent-
" ropes, for a fawn has beguiled it with its eyes,
" which are the hunters that chase the lions of the
" forest. She is an Arab damsel, that would dis-
" grace all the virgins of Persia; so lovely, that
" should she come forth from her retreat, having
" once seen her, we should adore no idols. She rises
" like the sun at noon-day; or she is the new-moon
" among the shades of darkness. O hope of my
" life, couldest thou see my thrust with the spear,
" or my blow with the sword among the skulls, no
" longer wouldest thou sigh for Antar. No; thou
" wouldest not be hardened against princes for the
" sake of a slave."

Bostam rushed upon the troop, and came down upon them like a calamity. He broke through all their defences, and shed the blood of the chiefs. He dispersed their right; he routed their left. He sought out his adversary Tarfa, but after an hour's combat, consternation fell upon Tarfa; and Bostam perceiving how it was with him, shouted at him and terrified him, and pierced him in an instant, and slew him. Again he turned upon his companions, who were

of the tribe of Nazr, and as they fled over the wastes and the wilds, Bostam soon quitted them, and continued his course over the spacious deserts till he came to the land of the tribe of Saasaa. Thence he proceeded till he approached the land of the tribe of Merah; and there he encountered on a sudden a black knight, mounted on a short-haired charger. He was immersed in steel and armour. His intrepidity proved him one of the bravest of heroes, and the superiority that shone in him, testified that he was a knight of the age and period. In front of him was a man on foot, scouring the land. This horseman was the knight of the deserts and the cities—the chief Antar; and the man on foot was the dust-coloured dragon, Shiboob.

When Shiboob had explained to Antar the pain that Ibla was suffering, and that his uncle had demanded his head as a marriage present for his daughter, he gnashed his teeth with rage: but concealing his brother that night, that no one might know his arrival, and recommending his mother also to secresy, and desiring her, should any one of King Zoheir's sons inquire for him, to say, that being anxious about his brother's long absence, he was gone to procure some information respecting him; with these precautions he quitted the habitations as soon as all were asleep. Now Shiboob, said he, cut by the shortest way to the land of Shiban, that I may show you the infamy and disgrace to which I will reduce mine enemies. Thus they continued their expedition (Antar's passion increasing in force

and vehemence), till they met Bostam, whom of all people he was searching. Each recognised the other. But being desirous to confirm their doubts, O Abool-yaczan, cried Antar first, whither are you going over this land? Against you, son of Zebeeba, replied Bostam; that I may bring down evils upon you, and lay low your skull, and return to wed your beloved. Hey, Bostam! cried Antar, in all the heat and anxiety of love, have you beheld her, that you can describe her charms? Yes, said Bostam; and I have received her father's hand; and I have pledged myself to her. This is the very day she will become my wife, and be under my will and authority. Think not, exclaimed Antar, that you will ever obtain my permission to see her again. Be on your guard before inevitable death visit you. Turning towards Shiboob, he enjoined him not to assist him in the combat. Bostam prepared for the conflict, and drawing nigh unto Antar, he thus addressed him:

"The revolutions arrive ever new; they raise up "a slave, and debase nobles. Hero of night, re- "linquish the contest; pursue justice, abstain from "rapacity. The assault of chargers resembles not "the camels of the desert, that thou wast used to "tend at the rising of the dawn. No; and Ibla is "not a person of whom thou shouldest talk or love; "for Ibla is more precious than the loveliness of "the moon's orb when it rises at its full. Ask of "her, how that a lion hero has possessed her by his

" sword, that, were it to smite a rock, would split it;
" who engages warriors in the day of battle with a
" courageous heart, unmixed with fear. Tribe of
" Shiban, I have obtained my wish; and the grief
" of my heart is illumined and removed. To-mor-
" row, I will tell ye of Antar, that he has drank the
" draught of death."

When Antar had heard his poetry, he saw that Bostam was vain of his youth, and that his love and passion had urged him to attempt impossibilities, and had made him swerve from rectitude into error; so, charging with him, and shouting at him, he thus exclaimed:

" O Aboolyaczan, thy vehemence deceives thee;
" soon thou wilt engage a lion not to be repulsed.
" Heedlessly art thou come to seek me; but, thou
" hast raised a lion that pursues the invading ene-
" mies. O Aboolyaczan, how oft the game escapes
" when the huntsman falls! If thou complainest of
" the pains of love, I will soon cure thee of that pain
" with a sword; whenever I draw it death ever
" submits to it, and prostrates itself. I am the
" black, the slave, that assails troops when the dust
" rises. My pedigree is my sword and my spear;
" my courage is my companion when fears thicken.
" All mankind is but as one individual; some are
" exalted, some debased. Tribe of Shiban, my
" uncle is a tyrant: and on ye, this day, tyranny
" shall fall. Bostam is driven on to his destruc-
" tion, dragging along the train of rash courage.

" I am searching him out in your dwellings, and I " will repay him for his deeds."

Having thus recited their verses, they commenced the combat, and they launched into the wild and the desert. Their shouts were incessant; the fury of their love and passion obscured the forms of propriety. They continued fighting till evening, and even after it was dark. At last Bostam became weary and exhausted; the cord of his resolution was slackened, and he repented of his enterprise: and, knowing that horsemen behave generously to one another, and that Antar was not deficient in that point, he requested of him a truce from the combat, and permission to repose till morning. Antar agreed, sure that he could not escape out of the desert. Dismount where you please, said Antar. I grant you free permission; you are safe from me till to-morrow's dawn. On this, Bostam retired to a high sand-hill, and alighted from his horse, sensible that his passion could not be gratified. Antar also dismounted, for he was tired and wearied. Brother, said Shiboob, what do you mean by lengthening out the contest with this devil? He came to seek your death from a distance. I was almost tempted to kill him myself, but I was afraid of your anger; and truly, you have not found it an easy task. Let him alone this night, Shiboob, said Antar. Let him perish in regret and anguish. Let him gnaw his fingers with the fangs of repentance. To-morrow, I will seize him before he can attack me; for

he is now indeed within my grasp. This apparent remissness is all my own doing; for had I wished to slay him, I had done it from the very first: and he would not have lived to see this evening. I want to take him with me to the tribe of Shiban, and make them all taste of infamy and misery. And verily, by the faith of an Arab, he is a horseman few horsemen can equal; and truly, I gave over fighting this evening quite fatigued. He ordered Shiboob to look after him till morning. It was just day-break, when Antar was mounted, and ready to renew the conflict. Bostam too descended from the sand-hill, assured he must perish. And just as he advanced, and was about to commence the attack, behold a dust arose in the direction of the land of Abs and Adnan; and there appeared a hundred horsemen, all like eagles; who perceiving Antar and Bostam about to engage, cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! O by Zeead! O by Hamadan! giving the reins to their steeds. Bostam was on an eminence, when lo! another dust arose from the quarter of Shiban. In less than an hour the dust cleared away, there came forth three hundred warriors, mounted on high-priced steeds, with long spears, and polished scimitars. Now all these horsemen were bent on the destruction of Antar; and there was not one friend among them. But, when a servant of God is fortunate, the Almighty produces events that frustrate the wicked designs of his enemies. In the first dust that came from the land of

Abs, were Oorwah and Amarah; and the cause of this movement was Malik, Ibla's father, who in consequence of what had passed between him and Bostam, now gone to fetch Antar's head, sent to inform Rebia of what had occurred, saying, My cousin, so and so has happened in the land of Shiban, but my heart yearns after my native land. Bostam is gone into your country to put Antar to death, and I must beg your assistance for him. As soon as this message reached Rebia, he imparted it to Amarah. They all felt much pleased, being now sure of Antar's death and destruction. Amarah communicated the news to Oorwah, and they remained watching Antar till they found out that he was gone away in quest of Ibla. The next day Amarah with Oorwah and some troops set out on the way to the tribe of Shiban. Amarah was in ecstacies of delight, until they overtook Antar, who was then combating with Bostam. But the second dust is thus explained. King Kais was very anxious about his son's departure in search of Antar, and after forming various plans, he equipped three hundred men, and appointed Nijad to command them, and they set out by the direct road, till they came up with Antar and Bostam. When Antar saw how matters stood, he was convinced that there was not a single friend among them. So he instantly rushed upon Bostam, and hemming him in and pressing upon him, and closing every means of escape, he thrust at him with the butt end of his

spear, and threw him off his horse on the ground. Bind him fast, cried he to Shiboob, whilst we mark what may happen between these fellows now moving towards us. When Nijad beheld what had happened, he cried out to his comrades, Hey! this black has taken Bostam prisoner but I am persuaded, he could only have reduced him to this infamy through the fear of this party of Absians. So, come on, overwhelm them with the barbs of your spears, whilst I turn upon this black knight, and cut his body piecemeal; for I think this demon must be Antar, whose head Bostam went to bring away. Thus saying, he assailed Antar with fifty men; the remainder rushed upon Amarah, and all this was by the will of the Supreme God! Amarah advanced with his comrades to slay Antar; but unintentionally he assisted him, being obliged to defend himself, fearful of death and perdition; and not being at that moment able to escape, he fought and exerted himself, whilst the dust flew about like an extended canopy. The tears coursed down his cheeks; and the bodies of the envious melted through excess of jealousy, and the Absians were discomfited on that day. Oorwah felt all was lost, and he resolved in his own mind, and bound himself by a solemn compact, that if for this once he should escape, never would he return to his odious practices against Antar, nor have any more to do with him. Amarah searched about for his companions, but perceiving that fifty were already annihilated, and the

rest in the utmost danger, and that the calamity appeared disastrous in the extreme; he cried out to Oorwah, Escape, my cousin, escape, or we die. And he gave the reins to his horse and fled, accompanied by Oorwah and his companions, and pursued by the Shibanians. In the mean time Antar encountered Nijad and his warriors. He aimed thrusts at him that blinded the sight, and anticipated fate and destiny, as he pranced and charged round them, his heart firmer than rock. In a moment he had destroyed thirty. He thrust at Nijad, and hurled him off his horse. But, when the others beheld his slaughter, and the effects of his exploits, they took to flight, exclaiming, May God curse your flat-nosed father! how strong are your blows! how fierce is your assault! Bostam was amazed and bewildered at Antar's achievements; but Shiboob stood guard over him, till Antar alighting from the back of his horse, and having walked him about a little to relieve him, again mounted to pursue the Shibanians, who were now on their return with the spoils of the Absians, whom they had slain, and driving before them their prisoners whom they had taken, and seeking their leader Nijad, whom Antar had destroyed. As to Amarah, he contrived to escape with his companions. But Antar thus greeted the Shibanians; Foul Arabs, by the faith of an Arab, had I not had a grudge against mine own tribe, never would I have permitted you to accomplish your designs against them. And he encountered

them with the head of his spear, overthrowing the horsemen, and shedding the blood of the warriors. The Shibanians resisted, till learning that Nijad was dead, they said to one another, Verily, this demon has taken Bostam prisoner, and slain Nijad and all his brave comrades. He is indeed a nocturnal calamity, and a destroying thunder-bolt; let us seek our own country, or not one of us will be alive. So they lashed their horses flanks, and escaped at full speed, scarcely crediting their security. Now, said Antar to Shiboob, I am resolved on proceeding to the land of Shiban, and to fill them with despair after all their fond hopes, and exhibit to them the evil stars of my cuckold uncle: and I will not return till I have rescued Ibla. Moreover, I am aware that these fugitives will soon reach King Kais, and will tell him what my sword and my impetuous assaults have effected; they will also inform him, that his son Bostam is my captive. He will immediately assemble his horsemen and march against our country, and endeavour to release his sons with his warriors. His tents will therefore remain untenanted, and his property unprotected. I will take away what I please, and will leave what I please. I will carry off Ibla, my chief object; and should I catch hold of her father, I will abandon him to disgrace and infamy; and I will now make him know who I am. O Aboolfawaris, said Bostam, shuddering and trembling at Antar's language, You must certainly be proposing

to yourself impossibilities, deeds that will expose your life to dangers and troubles. Be generous towards me, and make me your friend and companion; and by the faith of an Arab, I will realize your wishes: I will go home with you, and not let your uncle quit our territory till he has married his daughter to you with us, and thus your projects be accomplished. What! O Aboolyaczan, cried Antar, Am I so far unable to execute mine own business, that I must ask assistance of another, whether I will or no? I will be the only agent in mine own designs against your country—I will bring down calamities upon your horsemen—I will requite every one according to his deserts; and I will suspend your head round my uncle's neck, that he may repent of his conduct, and never think proper to emigrate from his own country again. But do you, O Shiboob, he added, hasten to the habitations of the tribe, and see what they are about—mark the exact truth. Shiboob let loose his feet, and speeded away till he disappeared among the wastes. About the latter part of the day he returned, all aghast and out of breath. What is the matter, cried Antar, that you have returned in such haste? Know, my brother, replied Shiboob, That as soon as I had quitted you, I traversed the plains and the deserts till I reached the tribe of Shiban, when I perceived them all overwhelmed with the screams of slaves and women, on account of their horsemen that had been slain, and troops were flying about in every

direction. I began to fear that some misfortune might befal me, and methought also, should your uncle recognise me, I should be a dead man. But just as I had determined on retracing my way back, I overheard a peasant say to another, This night drive away your flocks as speedily as possible, for our families are departing for the valley of Jiljil and the plains of Jandil, (a spot in Arabia, well known and mentioned by the poets). As soon as I heard this news of their approaching removal, I was overjoyed. But what is the circumstance, exclaimed Antar, interrupting him, that has so discomposed you? Know, said Shiboob, that Ibla must also go away, she and her mother, with the females of Shiban. So you had better set out at the very moment of their removal with their camels, and convert their pride into despair. I will seize the bridle of Ibla's camel and lead it away; but mind you keep off from me the troops, whether they be few or numerous. By your father, exclaimed Antar, delighted and smiling, I will show you what will joy your heart. Soon after this they departed, and when they reached the vicinity of the tribe of Shiban, it being late in the day, they chanced to perceive some flocks on their way to the dwellings, attended by a single slave, who was thus crying out and lamenting, Alas, for thee! O Bostam, how fortune has betrayed thee, and delivered thee over to a slave of no worth, and of no faith! May God never bless that Ibla or her father!—May he curse

the hour that brought her here!—May God whelm them in his calamities and his misfortunes! And he thus continued in verse:

"O full moon of perfections! O lion of battles, "we are grieved for thee! O thou, the protector of "our women in every land when fled the brave "heroes of war! The tribe of Shiban has lost its "sword; a sword that could cleave even the rock-"ribbed mountains. Thou art humbled, warrior "as thou wert, whose power made the lions of the "den crouch before it. A slave of the tribe of "Adnan has made thee a captive—a slave that "lately tended the camels: but were not oppression "natural to man, the slave would never subdue the "master. May no good betide thee, O Ibla! Mayest "thou never be protected from the calamities of "night—may the lands of thy father be laid waste "and ravaged, deprived of its cherished inhabitants! "In an evil hour came Malik to us; his deeds were "iniquitous; may God curse him for a vile Sheikh; "crushed be his chin; plucked out be his musta-"chioes! for he has spoiled the joy of our lives, "and we are all reduced to misery."

Antar's rage and indignation increased as he listened to the words of the peasant; and he said to Shiboob, Bring me that slave, that I may question and call him to account. Shiboob seized him, and dragged him before Antar, frighted as he was. Who art thou, slave? cried Antar. I am one of King Kais' slaves, he replied. And do

you all remove to-morrow? Yes, my lord. For what purpose? Know, my lord, continued the slave, we are in great alarm about the tribe of Temeem, which our Chief, Bostam, kept in awe. It was he who protected us from every villain; but he is now a prisoner in the hands of a hell-born slave; and therefore must we remove. We have assembled all our comrades, and are going to rescue our Chief, the son of our King. But who has taken Bostam prisoner? is he the foremost knight of the age? asked Antar. Oh! no, no, said the slave: he who has taken him prisoner is a contemptible, insignificant fellow, and he is not reckoned a horseman at all: but the times have turned out most extraordinary, and a total revolution in fortune has upset his family. Here the slave related the whole story of Malik, and how he had demanded Antar's head as a marriage present for his daughter. Antar smiled and drove the peasant on before him till he came up to Bostam. Look at this prisoner, said he, who is now before you, and ascertain who he is; observe well whether it be your master, that we may be liberal towards him in restoring him to liberty. The slave recognised Bostam: his tongue quivered in his speech, and his knees quaked as he stood. He felt as if his very soul were on the wing, and his limbs trembled as with an ague: for he was convinced that the person who was speaking must be Antar himself, the lofty column. He gave himself up for lost and a dead man: then turning to-

wards Antar to appease him, he said, Pardon, my lord, for it is the noblest quality of the great; act not thus towards my master, Bostam; do not cut down the very tree of generosity from mankind. And he wept from his tortured heart and his agonised eyes. He kissed Bostam's feet, and gave a loud scream. But Shiboob darted upon him and stopped his mouth, and binding him fast, left him by the side of Bostam. Antar reposed in that spot, whilst Shiboob stood guard during the night. By daybreak Shiboob quitted the plain, and sought the tribe of Shiban, to gain some information: but not long after, as Antar had his eyes fixed on the road, behold! Shiboob appeared like a bird when it flies, the tears streaming from his eyes. What is behind thee? cried Antar, what event has called forth this lamentation? O, my brother, he replied, the enemy has anticipated us in the completion of their desires: all our plans and projects have failed. A subduing arm has already fallen upon the tribe that cannot be repulsed—an irresistible, unconquerable foe! How is that? thou black-born. How has this happened? asked Antar. Know then, answered Shiboob, I had no sooner quitted thee, than I discovered that they had already set out with their families and their baggage-camels, and the howdahs were placed on the camels. The tribe of Shiban were all on horseback, and prepared with their spears and their scimitars. They were marching forward with their wives and their flocks, when, lo!

the plain was filled with horsemen and warriors, rushing on from every direction, and stopping up all the roads and passes, crying out at the same time, O by Temeem! At their head was a knight of prodigious bulk, who rode towards the quarter of the women, driving back all opposition, and piercing the horsemen; and when he had gained possession of the women, he forced them on before him, eagerly and resolutely. Ibla was among the women, shrieking out in the language of anguish and distress, and letting fall streams of tears, as she cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! O men, nobly generous towards women, where is the valiant knight? Where the undaunted hero? How I long for the Absian horseman! Oh that I could meet him! Your uncle Malik and his son Amroo were soon made prisoners. So I determined to return to you, when, lo! this warrior whom I mentioned before, bellowed out like a savage lion: Attack, attack, my cousins! he cried, the business is a mere trifle, for I have obtained my beloved Budoor. Having witnessed all these disasters, I departed; and here I am in despair. Antar's tears flowed and streamed at the recital. O Malik! he cried, May God never let thee taste of moisture! or let thee escape from these perils! for thou hast drawn these misfortunes on thyself: and thou hast dishonoured thy daughter among all mankind. And as he was resolved on mounting his horse to quit the plain, anxious to encounter the

enemy alone, he chanced to hear the Chief, Bostam, exclaiming, Alas! the foe has disgraced me; they have exulted over me: verily a blow from a sharp sword, or a thrust from a long spear, is more tolerable than the insulting outrage of enemies! Antar listened to his words and his complaints, but only thought they proceeded from his passion for Ibla. Is all this in consequence of the violence of your flame? said Antar, or is it on account of the captivity of Ibla, that this affliction makes such an impression on you? By thy existence! he replied, O Aboolfawaris, there is not even a small or a large portion of my love for Ibla surviving in my heart; neither does my anguish proceed from what thou hintest at: but my tears flow for the grief of the females of mine own family. I have a sister, who is called Budoor, and she is my youngest and favourite sister. The Chiefs of the tribes of Cahtan have been her suitors, and also the nobles of Shiban and Nibhan; but she has rejected them all: and this is one of her lovers who has invaded us on her account, and has seized our wives and our families, and has carried off my sister Budoor. He is called Keshaab, son of Ghayath: he must have heard of my captivity, and thus taking advantage of my absence, he has assailed my tribe, and violated the honour of my family, and of the females of my countrymen, thus possessing himself of my dearest sister. But now, O Aboolfawaris, I conjure thee, by the faith of an Arab, and by the Lord who overthrows when he

pleases, either make me fall beneath thy sword, or pardon and grant me thy protection, that I may be one of thy dependants and thy servants. I am aware that I have been overbearing and insulting, but I now know my error; and thou wilt be celebrated for thy forbearance and generosity. Let me go, that we may exert our whole force and fight. Perhaps we may still succeed. Think not, O Aboolfawaris, that on such a person as myself, a noble action or an obligation will be thrown away. And thus he addressed Antar:

"Thou hast taken me prisoner, and the horse-
"men are charging; sword and spear spare not and
"stop not. I went against thee, but now I know
"that I wronged thee; and after such insults, I
"implore thy forgiveness. Shouldst thou kill me,
"it is but justice that thou seekest. But, if thou
"wilt pardon me, thou shalt be my ear and my
"eye. O thou, from whose sword, when it is drawn
"in the fury of war, fate and destiny descend, were
"all the dwellers on earth to engage with thee on
"the day of terrors, they could not subdue thee.
"Spare me, forgive me, powerful as thou art. Con-
"sider my praises, and the story I have told."

These verses brought tears into Antar's eyes; for he was compassionate of heart, and kind, root and branch. Being now convinced of Bostam's distress for his family, he untied the cords and bandages, having first bound him to his word. He also restored to him his armour, and his weapons, and

his horse. But this bastard slave! said Shiboob, wilt thou not put him to death after all the foul words he made us hear? O Shiboob, replied Antar, shall we release illustrious chiefs, and kill slaves? particularly when between them and us there is the tie of blackness? He has done nothing to merit punishment. He only expressed his sorrows and regrets for a master who had honoured him, and had treated him well. Release him, for we will be kind to him on account of his dark complexion. Bostam burst into a loud laugh, and said, May God prosper thee for a great hero, and a noble lion! How just are thy words! When Shiboob had restored the slave to liberty, Antar and Bostam mounted, whilst Shiboob and the slave ran on ahead of them; and they hastened on till they came up with the tribe of Shiban, where they perceived men scattered right and left on the ground; the country was destitute of the women and families, and appeared an uninhabited waste. Bostam wept at the misfortunes and dreadful events that had befallen him. Run to the top of yonder hill, he cried to the slave, whose name was Hamam; collect the fugitives, and tell them to be of good cheer, as their protector Bostam is arrived: bid them come to me. The slave cried out as Bostam directed, and the troops rallied from the different parts of the desert, rejoicing in the safety of their chief, who, when he had explained what had passed, exclaimed, Now pay homage to the chief Antar. But Antar

comforted their hearts, and their respect for him increased, and their griefs diminished. They marched on till they approached the enemy about sunset; and having explored Keshaab's position, they occupied the roads, and attacked him when all were quiet and reposing. As the prisoners were stationed behind the camels, Antar heard the voice of Ibla; and distinguished it from the others; the whole country seemed too confined for him. He could wait no longer, but gave a yell that made every mountain tremble. He sought the standards and ensigns, and laboured in the slaughter of the chiefs, Shiboob ever at his side. Bostam also assailed them, and rushed to the combat, his heart encouraged by the example of Antar. His horsemen and nobles also joined in the attack. But the tribe of Temeem seeing them advance, despised them, saying, These must be some stragglers from the tribe of Shiban; it is not worth our while to pursue them. But they soon marked how they burst through their right, and dispersed their left; and the calamity seeming now to be great, they mounted, and began to take a part in the conflict. They beheld Antar's thrusts tearing out the hearts of the heroes, and his blows making heads fly off right and left. He was raising his mighty shouts, and plying his cleaving blows: and he exhibited among them all his powers. The chief Bostam also overwhelmed them with his deadly strokes. The battle continued till night had veiled the land in obscurity; and still the combat and car-

nage grew more terrific. When Keshaab saw one of the flanks of his army routed, and a great part of them hacked and torn to pieces, and beheld Antar hewing his way through them, and Bostam sending down upon them infamy and dismay, he was greatly alarmed. He shouted, and rushed towards his people; but he found their heads flying about like leaves. Carnage was on all sides. The conflict raged. Terrors became more frightful. But Antar ceased not slaughtering and destroying till he came up to the camels and the women, having already slain one hundred and twenty of the bravest. Bostam had overthrown thirty: and when they had collected the cattle and the families, said Antar to Bostam, dismount, O Aboolyàczan, and rescue your father from bondage; release all your tribe and your relations that are with him; but leave alone my uncle Malik, and his son Amroo, and do not release them on any account: for I now know that my uncle is full of deceits, and were I to let him go, he would take away his daughter and his wife, and flee away from us: and we shall have to do it all over again. I will detain him until the affair is decided. Shiboob was despatched to Ibla to comfort her heart, and remove her grief. Now, when Malik heard Antar's voice in the attack, he said to his son Amroo, O my son! these are the shouts of that accursed black. This night the warriors of Temeem will be annihilated by his evil destiny. O that the enemy had made me drink of the cup of death! O

that I might never again behold that black hard-featured face! But I must have him put to death and destroyed. I will remove his beloved from him, or in truth I will kill her on his account. It is to be sure a noble return for his rescue of me from calamities, and his protection of my child; but still I must have him murdered. Whilst Malik and his son were thus conversing, Bostam hastened towards his father and released him, together with all those that had accompanied him, detailing to them all that had passed with the magnanimous Antar, from the time of his departure to his re-appearance. King Kais was amazed, and reflecting on Antar's noble conduct, If he is a mortal, said he to his son, his equal is not to be found in the universe. No man can recompense such deeds. Having thus released their people and the trains of camels, the women and children alighted; but they still left Malik, Ibla's father, and Amroo in captivity, as Antar the ferocious lion had directed. Release me too, O Bostam, cried Malik. O thou base-born wretch, replied he, how could you fly from this noble warrior with your daughter, and marry her to me who am not worthy to be his servant? What, nothing would suffice you but the head of this illustrious Antar, as her marriage-present! But know, that I am become one of his associates and friends; for he has protected my sister, and the other women and wives of the tribe of Shiban, and never can I make him any suitable recompense; were he even to order

me to make you drink of the cup of ignominy, I would do it: for you are not a man; neither can kindness or noble conduct have any virtue with you. Thus saying, Bostam rode back to Antar, in order to aid him in keeping the night-watch, and protecting the people, whilst Shiboob staid with Ibla. Amongst other things, he told her all his brother had done with the Shibanians on her account; and afterwards conducted her to the women of King Kais, who received her with every mark of attention.

Early next day the tribe of Temeem sprang up, eager to renew the fight and the contest. King Kais appeared among his troops and warriors, to whom he related the friendly intercourse established between his son and Antar. In the mean time Antar and Bostam being together, said Antar to him, Why do you keep back from the combat? Begin with the foe, before the foe begins with you. Attack him, and be of good cheer. Antar mounted Abjer, and casting his eyes towards the tribe of Temeem, he observed it was their intention to make a general assault; so he attacked their right, and singled out their heroes and chieftains.

As soon as Keshaab had clad himself in armour, and had seated himself on his steed, he pushed forward to the front of the army; and there too was Antar, who had already slain two and twenty warriors. Keshaab assailed him in the fulness of his rage; and he cried out, Now will I bring down per-

dition on thee. Knowest thou not who I am? Have none of my deeds, none of my exploits reached thee? Hast thou never heard of me, that thou darest thus to follow me? Dost thou hope to take my plunder away from me, or to rescue my beloved? As to thy beloved, cried Antar, my sword has liberated her, and last night she reposed under my protection. But, if thou art indeed so bold and so skilled in war, come and rescue her, and make good thy pretensions. On the instant each assailed his antagonist, aiming alternate thrusts and blows at one another, and both bellowing and roaring, the blood gushed from their nostrils. At last they vanished from the sight, and plunged into the wilds, till drops of gory sweat streamed from them, and their fury grew intense.

Keshaab's uncle being present, turned towards the tribe of Temeem, and said, O my cousins, be on your guard in this conflict, and beware of that black hero; for much I fear he will prove superior to your Chief. Upon this, the tribe of Temeem rushed forward from all sides; but Bostam, who observed them advance, met their assault with the Shibanians, when lo! a yell pierced the dust, and one cried out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! and behold Antar darted forth from beneath the dust, holding in his hand the head of Keshaab, son of Ghayath, and thus he spoke:

"When I steep not my sword in the blood of
"foes, and when the gore trickles not from its lustre,

" may the lids of my eyes be never antimonied with
" sleep; and may no harbinger visit me from the
" phantom of Ibla! I am Death, but I am impa-
" tient for the lives of warriors; and Death is pa-
" tient. Whenever Death sees me, it humbles itself
" to my awful form, and the arm of the Arab is too
" short to reach me. I am the grasper of lives with
" sword and spear. I am the warrior—the hero—
" the intrepid—the undaunted! Whenever I meet
" Death, I turban his head with the sword tempered
" in draughts of blood. I am the lion of death,
" that protects all that depend on me, and my ex-
" ploits shall be recorded to eternity. My swarthy
" complexion is fair at the moment my deeds stand
" forth conspicuous. My progenitor is celebrated,
" and my ancestors boast of their fathers; for my
" friends live respected, and my foes shrink away,
" abject, frightened, and maimed. By the raiser
" of the seven heavens, who knows every secret,
" mighty and sublime, I swear, that I will never
" weary of the battle till I have repaid my foe, and
" am the victor. I am the lion of the waste, and
" of eternal war, one soiled with deaths and dust.
" I have repulsed Temeem; I have felled their
" elders. I am returned, and my sword is reeking
" with the blood of the tribes. O tribe of Abs, be
" strong in glory, and boast of a slave, whose
" mansion is between the Pisces. Whenever the
" herald of the tribe proclaims, I answer him whilst
" the horses stumble among the skulls. My Indian

" blade is drawn; and it will tell thee that I am " Antar in the contest."

Keshaab's uncle had been conversing beneath his standards, surrounded by his nobles. I am alarmed, said he, about Keshaab, for his mother had a dream, in which he was victorious over the Shibanians. But as he was returning home in triumph, a black in the form of a lion met him, and deprived him of all his plunder, and finally cut off his head and silenced his life. Now just as he had uttered these words, behold Antar appeared, and thus shouted, bearing Keshaab's head in his hand. Ah! exclaimed his uncle at this sight, the dream, the dream! Again he shouted to his surrounding friends, and the troops followed him to the assault. The Shibanians also attacked with their Chief Bostam. Dust and black clouds of sand arose. The conflict became severe. The brave stood firm; the dastardly fled. Antar encountered the whole force, and his assault was the descent of a torrent; and as the foe was superior in numbers, he exerted all his vigour, assailing them right and left, and crying out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! Thus were matters situated, when lo! twenty horsemen appeared among the sands, and rushed upon the tribe of Temeem, overwhelming them with disgrace. They galloped towards Antar, who viewed them a time, and saw that they were Absians, headed by Ghayadh, son of Nashib. But they came not with the intention to assist Antar; on the contrary, their object was

his destruction. This was another of the insidious plans of Amarah, who, when obliged to fly for his life, continued his retreat till he reached the land of Abs by night. In the morning he repaired to his brother Rebia, and related to him what had passed. Rebia advised him to wait patiently, and keep on the watch for some chance opportunity to kill Antar. Amarah quitted him; but being still sorely exasperated at his defeat, he sent for Ghayadh, and as he stood crying before him, he implored his aid. Explaining what he must do in the tribe of Shiban, he assured him of wealth and camels in abundance as a reward. His avarice induced Ghayadh to assent, for he was one of Antar's enemies. With a party of twenty horsemen, he departed for the land of Shiban, where, on his arrival, he made inquiries about the tribe of Temeem; and afterwards he pursued his way till he came up with Antar at the head of his troops, defending the women and the families; and he saw all that immense host opposing him, whilst he cried out, Where is he who plunders girls and women? At hearing this, all the malice and rancour in the heart of Ghayadh was converted into love and affection, and he said to his companions, Cousins, we must indeed aid this hero, who exposes his life to death, anxious only to preserve the modesty of women untouched. To hell and disgrace be Amarah and his cattle! May he never be out of affliction and trouble! And he instantly attacked with his men, all exclaiming, O by Abs, O by

Adnan! and they thrust their spears against their chests, and hacked their necks with their swords, till the tribe of Temeem took to flight, pursued by the Absians.

Ghayadh turned towards Antar, and saluted him, giving him a full detail of Amarah's conduct, and how he had engaged him by the promise of flocks and camels. Antar thanked them for what they had done for him, and extolled their brave deeds. Thus they proceeded together to the loaded camels and the families. The women and the men met them with the young girls, in front of whom was Ibla, and she was drowned in tears; but as soon as Antar saw her, he thus addressed her:

"Hail, I greet thee, branch of the tamarisk! "Welcome to the new moon of the desert and the "city! O Ibla! thy form during my absence was "ever in the core of my heart and my eye. Since "thou hast been absent, all my joys have been ab- "sent; all my pleasures closed: and my blood-shot "eyes have past the nights in sleeplessness. Never "has slumber visited me since I quitted thy form. "O thou full moon of obscurity, in truth, thou face "of the moon itself, were I to complain of what I "have endured in sorrow, I should fail to describe "by the truth of the shrine and the stone! what "I suffered in the horrors of my journey, and the "jealousies I have been subject to from my relations. "How many horsemen, whom I have encountered "in the barren waste, have been laid low on the

"earth and in the tombs! Keshaab, son of Gha-
"yath, lies prostrate, on the day of horrors felled
"by my Indian blade. These shall ever be my
"deeds with the foe as long as the sun shines, and
"as long as the morning-star glitters at the dawn.
"I am the son of Shedad, and the lion to whom
"every one that dwells in the desert or in towns
"bows in submission."

After this he went up to Malik and his son. Ibla's father wept; My son, said he to Antar, do not rebuke me, do not reproach me for my behaviour, the crime is all Rebia's; it was he alone who contrived this stratagem. But now I will not quit this land till I have married my daughter to thee, and have offered her to thee as thy handmaiden; then we will return home.

Ghayadh and his comrades having also assured Antar that his uncle was not to blame, he ordered Malik and his son to be unbound; and when he had mounted his horse Abjer, they all thanked and extolled him. Soon after this, King Kais set out for his own country with the tribe of Shiban; and when they reached their native land, they pitched their tents and hoisted the standards. King Kais slaughtered sheep, and made preparations for a feast, of which all his companions and friends partook; and when they had done eating, the wine-glasses were presented, and the carousing lasted three days.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the fourth day, said Antar to Malik, Uncle, we must depart. No, Antar, he replied, I cannot possibly move from hence on account of the language of the Zeead family. Let it not be said again, that Malik fled from Antar the black, and is now returning to marry his daughter to him against the consent of every one. Never will I return home if something be not done to raise my consideration, and some one of my friends come to conciliate me. Oblige me in this respect, go you home first, and send me one of King Zoheir's sons, that he may repair the evil done to my character. Antar heard him, and thought him sincere; for he could not divine the wickedness of his heart. Well then, he said, I will send you the Princes Shas and Malik; but I will not stir from you until you make Bostam and his father King Kais testify for you, that you have betrothed your daughter Ibla to me; and if again you have recourse to your vile arts, I will draw my sword across your neck.

The next day Antar conducted his uncle to King Kais, and in the presence of his children and his tribe, related all that had passed between him and Malik, and made them bear witness to what he had

said: then recommending his uncle and his family to Bostam and King Kais, he departed. He took with him Ghayadh and his companions, and when they were near home, he sent on Shiboob to announce his arrival. The report was soon spread abroad, and reached the sons of King Zoheir, who accompanied their father on horseback to meet Antar, who dismounted, and prayed for the long life of King Zoheir. He went to his sons and saluted them and all the horsemen, to whom he related what had passed with his uncle among the Shibanians, and that he would not return home until some one was sent to conciliate him, and unless his honour and character were exalted. As the man is ashamed of what he has done, said Zoheir, we must of course make it up with him, and grant his wishes. It was then settled that King Zoheir's son should depart with Antar for the land of Shiban, and appease his uncle. For four days they continued eating and drinking, and just as they were determined on their journey, lo! a slave arrived from the land of Shiban: he saluted Antar, and kissing his hands, My lord, said he, King Kais and his son salute you, and inform you that your uncle only remained there one night after your departure, and on the next day he quitted the country, and since then we have no tidings of him. Ask not the effects of Bostam's anger! He desires you to be quiet till he can inform you where he is. Antar on hearing this shed torrents of tears; but when King Zoheir

heard what had happened; Cheer up your heart, said he, and be your brow brightened up, for your uncle has now no enemy but me, and I alone will secure the completion of your wishes.

When the people had retired to their tents, and silence reigned among the family of Carad: How long will you extend your arm to what it will never reach? said Oorwah to Antar; the daughters of Arabia are numerous, incline towards them, and relinquish those in whose house you were brought up. These words made a deep impression on Antar, and he recommended to Shiboob to keep a good look out after Oorwah. Now Oorwah had a sister called Selma, who was married in the tribe of Ghiftan, to a man whose name was Jahjah; and he went to visit his sister for some days. Shiboob watched him, and informed his brother Antar of his movements. As soon as it was dark, Antar sallied forth to lie in ambush for Oorwah on the road side, concealing himself in a mountain called Tebeer. But Oorwah, when he reached the tribe of Ghiftan, went to his sister Selma, and found her quarrelling and wrangling with her husband. She no sooner saw her brother than she wept and complained after the manner of women. Brother, said she, by that womb in which you and I moved, you must relieve me from the state in which I am, and take me to your home; do not let me die here of rage and passion. So the next day he put her into her howdah, and went away with her towards the land of

the Absians; but just as they reached the mountain where Antar was concealed, behold! ten horsemen met them, and in front of them was a knight of immense stature, of the dimensions of an elephant, who, on seeing the howdah and the camel, advanced towards Oorwah without delay, roaring out, Who art thou? what is thy birth and parentage? I am the son of Wird, he replied, Oorwah is my name; noble are my father and my grandfather; so begone. The knight listened: he was much surprised at this language; but with a smile, he continued, Welcome, O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, for thou art my object, and my goal. Knowest thou who I am? Who art thou? said Oorwah, thou son of a two-thousand-horned cuckold! I am Ghazi, answered he, the son of Kais, the son of Dibyan; thy slave Antar slew my father, and I must verily put him to death; thou too didst slay my brother, and didst plunder my flocks, and drive away my camels when I was absent from home; so I have waited patiently till I might have thee in my power, and now that I have come upon thee, I will take away thy life from between thy sides. As soon as he had spoken, he rushed upon Oorwah, and exhibiting his strength and skill; and as Ghazi was superior to Oorwah, he charged: after a furious conflict he threw him on the ground, and bound him fast. He then seized the bridle of Selma's camel: she screamed, and invoked assistance, crying out, O by Abs! is there no one to aid me?—no one to release me? Antar had marked

Oorwah, and was ready to rush out upon him; but when Ghazi encountered him, he was better pleased, saying to himself, He is a lucky man who succeeds by the means of another. But he no sooner saw that Oorwah was a prisoner, and heard Selma's exclamations, than his anger subsided in his heart; his enmity gave way to his noble pride, and his soul was softened: so he darted forth from the defile like a lion in his wrath. Daughter of my uncle, he cried, rejoice in your rescue from your enemies, for the God of heaven has requited your brother; he has had compassion on your sorrows, and has sent me to your deliverance. Thus saying, he directed his impetuous course towards the troop, and poured down upon them with the vehemence of a torrent; he thus exclaimed:

"Ye dastards, have ye captured Selma, and "Antar, her guardian, is he here in ambush? Her "brother, indeed, was my opponent, but now that "he is sick, I will be his physician. Had she not "cried out, O by Abs! and had not her tears "flowed in sorrow, the rancour I harboured would "not have been subdued, and I should not have "defended the well-shaped, high-bosomed dame. "But now be at ease; mark my deeds when thou "beholdest my antagonist inflicted with my spear. "Oorwah shall return after this, and he shall an-"swer with submission to my call: were I to "punish him for the family of Zeead, Ibla would "never be mine."

When Ghazi heard Antar's verses, and observed his motions, he assailed him. They galloped about—they dashed against each other—they struggled—they plunged into the combat—they resisted the thrust and the blow. But Antar fatigued Ghazi, and having worn him out, struck him with the butt end of his spear; he hurled him over, and knocked him off his horse; when his companions hurried to his relief, crying out, May God blast the tips of thy fingers! what a noble knight hast thou slain! Antar also assailed them, and the mountains trembled at his violence; in less than an hour he slew those who were destined to die, and the rest were dispersed among the wastes. Selma rejoiced at her rescue. She descended from her howdah, and came forwards to meet Antar. 'May God bless thee for a protector, she exclaimed,' and in such as thee noble dames may exult. And as she threw herself before him kissing his feet, she thus expressed her thanks:

"May God reward thee with every good from
"us—may no evil of fortune afflict thee! for thou
"hast rescued us from a base tribe, and converted
"fears into security: the day I saw thee, and bade adieu
"to life, when thou didst inflict the blows of thy
"dreadful sword; thou didst return, and upon thy
"spear were clots of their blood, and upon thy
"barb—thou didst strike down their Chief with thy
"polished blade; thou art hardy in the field of battle; for
"thou art the Lion, the champion of the race of

" Abs, and their Chief far and near. May ever " thy foe in every land groan in the anguish of the " strangury ! May thy sword be ever drawn against " thy enemy in the tumultuous combat ! May thy " glories ever increase in sublimity, even to the sign " of the Lyra and the two Bears."

When Antar heard these verses, his rage was calmed, and turning towards Oorwah, against whom he was much provoked, he said, My heart was indeed wounded at your expressions, and I only came forth with a view of making you drink of the cup of death, but things have turned out contrary; for when I heard Selma's lamentations and sighs, this violation of her modesty fell heavy on me, so I have liberated her from the power of these wretches. But I still turn towards you with an ulcered heart; see then who can rescue you from me; who will be your deliverance. O Aboolfawaris, cried Oorwah, your generous nature will rescue me, the sweetness of your milk will protect me; all I beg is, that you will pardon me this once, and make me your friend, and if you ever see me act foully again by you, may I not be a legitimate son ! may my pedigree prove false ! His sister Selma also intreated Antar, and threw herself down before him; neither did she desist till Antar had untied him: and when Oorwah stood up, he thus said:

" O thou whose face has smiled, mayst thou ever " be the leader in every enterprise ! for thou art " far above the world in courage; the universe

" may perish, but thy glory can never be extin-
" guished."

He then advanced and embraced him, and swore he would never betray him again under any circumstances whatever. After this they set out, and whilst they were marching on, a wandering Arab met them, roaming wildly over the plains, and driving the wild animals before him. As soon as Antar marked him, he desired Shiboob to bring the fellow to him. Shiboob went and brought him. Son of my aunt, said Antar, what is the cause of thy wandering thus astray? My master Bostam, he replied, has sent me to you; he salutes you, and informs you that he has news of your uncle from the tribe of Kendeh; and he wishes to know whether you desire him to come to you with a party of Shibanians, or whether he shall join you in the land of Kendeh.

Arab, said Antar, salute your lord; and tell him I am able to do myself justice, with the aid of the Lord of all power; what I shall do with the tribe of Kendeh shall be reported to him, for I will encounter them were they even as numerous as the sands of the desert; but let not your master, out of his kindness and generosity, trouble himself about such matters: let him not quit his own country and family. May God bless him, and his liberal conduct! The Arab took his leave, and departed home. But Antar felt all the fierceness of rage and indignation. O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, will you

not consent that I become one of your servants? let me take my men and attend upon you. O Oorwah, said Antar, how can I place any dependance on you in the day of battle? I have never tried you on any occasion. Speak not so, said Oorwah; by the faith of an Arab, were I able this moment to make my heart a shield to meet the spears of thy enemy, I would do it, for I can never requite thee. March on home, said Antar, and tell no one where I am going. Oorwah drove on Selma's howdah, and went home; but Antar, who regarded not his professions, sought the land of Kendeh, and every difficulty seemed easy to him, as thus he spoke:

"In whatever language the railers shall abuse "me, let them know that I watch while they sleep. "I rave, and I exhibit nothing novel in my love; "for were they to taste of passion, they too would "rave. Can I ever forget my afflictions in my love "for Ibla? are there any means of sheltering "myself from it? They think a moment's meeting "with thee too much, and years and years have "been past in grief and troubles. It would indeed "trouble me, were I not to see the treacheries of "fortune,—the sight of such is natural and con-"stant."

Antar proceeded on his journey, and felt exceedingly pleased that neither King Zoheir nor his sons knew where he was, and could not assist him in the conflict; and as Shiboob directed him on the road to the tribe of Kendeh, he felt anxious to proceed

unattended and unaided. O thou who seest, and art not seen, he cried, thou knowest that an expedition when I am alone is more agreeable to me than horsemen and troops, be thou only my succour, O God of those who adore thee! and thus continued in verse:

"O bird! alas! it grieves me in the groves, and "the hand of fate points out to me my abode. "I stop, and love has engraved its characters with "the pen of my blood in the desolation of my heart. "I question it about Ibla, and the raven answers "me, What have I to do with distracted lovers? "It grieves for its mate, its passionate sorrow tor- "tures me, plaintive is its note, but not in articulate "words. It grieves for the excess of its passion, "and I answer it with a heart ever throbbing in "regrets! What, O raven! if thou wert my com- "panion, we would traverse the countries of God in "our circuit, we would wander far away; perhaps "we might see a messenger from the tribe of Abs, "through whatever land or country we might pass. "In the shades of the night the dove calls out "mournfully, complaining of the vicissitudes of "fortune. If thou wert as melancholy as I am, "I cried, thou wouldst weep for me in ever- "streaming tears. O Ibla, would thy phantom "visit me, I would be satisfied, and though thou "art absent from my eyes, O daughter of Malik, "thy form ever dwells in my heart. To-morrow "the foe shall lie round thy tents, gnawing their

" fingers in dismay. Think not armies shall repulse " me when I charge through their native lands on " my steed. Let Death come in whatever form he " pleases, let him behold my sword blows and my " spear thrusts."

Antar pursued his course till he reached the waters of the tribe of Nagil; there he turned off, and wished to alight, when lo! a cloud of dust arose behind him; he waited to see it, and when it cleared there appeared an hundred horsemen in armour of steel, and their chief was a noble of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, Oorwah, son of Wird, who was coming after Antar to afford him his assistance. For when he separated from him, he conducted his sister to the tribe of Abs, and having assembled his people, in whom he trusted in difficulties, Know, said he, that Antar was the most odious of men to me, but now he is dearer than my life. Then he related all that had passed; how he preserved his sister's honour, and had rescued him from death. I am now resolved to accompany him, and follow him wherever he goes, for he is a fortunate man; we shall be among his abettors, and thus become the prop of the tribe, and this will be a great additional honour to us. This is my only reason for having quitted him, for he is going against the tribe of Kendeh, and is determined on attacking them alone. With one who is endued with such fortitude and intrepidity, we cannot but hold a glorious course, for he will plunge into the fire of battle, and divide with

us the spoil and plunder. Oorwah continued extolling the excellencies of Antar's character to his comrades till they agreed to act as he desired, and they all swore obedience to Antar; so they immediately prepared for the expedition, and on the next day they set out, Oorwah at their head, thus reciting:

"I go to the noble hero to aid him with my "voice, my deeds, and my arm. I will aid him till "he rescue Ibla, and cut down the foe with the In- "dian blade. Come on then, my cousins, let us "follow him, for he was indeed my succour in the "evil day; he liberated me when I was in captivity "and disgraced; and he released my person when "I was in chains. He protected my family—he "was the intrepid lion—he destroyed my foe, and "I succeeded in my project—and by this act I am "become, as it were, his slave. How can one deny "a man who has acted thus? By God, with no "man on earth will I associate but him; to please "him shall be my object till I am dead and in- "terred."

They pursued their journey till they all met, as we stated, and as they neared each other, O Ebeulcbyez, said Antar, my acts towards thee did not merit such a return as this. Aboolfawaris, exclaimed Oorwah, we will not die but for thee. And they proceeded and traversed the roads till they reached the tribe of Ghaylan, when Antar said to Oorwah, Do you and your men alight here, whilst

I and my brother Shiboob roam among these sand hills and rocks. Antar took Shiboob; and leaving Oorwah and his people there, the two brothers wandered about 'till they at last reached a valley abounding in trees and murmuring streams; and as they came near to the water, they heard groans issuing from a sorrowful heart, and some one exclaiming, May God curse thee, O Malik, how infinite have been thy frauds and artifices! The moment that Antar heard these words he dismounted, and stood listening, when lo! in a voice stronger than at first, came these verses:

"O mother, relieve my woes with water from the "misery of thirst! Weep for me, all that behold "me, a wretched lover; my woes have destroyed "me, and grief has worn out my frame. Tears "were my relief, but now they are become blood. "I see no one that feels compassion for me, or that "can dissipate my sorrows. Sing to me, dove of "the waste, and favour a victim of love! Watch as "thou wert wont in nights of old. Here are we in "the valley of Hima, all night mourning in absence, "suffering for fidelity to vows that I ever preserved. "If my darling Ibla asks thee after me, say I am "no more; that every day was passed in passion "in this grove. O Ibla! had the enervating senti-"ment of love left any power in my body, I would "not thus be grieving in a foreign land, a miserable "unhappy lover. But all that is passed is by the "will of God."

How, son of my mother, exclaimed Antar, do these words find me awake or dreaming? Or among the Arabs is there another Ibla and Malik, her father? or has destiny sent me hither to rescue her from perils? They advanced, and came to a pool of water, where they found on its banks a black woman exceedingly ugly, and before her was a youth, hard-featured, strong-limbed, and much like her, sometimes closing his eyes, and sometimes opening them; and the woman was grieving over him. Woman! said Antar, as he stood over her head, who art thou? and who is this youth that is lying before thee, and what has thus distressed him? Arab, she replied, this is not his natural condition, for he is a gallant horseman; but the decrees from the great God have come upon him, and a cruel uncle has harassed him. And what is this youth's name? asked Antar. My lord, she replied, his name is Antar, son of Shedad, and his mother is Zebeeba. Our story is curious: his father captured me among the hordes, and I bore him this son, who grew up, and God endowed him with force and strength. He mounted the horses, made much plunder, and enriched his father and uncles. One of his uncles had a daughter, with whom he was brought up—he loved her. At last his father acknowledged him as his son, and he continually besought her father to marry her to him, which he promised, but deceitfully and treacherously, because his friends and companions abused him. He had also

an enemy called Rebia; his uncle was ever ill-treating him, and at last he ran away with his daughter from place to place till he came hither, where a celebrated warrior and renowned hero encountered him, called Mozahim, son of Jeyash, the lord of this valley. When he took up his abode here, he slew her father, and lusted after her. My son in the mean time remained wandering over the deserts on her account, and came to this valley, I also following him, always crying out to him, till he reached this spot, and threw himself down in this state as you see; and it is now three days that we have been in this condition.

Whilst the woman was speaking, Antar meditated, and was quite amazed. Woman! said he, has he a brother called Shiboob? No, she replied, by the truth of the unseen Knower of all things! She is like our mother Zebeeba, said he to Shiboob; and verily, I am quite alarmed at this calamity. Well, he continued, and does he who has taken Ibla prisoner—Ibla, the daughter of this youth's uncle, reside in this valley? Yes, she replied, and we are in the greatest danger, for were he to know of our situation, our fates would be at hand.

Now this was a renowned warrior—a tyrant—whom fire could not touch. He was a shedder of blood, a violater of women, and morning and evening he practised his iniquities. His sole desire and object was cattle, that he might plunder—crimes that he might perpetrate—debaucheries that he

might commit, and a goblet of wine that he might drink. He listened not to the voice of the railer, and he never was to be deterred from his villanous proceedings. It was he who having driven away the inhabitants of this valley, caught some young lions, and brought them up till they became huge animals: he tamed them, and whenever he rode out, they roamed round him; and when he staid in his den they guarded him also. On this account the Arabs called him the Father of Lion-cubs—Abooleshbal: and when that damsel fell into his hands, he dragged her into this valley, and demanded of her what man desires of woman. But she would not listen to him, but answered him with abuse; he smiled at all she said, and gave himself up entirely to her, and sought by every means to attach her to him.

Now when Antar came, his abode could not be discovered on account of the quantity of bushes. But Abjer smelt out the lionesses, and started back. Antar doubled his legs to dismount, and proceeded on foot. He drew forth Dhami, and rushed in, saying to Shiboob, Hold Abjer whilst I settle this affair. He soon beheld a spacious dwelling, and a tent pitched; a horse ready bridled, a long spear, and a sword suspended. Abooleshbal was seated in front of his habitation, and before him was a wild ass; and he was cooking over a fire; and by his side was a goblet of wine as big as the belly of a camel ten months gone with young. The dam-

sel was in tears; How long will you thus persist? cried she; never will I betray my cousin Antar, no, not even were you to cast me into this fire. Abooleshbal, enraged, was about to kill her, when she cried out, Where are thine eyes, O Antar, that thou mightest see me thus cruelly, infamously used?

Antar really imagined it was his cousin Ibla: he almost expired; he gave a howl that made the mountains rock, and the lions roared. Antar attacked them with his irresistible scimitar, and his brother Shiboob followed him with his arrows. God has hastened vengeance and death on you, cried the damsel. He sought his lions, and found seven of them dead; for Shiboob had killed two with his arrows, and Antar five with his sword. Amongst them all there was one brute with a long red mane, with immense talons. It looked at its master, and sprang upon Antar like the descent of Fate and Destiny. But Antar met the beast with his Dhami. The blow came down just between the eyes, and the sword issued flaming between the thighs.

When Abooleshbal saw the effects of that stroke, he was aghast; he shouted out to two lions, and let them loose into the desert. And as he advanced towards Antar, You know me not, he cried; and they rushed at once at each other, well matched in the contest.

Abooleshbal soon said to Antar, Wilt thou wrestle? Willingly, said Antar. So they threw aside their swords, and returned to the conflict. He was greatly

rejoiced, but as Antar was afraid of protracting the contest, he dashed at him with a vast roar. The mountains echoed back the terrifying sound, and the lions quaked with fear: he grappled with him, he grasped him between the thighs with his right hand, and raising him up above his shoulder, till the black of his arm-pit appeared, O by Abs! he cried, I will not be resisted. I am the lover of Ibla; I will not be controlled; and dashed him on the ground, and smashed his length into his breadth: he again took to his sword; he cut him through his jugular vein, and severed his head from his shoulders. May your arm be never palsied, exclaimed the girl, or your wife made captive; and may never any one harm you! and thus she eulogised him:

"God prosper thee for a noble youth of the thrust
"in the day of battle, and the struggle of equals.
"O knight of knights! O lion of war! O asylum of
"the Adnanian horsemen! O cleaver of heads! O,
"crown of glory! Thou hast converted my fears
"into security! May the pillar of thy sword make
"thee a horseman to subdue the kings of Cahtan!
"O thou defender of the age, my limbs and my
"tongue will sing thy praises. O thou, who
"honourest the age with thy existence, and raisest
"men to high distinction by thy deeds, mayest thou
"be secure, and live under the shadow of happiness
"as long as the lightning flashes over Hedjaz!"

Antar thanked her for her compliments, and rejoiced at this virtuous act. He ordered Shiboob to

collect all the cattle in the valley, and the silk stuffs. He then went forth, and there found the boy, and the woman, who was soothing him with her conversation. As soon as she saw Ibla and Antar, her heart was near bursting. She instantly jumped up, and kissed Antar's hands and feet; on which he dismounted, and seating himself by the head of the youth, he said to his cousin, Come, and speak to him; for it is only the disorder of lovers; nothing can dispel it but the beloved object; that is the only physician. The damsel approached, and spoke to him; whilst Antar gently offered him some food. The youth recovered, and returning to himself, he exclaimed—

"Alas! for my heart that passion has melted,
"by glances cast at me from the edge of a sword.
"If I say he is a scimitar—he is a drawn scimitar.
"If I say he is a bow—here are the arrows. Thou
"hast brought me to life again, O knight of the
"land, through whom the hand of fortune has ad-
"ministered peace to me. Openly will I thank
"thee as long as I am able: O thou, my generous
"benefactor!"

Antar, on hearing this commendation, thanked him; but the youth, now that he felt restored to life, turned towards Antar, saying, My lord, I anxiously hope you will be so obliging as to take me with you as one of your assistants, for I cannot separate myself from you. Take some nourishment, replied Antar, and go to your cousin, so that

your distresses may be removed, and the flame of your heart be cooled: as long as you live I will protect you, but be not called by that name, or you will meet your death, for I have numerous enemies among the Arab tribes. Then making him a present of a string of camels that belonged to Aboolesh-bal, he bade him farewell, and quitted him, and he continued his course, rapt in meditation. But they had not proceeded, when, lo! a dust arose, and twenty stout horsemen appeared beneath it; with them was considerable plunder, and they were on their way home. As soon as they saw Antar, they turned towards him. Dismount, said one of the horsemen from your horse, and surrender. Accursed be your father, exclaimed Antar, go your way, and keep what you have already gained. On hearing this, they laughed at him. I will soon convert your smiles into tears, he added, and he instantly attacked the first, and smote him, and severed his head from his shoulders. As soon as his companions saw this blow, May God blast your right hand! cried they, how vigorous are your blows! Who are you, noble knight? I am Antar, son of Shedad, he replied. When they recognised him, they fled into the wastes, fearing the power of his sword. Antar drove on the camels, and as he drove them, thus he recited:

" Long has my anxiety and my passion endured;
" nought but thee do I wish for, and without thee
" I am not comforted. I am going towards thee,

" that I may have one look with which my heart
" may revive from sorrow and inquietude. I have
" seen Abooleshbal in the tumults among lions; he
" a lion, red-haired and tough of heart; I charged
" among them, and I soon felled them to the ground
" in my vigour, my resolution, and my impetuosity.
" Abooleshbal too turned upon me, but I cut him
" down instantly, hand over head. Armies opposed,
" eager to strip me—all patient heroes, hardened
" in fight. But I implore relief from my Creator
" in thy embraces; O thou the hope of my heart
" among the world!"

When Antar had finished, Shiboob urged on the spoil and plunder, and they traversed the wastes and wilds till they rejoined Oorwah and his comrades, who congratulated him on his safety, and to their inquiries, he informed them about Abooleshbal and the damsel Ibla, and her cousin Antar. Oorwah was amazed at his liberal conduct, and was in the greatest consternation. Antar divided the spoil with Oorwah and his men, and soon after they resumed their journey towards the land of Kendeh, like lions in steel, Antar at their head, and Oorwah by his side, and thus he spoke:

" Verily I have been oppressed with the cala-
" mities of fortune, and I have been overwhelmed
" by it in perils and enemies. How long must I
" endure in battles horrors that blind and bewilder
" the senses of every youthful hero! Every day I
" am engaged in endless contests, that would crush

" the bones of lions in the hour of concussion, trials,
" meetings, absences, and every intolerable goading
" oppression. O Ibla! how many terrible tumults
" have I endured for thee among the Arabs and
" Persians! How many lion-hearted, princely horse-
" men have I slain with the spear and sword,
" intrepid heroes in the day of terrors, undaunted
" warriors in quest of prey!"

This was their situation; but Malik, Ibla's father, when he fled from the land of Bostam, son of Kais, went and demanded protection from the Arab tribes. He wandered far over the deserts, and whatever tribe he halted at, when they knew who he was, expelled him, for they were alarmed at the sword of Antar. Thus he continued, till he came to the tribe of Kendeh, and this was an exceedingly powerful clan. He introduced himself to the King Amroo, taking his son with him; they kissed his hands, requesting his protection: he took compassion on them, and feasted them for three days. On the fourth day he sent for them, and asked them who they were, and why they had halted in his land. O King! they replied, we are of the noble tribe of Abs. The King, on hearing this, said, O Malik, could not your cousins protect you? They are the strongest of the Arab tribes, and their power the most universal. Upon this he acquainted him with the story of his nephew Antar, and what had passed between him and his daughter. As Amroo listened, he felt assured that Malik was a

man of great dignity and liberality, but he did not know that he had plotted the destruction of his country, and its entire annihilation. King Amroo pitched a tent for him by his own dwelling, and assigned him servants and handmaidens; and as he staid with him a long time, he frequently, with his son, rode out to pay their compliments to the King; but one day they perceived all the family in confusion, and the horsemen all mounted. On asking the reason, they told him that the son of the King's sister, famed in war, was on his way, and that all the people had come forth to meet him. Malik therefore accompanied the horsemen, and was amazed at the immense concourse of Arabs. Soon appeared Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and before him marched seven hundred horsemen in coloured dresses, and with gold maces. He was a terrific object, but quite a youth like a brilliant moon, broad-shouldered and strong-limbed; and as he approached, all the horsemen crowded round him, eager to kiss his hand. When Malik saw this, he also followed the Arab custom, and went up to Mas-hil, and saluting him, expressed his affection for him. O Sheikh! said Mas-hil, truly this country is honoured in your presence, and he continued praising him till Malik again kissed his hand. And when the multitude had retired, and the glasses were circling freely round, and the girls and boys were dancing, said King Amroo to Mas-hil, What is it that has brought you hither at this moment? I am come,

said Mas-hil, to demand the daughter of this Absian in marriage. She has been often mentioned to me, so I have presented myself here, and I wish you would assist me. Truly this damsel is well-favoured, said he, much surprised, and the hand of God has contributed to her charms; moreover, I say nothing to you but what is perfectly true. I am anxious, said Mas-hil, to see her before the contract, if your wife will but aid me; when the women come to congratulate her on my arrival, Ibla and her mother will be of the party. I will put on the garments of your daughter Najia, and will seat myself by the side of her mother. When this conversation was over, he went to his aunt, and told her all his story, and in the morning she dressed him in her daughter's clothes, and placed him by her side, and invited the women in. They all came, and Ibla and her mother too. But Mas-hil was in ecstasies; he was quite enraptured, and his pride and glory were humbled; he was in torture till the women departed, when he stripped off the clothes, and felt like a drunken man; he put on his own garments, and could not account for this revolution in his feelings. In haste he repaired to his uncle, and in the greatest agitation. All present stood up. Mas-hil went towards his uncle, and related all that had passed. King Amroo turned towards Malik: Know, O Arab, said he, that the son of my sister entertains the strongest friendship for you; he was talking to me last night about it, and he said, O

uncle, I much wish this Sheikh and his son would go home with me, that I may load them with kindnesses. Now truly he is a horseman of the universe, his sword has conquered all from Yemen to Irak; his commands are strictly obeyed: I told him your adventures, and the circumstance of the slave who was educated in your tent. Uncle, said he to me, were he not a man of noble pride and dignity, he would not have emigrated into a foreign land. In addition, he told me he was come to demand your daughter in marriage, and would give her all he possessed, and this is what has passed. When Ibla's father heard this, his joy was great; O King, said he, the God of heaven knows my intentions, and has now realised all my expectations. Do as you please, and make me one of your slaves; here is my hand as a proof of my sincerity, and in confirmation of what I say. He made the contract with Mas-hil, son of Tarak; feasts were prepared, and the good tidings promulgated, and the slave girls all shouted in delight. About evening, Ibla's father returned home, Mas-hil having invested him with a splendid robe, and made him presents, and given him some richly-caparisoned steeds, and instantly told Ibla all that had passed; but when she heard this news, she beat herself violently, and screamed aloud, weeping and sighing piteously. As to Mas-hil, he set out that very night on his journey home, that he might despatch the marriage donation and dowry, which consisted of a thousand she-camels

laden with the rarities of Yemen, and a thousand dinars, and three thousand sheep, and fifty swift steeds, with their armour and rending spears; and robes of satin, and ten strings of jewels, and twenty balls of scented musk. Early in the morning he sent it all away with his attendants, and fixed on a certain day for the wedding. In a few days the marriage presents arrived in the land of Kendeh; all the multitude were amazed at that quantity of wealth, saying, No damsel has ever seen the like that this Absian has beheld, but she deserves it and as much more. They continued making the preparations till there only remained three days of the appointed time, and during that period arrived Antar. Happening to reach the land by night, he dispersed Oorwah's people among the mountains, saying, O Ebeulebyez, I am anxious to know what is going on with Ibla in this country, for certainly they will provide her a new husband. I want much to go among the dwellings, and I will soon return with intelligence. What would you be about? cried Shiboob. You, just like a huge bull! I am the only person for such a project. I fear, said Antar, that my uncle may recognise you. I will not let him discover me, said Shiboob, were I even to stand close to him. And he went to his travelling bag and took out some women's clothes, which he put on, and having veiled himself, he slung over his shoulders a water bag. Antar and Oorwah were astonished at his contrivance. You are indeed like

one of Shedad's slave girls, said he, and resemble the young Banah. These are her clothes, said he; she is my mistress, and I am her lover. And he set out for the tents of the tribe of Kendeh, and repaired to the dwellings of King Amroo, moving and swaggering his shoulders like a woman. He perceived the tents destitute of horsemen, for they were gone out to the plain, and the families were occupied in festivities. The unmarried girls were playing about and beating the cymbals and musical instruments, and the slaves were brandishing their swords and shields, and their countenances appeared glistening with joy.

When Shiboob saw this, he advanced towards them, and mixing with them, looked towards a tent, on the outside of which was a brilliant illumination of lamps and candles. Being convinced that this must be the nuptial pavilion, he made a great noise, and began to play, and mingled with the women and slave girls, and danced till he attracted the attention of all present; and they all crowded round him, staring at him whilst he sang, for he knew his voice would reach Ibla:

"Fawn of the huntsman, thy captor is come; say "not he is not come; lo! here he is—certain are "all thy hopes. Rejoice in the aid of the sword of "thy hero. Understand the tale I tell thee: how "long wilt thou delay? Joy is now descending on "thy home, and will ever endure summer and "winter."

Now Ibla was at that moment listening to the music from the tent. She signified her wish to sing and play with the other damsels, and thus addressed Shiboob:

"O wanderer of the desert, dancer of the tent—
"the lion is the noble animal that affords refuge
"after excess of pain—this is indeed a period of my
"joy in thee. All my sorrows and griefs have
"vanished. My joy depends on thee, O Chief!
"Approach, for I am here as one dead!"

When Shiboob heard these words, he pretended being tired, and sat down near the tent. Just at that time Ibla also appeared and looked at him, and as he was dressed in woman's clothes, This damsel cannot be a Kendeyan maid, she said; she must be a damsel of Shedad's. Then went pit-a-pat Shiboob's heart; but he turned towards her; and calmed her mind, and uncovered his face. She recognised him. O Shiboob! said she, where is my cousin Antar? Here he is, replied Shiboob, hard by, and with him his friend Oorwah, and a hundred horsemen. We arrived here last night, and I am come to procure intelligence of you: I shall return and inform him. Shiboob, said she, there are still three days for the marriage with Mas-hil, son of Tarak; but let that rather be the means of separation. Return immediately and tell him my situation; but let him not think of assaulting the tribe, he must lie in wait for me till I set out; then let him rush forth, and slay all that are with me. Do you seize the bridle

of my camel, and we will return to our native land. All, all, must taste of death; bid Antar not to spare even my father.

Shiboob having heard this, returned to Antar, and related to him all that Ibla had told him. Antar was in agony for three days; his disquietudes and anguish were unceasing.

Now Malik, Ibla's father, from the moment he had betrothed his daughter to Mas-hil, never saw her but overwhelmed in tears and sorrow; yet he never rebuked her. But when she learnt this account of her cousin, her distress vanished, and she began to eat and drink, and clothe herself in the rich robes which Mas-hil had sent her. Her father observed this, and made a thousand useless conjectures about it. At last, he mentioned the subject to his son, saying, My son, Ibla appears happy and pleased; and her sorrow is turned into joy. I am persuaded she has intelligence of Antar; and I fear he will encounter us on the road, and mar our fortunes: this Antar is my horror. So he despatched a letter to Mas-hil—

"Know, mighty King, that I have been harassed several times by my nephew, and I fear he will meet us on the road; and his attack is replete with death. It would be better that you should come and receive your bride, and return home with her."

When Malik's letter reached Mas-hil, he smiled in astonishment. I will go for her, said he; fortunate if this black should come into the country,

that I may slay him, and darken his existence, and Malik enjoy all that can give him pleasure. So he gave directions instantly to his horsemen and his troops to make preparations for a journey. He himself mounted with a hundred black horsemen, harsh-featured fellows; and they pursued their course eagerly and rapidly till they reached the tribe of Kendeh. Mas-hil went to his uncle's, and told him of Malik's letter. What's all this? said Amroo to Malik. Who is this Antar, that he should venture into this country and annoy this Knight, who is the destroyer of horsemen?

Malik returned home, and ordered the slaves and handmaidens to make the camels kneel down, and fasten on the baggage. Ibla was elegantly dressed; he raised her into the howdah. The Kendehan women came out with her, and before them went the richly-harnessed horses, and the slaves, brandishing their swords; all headed by Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and Malik, Ibla's father. The people rejoiced at this event, and Ibla pretended to be overjoyed; whilst every moment she lifted up the curtain of the howdah, and looked about to the right and left. Ibla, said her mother, who was by her side, I could have been persuaded that on such a day as this you would be drowned in tears; but I see you all brilliant with joy: what is the meaning of this? My mother, I was in a distant land, and despaired of ever returning home, said Ibla; but now I have beheld this beautiful Knight, all my wits

are captivated by his loveliness and grace, and by the life of my father's head, this Knight is dearer to me than any human being; and had I the power over Antar, I would gnaw his flesh, and drink his blood, for I am indeed vexed at what I have suffered, and at having irritated my family. And her mother was well pleased at the change.

Thus they continued till they reached the defiles where Antar was concealed. Shiboob was reconnoitring on some of the sand-hills like a cunning fox; and he cried out to his brother, O thou blackborn, the howdahs and camels are approaching. The instant Antar heard this, he sprang on Abjer's back, and girded on his irresistible Dhami, and his long spear. Oorwah and his people did the same. Antar wished to explain to Oorwah his plan for the battle. O Ebe-ool Ebyez, said he, this is Ibla that is coming, and the troops protect her. Mas-hil her lover is behind. Which do you prefer? Will you meet the enemy with your men? and shall I take the bridle of Ibla's camel? Or, will you conduct her camel, and guard her whilst I drive away the troops? O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, let me protect Ibla, and do you drive away the enemy from us. Antar smiled, and said Yes; and I am the man to drink of their cups, I am their slayer, and their destroyer. When thus I rush out against the party, do you and your comrades protect Ibla, and away with her to the valley. Let none of your men attack them till they

see the horsemen close on me, and surrounding me; then let them make the assault, and aid me.

And forth he issued from the mouth of the valley like a gust of wind, till coming up to the howdah of Ibla, he shouted at the slaves, and fell into the midst of them, plundering their souls; his uncle was stupefied with fear and terror. The slaves shrunk from the carnage, whilst he sung from his saddle, and thus recited:

" This day shalt thou see a day when the battle " will blaze, and lives shall be cut off by the sword; " a day that shall frighten all that witness it. In it " shall be blood, and the sharp-edged swords shall " clash. Brave men shall drink of the cup of fate, " and heroes be hurled from their saddles. Away " with laughter and jest, and mirth. They shall " be in battle, and in the turbulent conflict. Here " shalt thou see me in the field of war, hewing off " heads with the sword, whose edge is pain. I will " abandon warriors on the plain of contest, laid low " and stretched out ghastly with anguish. Heroes " shall be struck down; armour cleft in twain, and " confusion reign in the dust of the conflict."

As soon as Antar had finished these verses, he shouted to his uncle, Son of an adulteress, whithersoever thou goest, behind thee comes erasing fate, and the turbulent lion. Malik was stupefied; he speedily retired towards Mas-hil, to inform him of this accident, whilst Antar took the bridle of Ibla's

camel, and said, Health to thee, beloved of my heart! And art thou alive, and in health? O Aboolfawaris! replied she. O ornament of every circle! lord of the bold heart and intrepid soul! hero of the tall spear! Thus he addressed her:

"O Ibla! daughter of Malik, son of Carad, "love of thee has sunk into my heart. Soon will "I meet them with the tearing thrust of the spear, "till my heart is appeased. I will smite their heads "with the polished scimitar—I will hew off their "skulls, and cut their throats—I will ravage their "cultivations and lands, and will glut the wild "beasts with their carcases. I am Antar, noble "and zealous. He who is nobly born! yes; he "that is strong in battle, shall be called on the day "of carnage a Shedadean!"

Foul wretch! exclaimed her mother, didst thou not tell me thy cousin was nothing to thee, but truly I suspected thee when I saw thee turning about to the right and left. Now the slaves all fled towards Mas-hil, and told him of the sad event. His eyeballs turned fiery-red; then galloping towards his troops: I am the knight of Yemen, and Irak, he roared. He stopped not till he came up with Antar at the opening of the valley, and thus taunted him:

"Has a tender of camels taken my bride cap-"tive? And has he wounded me with the arrow of "separation? Has he seized the fawn that enslaved "my heart with the magic of her eyelashes and

" pupil of her eyes? Hopeless were his attempts,
" were he even to bear her away on the steeds of
" Ootak. I will make her slave drink of the cup
" of death with a spear! and I will annihilate
" the Absian Chiefs with finely-edged swords. I
" will leave their lands whelmed in affliction. Wo-
" men shall ever remember the catastrophe! I am
" a lion, whose name is known from the land of
" Room even to Irak."

Whilst Mas-hil spoke, Antar listened; and instantly he replied:

" O Mas-hil, instead of embraces and kisses, be-
" hold the thrusts with the well-shapen spear, and
" fatal blows from the hand of the nobly-descended
" lion, high raised above his fellows. Instead of
" Ibla are the cleaving strokes of scimitars and
" thrusts of spears, tearing out the eyeballs. I am
" the well-known warrior, whose fame is spread
" over every region. Behold! how horsemen smite
" the breasts of their antagonists, but my thrust is
" through the throat and the eye-ball! Cowards
" pride themselves on the extent of their wealth,
" but my pride is in the steeds of 'Otak. See!
" death is on my javelin's point—See! at one
" thrust life is extinct—See! how glory belongs to
" me alone, and after me, no higher honour can
" wait the most ambitious—See! how I have sur-
" passed every warrior, and truly my attack has
" checked every foe. Now tell the Kendeyans what
" thou hast seen, for the hour of thy death and thy

" wane is come! Recommend to them all thy " wishes, for if once thou meetest me, thou wilt " never return!"

No sooner had he concluded, than he rushed upon Mas-hil. They thrust with their spears—they smote with their swords, and the bird of fate was flying over them. The dust arose in black clouds, and Mas-hil perceived in Antar what confounded his senses; but he concealed his anguish, braved every thing with patience and perseverance. Again the thick dust rolled up, when, lo! a troop overtook Antar from the sides of the plain: he rushed upon his antagonist like a lion, and thrust at him the spear of rage and fury; he rent open his corslet and coat of mail; he tore out his entrails and his heart, and he hurled him at his full length upon the ground. Then he assaulted the troop, and soon brought down disgrace and misery upon them. Terrified they were as they perceived the destruction of Mas-hil, the knight of the world; but they engaged Antar, till despairing of success, and seeing death was at his command, they dispersed away from him, and joined their rear. Ibla's father and brother continued their flight, till they reached the tribe of Kendeh, and in the fulness of their agony and distress they exclaimed, O Kendeyans! misfortune has come upon you; war has suddenly overwhelmed you! death is nigh at hand. At this the horsemen advanced thick as a shower of rain when it pours; King Amroo mounted and

asked the news. They told him what Antar had done. Overtake, said they, your nephew, before death descend upon him, and this voracious lion destroy him. Speak not thus, O Malik, said King Amroo, for I am under no alarms for the son of my sister; let your black come, he will never return. 'Tis thy fears that dictate these expressions. He then hastened to the foe, and the troops behind closed upon him like the waves of the stormy sea, when, lo! the troops that had accompanied Mas-hil hurried towards him, screaming and shouting. Some of them advanced, and told him what had happened; his heart was near bursting—he halted: How evil and inauspicious, he exclaimed, has been the face of Malik and his daughter to us! To his horsemen he called out, and they slackened their bridles, fixed their spears, and sought the summits of the mounds and sand-hills. Antar, when all had fled, stood over the carcase of Mas-hil, stretched out like the mountain side; he smote it with Dhami, and as he cut it in two, he thus exclaimed:

"Favourite of the songstress! I have left him "dead, a plenteous prey for the spotted serpent's "maw. My hands with a speedy thrust reached "him, and the blood gushed out, and he weltered "in his gore. I rent with the sturdy spear his "heart; however noble may be the hero, the spear "is not to be resisted. I have left him a prey to "wild beasts, that they may feed on him—that "they may gnaw his head and arms. I am one

" whose hands, inflamed with wine, would tear the
" regal standard from a king. I will urge my steed
" into the dust, and he will plunge into it, champ-
" ing the bit and snorting; but when he sees that
" I mind not his distress, he shows his grinders,
" but neighs no more. I have pierced him with the
" spear, and have raised him on high on the point
" of my sharp-edged Indian scimitar."

Neither did he cease till he saw the desert all black, and dust extending along the plain, troops pressing on him, and warriors shouting at him. Heroes advanced in haste towards him. Horsemen appeared on all four sides, each exclaiming, By the faith of an Arab, I will not permit thee to return home, thou foulest of blacks, for thou hast slain a warrior whose equal the world cannot boast; and we must destroy thee to avenge him. As soon as Antar perceived the sparkling of scimitars and the glittering of spear-barbs, and the din of shouts and cries, he shook with rage and fury, so that all his armour nearly flew off from his body: he was scarcely sensible to whom he was speaking, or with whom he was fighting. But as pride and ardour seized him, he thus exclaimed:

" When I behold the steeds pouring down in
" numbers, and snorting, I meet them without a
" roar. They call on Antar, and their spears are
" like a descent of locusts on a towering sand hill.
" They call on Antar, and their studded breast-
" plates are like the eyes of frogs in a pool of water;

" but I dash them down with the bright forehead " star and chest of my steed, till he is all besmeared " with blood. But should he bolt away from the " fall of the spear, I still urge him on; then he " complains to me, and gently neighs. But the " horses are stern and sour-looking, as if their riders " had drunk of the cup of coloquintida."

Anon he rushed upon the advancing troops, his heart harder than stone, and his mind like the waves of the sea when it roars. He smote off heads with his sword, he dealt severing blows, and drove penetrating thrusts; and when the troops closed upon him, he shouted in their faces, and they were driven back upon their rear, tossing the riders from their backs, till his arms slackened of their vigour, and he beheld the day like night. Upon this King Amroo called out to his men, and threw himself on Antar, steady as the noblest of heroes. Matters were in this state, when lo! a dust appeared among the mountains, and there started forth some swarthy-complexioned horsemen, crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! And when they approached the plain, they uncovered their heads and cast aside their garments, and exposed their lives to death; they poured down like eagles, and thrust at the foremost of the troops.

Now Oorwah, as soon as Shiboob came up to him bringing Ibla, stationed ten men to protect her, and with the remainder he made the attack, when he saw the Kendehans surround Antar, and attack him

with their spears and falchions. Let us now, my cousins, attack truly and sincerely, said he to his comrades, for this is the first time we have ever fought with Antar. Let us remove from him this affliction, that he may acknowledge it as long as he lives. It was the intention of Oorwah by this discourse to make them behold Antar's exploits, and teach them firmness for future occasions. When Oorwah's comrades perceived Antar's unshaken resolution in assaulting the warriors, their hearts were like mountains, and they did as Oorwah commanded; they endured patiently all the horrors of the conflict, they assaulted with the utmost impetuosity, and exhibited the firmest courage and determination. Again Antar's powers expanded: where he thrust, he slew; where he struck, he cleft; where he attacked a whole body, he made it retreat. The dust arose and thickened—the horses feet played with the skulls as if with balls—and all that were present on that day wished they had never been born, had never stirred, and had never moved on the earth.

Antar heard his uncle's shouts, and his voice crying out to the Kendehans, Assault this black, this infernal black, who has slain Mas-hil; destroy him whilst he is engaged in slaughter. Fear not those who have aided him, for they are only common fellows. When Antar heard these words, he attacked him, urged on by his feelings, and overtook him. Malik endeavoured to fly, but Antar grasped hold of him, and seized him by his rings, and clung

to his throat, and threw him down behind him. Shiboob soon bound him fast; his son made an attempt to defend his father, but lo! an arrow struck his horse's scrotum, and overthrew him. Shiboob was on him before he could recover himself, and bound him also, and away he went into the valley with them both. The intelligence was soon spread among the Kendehans, so the horsemen and warriors came out one after the other. The numbers increased against the Absians, and the succour brought against them augmented. Oorwah's men exhibited all their courage and their zeal, whilst Antar assisted them as a father assists his son. They were covered with wounds, and took refuge in the valley and the defiles, for they were exhausted with striking and thrusting; and as soon as night clothed the world in darkness, they were surrounded by infantry and cavalry.

King Amroo also came down to the entrance of the passage, and in his heart there was a blazing fire against Antar. In the evening no less than seven thousand horsemen crowded round him, and all were talking of Antar's exploits. My cousins, even the Bestower of life on the world could not have done such deeds, cried King Amroo; but if he quits us alive after such achievements, the Arabs will be ashamed of us, as long as the seated sit, and the risen rise; and we shall be considered by them as mere beasts and savages. Oorwah's men reposed themselves. Some even expressed their disapproba-

tion, saying, How can we, fewer even than a hundred, in this battle pretend to withstand all the population of Yemen? but as to Antar, he is in love. Their situation was no secret to Antar, so he went up to Oorwah and said, O Ebe ool Ebyez, I am aware your companions repent of what they have undertaken; it would be better for you to take them away, and seek safety among these hills, and leave me alone in these difficulties, for I well know death never advances or retards. What is this? said Oorwah. We will never separate from you, till the enemies' horses trample upon our heads, and if any one of my companions repents of the enterprise, let him take the consequences. They ate a hearty dinner, and laid themselves down to sleep; but Antar arose and went to Ibla, and saluting her, kissed her between the eyes, and soothed his passion with her. And the tribe of Kendeh reposed in sorrows and distress.

They were in this situation when a messenger advanced towards them in full speed over the sands: Noble leaders, he exclaimed, know that the Chief Bostam has plundered your wives and families, and has ravaged your country and native land. So the Kendehans returned to demand the restitution of their wives and families. Antar, hearing their shouts, wished to attack them, but Shiboob prevented him, fearful of some stratagem on the part of the Kendehans. Shiboob, however, in the course

of the night followed them, and on his return was communicating to his brother what he had heard of Bostam, how he had plundered the dwellings and tents, when a dust appeared, and black columns arose, beneath which stood forth some swarthy horsemen, all shouting out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! This was an army of noble Absians, headed by King Zoheir's sons, Shas, Malik, Noofil, and Harith, and with them was the Chief Shedad, and his brother Zakhmetuljewad, and a thousand illustrious horsemen: and Oorwah's sister was the cause of their arrival, for when he had conducted her to the dwellings, and enjoined her not to mention the subject to any one, she religiously kept the secret, till she perceived the great anxiety of the men and women on account of the absence of Antar and her brother; upon which, exceedingly alarmed, she told Shedad that Antar and her brother were gone to the tribe of Kendeh to rescue Ibla, and she related all that Antar had done in his liberality and generosity on their return from the tribe of Ghiftan, and also the circumstance of the messenger from Bostam. On hearing this, Shedad went to King Zoheir and his sons, and in great distress related the story to them. This narrative brought tears into the eyes of all present. March! said King Zoheir, haste away! Take with you one thousand horsemen, and assist him; and if you wish, I also will set out. Shas and Malik were greatly pleased;

they selected a thousand men, and marched out with Shedad and his brother, a flame burning in their hearts, till they reached the tribe of Kendeh.

As soon as Antar saw King Zoheir's sons, he made his obeisance, and raised his voice in prayers for them and their father. O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, we have indeed to reproach you, for you went away without telling us, so had any evil happened to you, all the men and women would have been in the greatest affliction on your account. O great prince, exclaimed Antar, I do not wish the Arabs should say of me, that the chiefs of the tribe of Abs marched out with their slave, and assisted him in the violence of his love. My son, said his father, under the influence of your passion, you daily expose your life to death; and, moreover, the Arabs are all your enemies. Then Antar told them all that had befallen his uncle Malik in the land of Kendeh, and how he had betrothed Ibla to Mas-hil, whom he had slain, and made to drink of the cup of extinction; and how Malik had excited the horsemen against him. Antar's account filled them with astonishment; they inquired about Malik and his son Amroo, and Ibla, and the tribe of Kendeh. As to Malik and his son, said Antar, they are in my possession, well secured; the Kendehans have returned home. And, acquainting them with Bostam's story, he continued, I was now setting out to his assistance, had you not arrived.

Amazed at his great success, they departed in

company with him till they reached the field of battle, where they saw Malik and his son in a deplorable condition, almost dead under the pressure of ropes and cords, so tight were they bound down. Ah! said Shas, his heart pitying him in the presence of the multitude, in what an unlucky hour didst thou come into the world! Art thou not ashamed? Thou art become a fable among the tribes. O nobles and chiefs, by the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Malik, I will never deliver my daughter to this black slave whilst I have a tongue to speak, or a limb to move. Either then make me drink of the cup of death, or seize her for him with the hand of power, so that my justification may be clear to the world, and my honour unpolluted with ignominy. What induced you to take my son's property, said Shedad, and then refuse any return? and marry your daughter to another man? But now as to this girl, we will send her back to her country, and she shall not quit our dwellings till she herself requests of her own accord to be married; then we will marry her to whom she pleases, and we shall be free from annoyance and affliction. Witness for me, cried Antar, all here, if he returns home and conceals his daughter, I will make no demand upon him whatever; I will not even remain near him, but I will do what he pleases, and live with my sister Merwa in the tribe of Ghiftan; and on his account I will abandon family and home, and will wait for time to effect my purpose. But should he marry her to any human

being, I will requite him as he deserves, and I will hasten his departure from this world. O Abool-fawaris, said Shas, no blame can now attach to you, and it is impossible for any one to object to such conditions. Well! said Malik, I shall demand of you this concession and acknowledgment when we have returned home. But I, said Antar, will not return to reside with the tribe of Abs, whilst you remain there, unless you grant me permission to do so. Upon this Shedad got upon his legs, and releasing Malik, kissed him between the eyes. King Zoheir's sons were much astonished at all this, and at his excessive liberality, and his affection for his family and tribe; whilst Antar endeavoured to win his uncle with these verses:

"I have had patience, but in my love patience
"is extinct. Tears have flowed till they have be-
"come blood. O ye that depart, in my heart you
"dwell—my heart thirsts after ye. What burdens
"of anguish have I borne! Were Mount Redwa *
"to endeavour to support them, Redwa's self would
"be crushed by their weight. O thou, daily in-
"flicting me with grief, the horsemen of olden time
"would sink under such burdens. Fear not, that
"in my wrath, I will raise thee up on the point of
"my cleaving sword; but that thou livest, and that
"I have not destroyed all thou hast built up, to me
"no thanks are due. But I cannot forbear when

* A mountain in the neighbourhood of Mecca.

"filthy Arabs oppose me, for I will not be dis-
"graced—my object is high in heaven. I speak
"the words of truth in advice—he that exposes
"himself unnecessarily to danger is never praised,
"even should he escape."

Antar now resolved on going to the assistance of Bostam; and leaving thirty horsemen with Gheyadh in the defile, he departed with the thousand newly arrived warriors; Shiboob preceding, and showing them the roads over the sand-hills, whilst his brother Antar rode by the side of Shas.

Now when the messenger whom Bostam had sent to Antar returned with the news that Antar had set out against the Kendehans, and that he excused him from the expedition, I cannot be satisfied, exclaimed Bostam, with that reason, for it was from me Ibla's father ran away. So he selected a thousand Shibanian horse, and having procured his father's permission, he departed for the land of Kendeh; and he happened to arrive just at the time when the marriage of Mas-hil was approaching; so he secreted himself in the mountains, and despatched a slave to gain some intelligence of Malik. The slave on his return stated, that Ibla was actually married, and that the Kendehans were employed in the marriage feast, and on the next day were to conduct her to her husband. Alas! cried Bostam, much distressed, Ibla has at length slipped through Antar's hands—his anguish will be vain, and his enemies and rivals will exult. But by the faith of an Arab, I will not

be the harbinger of good news to the Kendehans in this marriage. I must exert myself to liberate her, and show that I am the real friend of Antar. Return to the Kendehans, continued he to the slave; and do not leave them till you see Ibla set out. Then hasten back, and I will show you what I will do. The slave accordingly returned, and reposed among the shepherds, pretending to be fatigued and ill. In the morning, when the howdahs were raised upon the camels, and the men and women departed with Ibla, Bostam's slave went back and told him the news; and his heart was near bursting that Antar should be thus disappointed. He instantly mounted with his men, and invaded the dwellings and tents about evening: there he heard the sounds of grief and lamentation on all sides, and the shrieks of the girls and women. Cousins, cried Bostam, what has happened to these people? I could almost be persuaded my precaution had had some effect, and that Antar had seized his bride, and had made the tribe pass an evening of defeat in the death of Mas-hil, and the dispersion of the Kendehans. So come on, my cousins, plunder their flocks, capture their well-shapen maidens, and congratulate yourselves on this spoil and gain.

At the word they galloped away, and brought down the descent of Fate and Destiny; dealing blows among them irresistible and unsparing. All the men that had been left behind they slew, and they drove away the cattle and the families, and

they set out on their way home, saying, Now will the Kendehans leave Antar alone when they hear this event; and thus it was that the news reached them about morning as we mentioned.

So they quitted Antar, and sought Bostam, for their terrors were great. They overtook him at a spot called Jilgil, and they surrounded him on all sides.

As King Amroo was the chief of the Kendehan tribe, he despatched to the habitations a thousand lion-warriors, fearful for the calamities that might befal them. As soon as they reached Bostam, they attacked him and his companions with all their force. But he rushed into the fight, and aided his men; and doing the deeds of a nobly-born Arab, he repulsed the troops away from his people. He tore their chests with his barbed spear, and fought like a terrifying lion. But the Kendehans were greatly superior in numbers to the Shibanians, and Antar did not come up with them until they were in extreme peril.

Bostam felt certain of death, so great was the rush of the horsemen; and he was about to receive on his chest the force of united spears, when lo! Antar joined him with all his horsemen, saying, I was indeed afraid of this, for Aboolyaczan; and he made the assault with the troops of Abs and Adnan. The Kendehans were struck with horror; the instant they saw his terrible form, their bodies shook with affright, and their complexions changed as they

heard them vociferating, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Antar at their head, thus exclaiming—

"God protect thee, O Aboolyaczan! I am the "lion—the vanquisher of all antagonists. The lion "of war is come to thee; its lion is at hand, and its "exciter on the plain of opposition; the rapid bran- "disher of swords in the achievements of Kings is "come to thee; the destroyer of heroes is at hand. "O Kendeh, a Knight is come against you, who will "uproot all the delights of Cahtan; one who never "waves his sparkling scimitar in the contest, but the "universe begs for quarter. How often have I "forborn! but fortune betrays me, and my enemies "would involve me in disgrace and infamy: but "now dost thou not see that kings fear me, and all "the host of heroes tremble before me? I am the "severer of heads in quest of glory; I am the dis- "comfiter of warriors and horsemen; Glory is my "glory; the age is my age; the time is my time, "and the station my station."

No sooner had Antar finished his verses, than the wise men of Kendeh assembled in the presence of the King. Know, O monarch, said they, this demon is not alone, but the pride of Abs and Adnan have come after him, and I fear some of them may invade our homes, and ravage our possessions, and capture our women; and should this conjecture be well-founded, the destruction will be eternal.

You have taken a right view of the business, said King Amroo; and I fear, if we protect what is of

inferior worth, the more valuable will be plundered from us; but my idea is, that you should fight and retreat, but beware! should they put you all to confusion, Antar will utterly destroy you, and every trace of ye will be extirpated.

In a short time the report was published abroad among the Kendehans, and they fought as they retreated; but as their hearts were anxious about their wives and children, they could exert themselves but feebly in the battle.

When Antar perceived their situation, he directed the spears against their chests, and urged the Absians on to the contest. The same did Bostam with his followers. Now the flight of the Kendehans became general, and they dispersed to the east and to the west, and none arrived at the dwellings but those whose deaths were postponed.

As soon as King Amroo reached the tents, he shouted out to his people that were there, and again ordered them to the field of battle; and they hastened eagerly to the assistance of their companions, and the engagement continued on both sides till the armies of darkness advanced, and concealed the print of their footsteps. The Kendehans being completely routed, retired to their tents, whilst Antar, being aware that there was not one even to tighten their girths, ordered his people to plunder their flocks, but to spare the married women and families.

After this, Antar turned towards Bostam and said, Truly, thou hast ever shown the excess of

benevolence towards us; and never can we possibly make you a suitable compensation. He continued thus eulogising Bostam in these verses:

"O Aboolyaczan! O full moon! O subduer of "the desert and towns! Were the ears of all other "men deafened, may thine alone be opened! O "Bostam! O thou distributer of favours out of "nothing, surpassing all that can be imagined! "Generous men we had of old, we shall never for- "get them or their history; endued thou art with "modesty and goodness; a compound of all that "beneficence and nature ever formed! And all that "thou givest will be stored up for thee in eternity! "Thou art the sword of resolution! Were I to "beckon to it, it would rest sheathed in the firm- "rooted mountain!"

Bostam answered him thus:

"Hail! May greetings ever welcome thee, morn- "ing and evening; for thou art the death of the "horseman of the wastes, and the most deserving "of praises and eulogies; for God only created "thee to be a wonder in the battle and hour of "troubles; no lion can cope with thee in the fight; "no cloud can equal thee in bounty; thou hast at- "tained all that is knowledge, and wit, and modesty, "and patience, in difficulties and relaxations; thou "excellest all in generosity and munificence; and "hast perfected the nobleness of thy ancestors! "Let every one that sees thee admire all that he "beholds of magnanimity and grandeur! O Abool-

" fawaris, thou art my succour, noble must he be " who is acquainted with fate! The bounty of thy " hand when it bestows gifts, heals and relieves a " man from the virulence of misfortunes. Thy age " is like thy resolution in action, and thy resolution " is like thy sword in fate. When fire descends on " thee, it is sweet, even as the dew that refreshes " the meads! Live for ever in wealth and eternal " glory, unchangeable and unperishable!"

Bostam imparted to Antar all the anguish he had endured on the subject of Ibla's marriage to Mashil. Antar also related all that had happened to him; how enraged his uncle was against him; and that he himself had sworn to reside no longer in his native land. You must then, said Bostam, make your residence amongst us in Shiban, for I was the first that gave myself up to your service. No, said Prince Malik, we cannot possibly permit our cousin to abandon us, therefore do not make any irrevocable engagement with him, so that we may arrange his business, and terminate his affairs in his favour.

O Prince, said Shedad, verily my son's residence with Bostam is particularly advisable; let no more dissensions disperse the tribe, and our lands be no more devastated. Thus was the matter concluded: Bostam had determined on dividing the spoil amongst the Absians, but they all swore they would not take a halter of it. Let our cousin Antar have it all, and let him live on it during his stay with you.

Bostam was all astonishment at their liberality and perfect love. Shedad advanced, and thus took leave of his son:

"You have formed a favorable opinion of fortune, when all goes well, and you do not fear the evil that fate may bring with it. You have escaped also in night adventures, and you boast of it; but in the brightness of the night, often misfortunes occur."

CHAPTER XV.

BOSTAM ordered his men to drive on the flocks, and they separated in joy and happiness; and as he engaged Antar in conversation and social intercourse, on the subject of Ibla, Let no man imagine, said Antar, that he has ever endured an equal share of anguish with me. Then he wept, and sighed, and complained, and thus spoke:

"My patience and my transports exist when I am "moving, and when I am at rest; but my love for "Ibla is the companion of my heart. In her face, and "in the roses of her cheeks is my full moon, bril- "liant, sparkling, and luminous. Her figure is grace- "ful as the ا (alef), and her light limbs are round "as the ن (noon), and her seat of smiles is bud- "ding as the م (meem); musk is her smell, and from "her juices and her breath are sweet liquors "and perfumes. How is it that my heart ever pur- "sues its love, as we wish for the hot water in the "bath? But patience! perhaps the breezes that "pass over her residence may blow a breath from "her embraces. They are resolved to betray me; "their treachery is their faith, for perfidy is a dis- "ease inherent in their bowels. They are wicked, "but I have to ask their pardon—and they still

"increase their insults. I still act justly towards "them; but they ever deal in invectives, as if I "could not endure to be absent from them, and as "if I should die for love of them, and as if I could "not to endure say, ye have outraged me; for God "well knows I am indeed wronged."

They continued their journey till mid-day, when Antar suddenly checked his progress, and said to Bostam, O my brother, my heart is very uneasy about the tribe of Kendeh, for should they learn our situation, and that we all have taken different routes, they may pursue my cousins, and may chance to slay some of King Zoheir's sons. Do order your horsemen to drive away these flocks, and you and I with ten horsemen will return towards my cousins, that we may be assured of their security. As you please, said Bostam; and he ordered his people to drive away the camels and flocks; and after he had selected ten horsemen, they set out traversing the deserts, Shiboob going before them, pointing out the roads till they reached the valley, where, on their first arrival, they had been concealed. Here they attentively contemplated the roads and tracks, but they could perceive nothing but the print of the horses feet turned towards home. Thus were Bostam and Antar: but as to the Absians, as soon as they were at a distance wandering over the deserts, their bosoms felt distressed on account of the loss of Antar. Well, said Shas, to Malik, Ibla's father, this business has

turned out just as you wished, and Antar must remain alone in a foreign land. And soon their conversation and animosity increased in violence, when Prince Malik came up and separated them, saying, My cousins, do not quarrel in this land, for we are still amongst our enemies, and he about whom you are quarrelling has preferred quitting us to living with you. Thus they continued till they left the land of Kendeh, but Shas's rage and indignation were intense. He marched on ahead with half of the army, and also Shedad, Antar's father, whilst Malik, King Zoheir's son, remained behind with five hundred men, and Ibla went quietly on with him, for his mind was superior to Shas's, and he showed courtesy to all. At length they came into a country called Riyab, abounding in lakes, and the wild animals were ranging far and wide. It happened that the party were in want of provisions on account of their distant journey, and many of them were hungry. Being much distressed; they stated their complaints to Malik; so he told them to mount their steeds: Come on to the hunt, said he, and let not one return, but with sufficient provisions for himself, and his comrades, and associates. Malik mounted a swift mare, and employed himself in spearing the beasts and stretching them on the sands, galloping among them right and left, until he separated from his party and his troops, and as he was much engaged with the immense quantity of game, he roamed far among the wilds, watching his

opportunity. At last he halted, and cast his eyes round the desert right and left, and whilst he was contemplating the wastes and sand-hills, behold, one of the desert standing in the plain, and before him a camel lying down, and behind him a damsel, and she held the Bedoween's horse. As soon as the damsel saw Malik standing on the top of a sand-hill, she made signs to him with her hand, that she demanded his aid. Malik understood her wishes, but he would not assent to her demand, for, said he to himself, haply she may be his wife or sister, and something may have occurred, that may render it improper to assist her, so he resolved on returning to his party, fearful of the accidents of fortune. But the damsel let go the horse from her hand, and struck it on the face, and it fled over the wilds. O Arab, catch your horse, cried she to the Bedoween. Upon that he quitted the camel, and pursued the horse till he overtook it; he caught it by the halter and returned. But no sooner had the Bedoween departed in quest of his horse, than the damsel ran up to Malik and demanded his assistance. Wherefore, said Malik, do you demand my protection against him? Is he your husband or your relation? No, said she, I and my countrymen were returning home, when this demon met us; he slew my cousins; and she wept. When Malik heard this, his heart pitied her, for he was a prince, and the son of a prince, and a noble Absian. Well, said he, congratulate yourself on the end of your troubles and

misery. But lo! the Bedoween returned mounted on his horse, and perceiving Malik in conversation with his damsel, his eyeballs started into the top of his head; he grasped his spear, and rushed upon him: Foul Arab! said he, what horseman art thou that dost venture to converse with the damsels of the brave? I am surnámed the crashing thunder and the deluging cloud, and called Feyaz the depredator! Instantly each attacked his adversary, and they commenced the fight and contest. Malik met him with a spear, and cried out in a loud voice. The Bedoween parried his thrust, and twisting the spear out of his hand, he attacked him like a lion, and seizing Malik by the rings of his corslet, he cried out, O by Cahtan! and dragged him off his horse's back; he took him captive and bound him, degraded and in misery: but when he remarked the beauty of his person, and his garments, and his armour, he was convinced he was some great personage: Youth, said he, of what tribe art thou? Speak the truth, or I will make thee drink of the cup of death and perdition. Truth becomes the noble, and falsehood is repugnant to the generous Arab chief, replied Malik, I am of no despicable birth, nor is my wealth mean. I am Malik, son of Zoheir, King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, and Fazarah and Ghiftan, and Marah and Dibyan. Bravo, bravo! cried the other, thou, by heaven, wert one of my chief objects; through thee will I take my revenge, and will liberate my cattle. Upon

this he bound tighter the cords, and fastened down his arms and shoulders, and tied him on the back of his horse, and marched towards his own country, saying, Never shalt thou be released from my power, till thou deliverest up to me thy father and thy slave Antar, that I may sacrifice them as I would a ram, otherwise I will execute every cruelty upon thee. What is the reason of this? inquired Malik. Know, said he, that I am the lover of one of our damsels, and I demanded her in marriage of her father, to whom I offered all my property, sheep, he and she camels: but he refused me, saying, I will not marry you to my daughter, unless you bring me the head of him who murdered my son, and avenge his fate. On whom, said I, is your vengeance to be taken? On a black of the tribe of Abs, he answered, he is their herdsman, and their horseman, and their protector, for he plundered our flocks and captured our wives and families, and he slew my son, and he is but a camel-driver, and now I have sworn not to marry my daughter, but to him who shall bring me his head. Upon this I engaged to slay this son of filth, your black Antar, and I quitted not my tents till I had made a contract upon this point with him. So I set out on my way to your country, and fell by chance on this girl; I slew her countrymen, and carried her off. Again I set out, and fell by chance on you, Prince Malik, and through you will I succeed in my projects. When Malik heard this, he rested all his hopes on a stratagem, and sought his

deliverance by art and cunning. Arab, said he, the road is nigh, for last night only I quitted Antar in the land of Riyab, and with him were but ten horsemen. Away against your enemy, if you are, as you proclaim yourself, a noble horseman! O by the Arabs! was all the Bedoween's reply, for he was highly delighted and rejoiced. If you have spoken the truth, said he, I will release you from this bondage. Could but my eyes light upon Antar, I would take him prisoner were there even a thousand brave horsemen with him; but I shall now rest till morning, and your black will then appear, for as soon as he is aware of your disappearance, he will not proceed on his journey, but will undoubtedly come and seek you, and he must pass by this road, for his good luck and fortune have abandoned him. Upon this he dismounted and reposed till the day dawned, when he lashed the damsel and Prince Malik to the backs of two of his horses, and proceeded without further delay. About three hours after, behold a man on foot speeding over the desert, and before him fled the deer, whom he overtook and grasped by the horns, and when the Bedoween saw him, he stared at him in amazement, surprised at the force of his muscles and the strength of his knees; and whilst he was looking at him, behold ten horsemen advanced towards him, all immersed in steel, and enveloped in breastplates of bright metal, and in front of them was a knight like an hyena. When the Bedoween remarked the mag-

nificence of their accoutrements, and the excellence of their steeds, and the smallness of their numbers, he made towards them, eager to seize them. They also observed with surprise the camel and the man bound with cords to the back of a horse. The troop halted, and the Bedoween moved towards them to demand their object. What horsemen are ye? he exclaimed, and to what Arabs are you connected? Upon this their leader shouted out, and he was the conquering hero, Antar, son of Shedad. I am one, he cried, that will wither your soul! known amongst honourable men, as the chosen knight; the far-famed slayer—the knight of tumults and uproars—the chief Antar, son of Shedad, and what coward art thou? And who is this prisoner bound on that horse? Who is this damsel that is crying out, and demands assistance? O by the Arabs! cried the Bedoween, shaking himself with joy upon his horse. I greet thee—I welcome thee, black in complexion, fair in deeds, knight of the tribes, I am called Feyaz the depredator! I am the tempestuous blast! I am come to assault thee. And he related his story; how he demanded the damsel, and was sent by her father for her marriage donation: he would not admit, he added, of any thing but thy death, and the annihilation of thy life. And who, said Antar, is this prisoner? Your lord, Prince Malik, son of King Zoheir. As soon as Antar heard this, the light became dark in his eyes. Bostám soon joined him, and demanded of

him the cause of this long parley. He informed him of all the Bedoween had said. God is with you, O Aboolfawaris! said Bostam, how he has inspired you with forethought, and how he has intimated to you the revolutions of fate!

Now Antar, as he was returning from the land of Kendeh, in his fears for Ibla, had bid Shiboob early in the morning to cut off through the defiles into the land of Riyab; and Antar, followed by Bostam and his people, was proceeding to the vicinity of the land of Abs, eager to catch some news of Ibla, for lovers and the devotees of passion sigh fondly for news of their love, and Antar's love in the excess of his anxiety enchained him with the bonds of desire and solicitude, as he thus expressed himself:

"When the zephyr gently blows, its breath re-
"lieves the sickened heart, and brings me news of
"the damsel and of those I love, who are travelling
"on their journey: regardless are they of whom
"they have left behind, cast down and dead in the
"land of love: one who has quitted their country
"and roams anxious about them, wheresoever they
"drive their baggage camels. Indeed, O Ibla,
"they have betrayed my vows. It is thy father
"that is ungrateful for favours. I have borne sor-
"rows and absence patiently, even in my weak
"state, and I have defied the railers. I am ac-
"customed to grief, so that my body, were it to
"lose its pains, would sigh after its emaciated state.
"The ravens taunt it, as if it had been one that

" had destroyed its plundered young; it weeps,
" and the torrents of my tears sympathise with it—
" it sighs, and my woes cruelly increase—it passes
" the night in anguish for the loss of its mate, for
" whose absence it moans the live-long night. I
" said to it, thou hast wounded the inmost recesses
" of my heart. Ever is thy grief a mental disease.
" I have shed tears from my eyes, and my native
" home and country excite all my interest. Ab-
" sence has left me no soul, no body, in which,
" miserable as I am, I can live. Wert thou to
" take off the armour from it, thou wouldst see
" beneath it only a ruined vestige; and on those
" worn-out remains is a coffin-sword, whose edge
" would notch the bright polished scimitar. I am
" so accustomed to the calamities of fortune, that
" all their vastness appear but trifling to me, (nu-
" merous as they are, they appear few)."

Thus they continued traversing the deserts till they approached the land of Riyab, and met the knight Feyaz, and heard his adventures, and saw Prince Malik in his power. And Antar was occupied with Feyaz in the conflict, till the brightness of the day darkened over their heads. But Shiboob quitted his deer, and moved towards Prince Malik, who was groaning from the pain of his wounds. Alas! alas! cried Shiboob, and came up to him, and untied the cords, and placed him again on his horse, saying: Seek the field of battle, that you may console your heart. As soon as Antar saw Prince Malik, he exerted himself in the contest

with Feyaz, and exhausted him, and smote him through the neck, and drew out his sword glittering through his joints. He then issued out of the dust, and congratulating Malik, thus spoke:

"I say to my enemy when he contends with me, "and advances like a towering well-built bastion, "much good may it do to thee, the glass thou hast "drank. Thou hast laid down thy cheek where "there is no pillow. As soon as I have unsheathed "my sword, its edge draws forth blood, and every "chief becomes its victim. I am Antar the un- "raveller of every difficulty, the destroyer of foes "with my Indian blade. Horsemen pride them- "selves in me in every contest, and the brave with "their chieftains are humbled before me. If the "most virtuous of my associates regard my actions, "they will see the multitude prostrate before my "glory. I am raised far above all mankind by "my scimitar, my spear, by my blows in battle, "and by my father."

Approaching the prince, he kissed him, and exalted his honour and reputation: What has happened to you, my lord, said he, has been the means of augmenting my glory; never may the day be that can bring evil on you, and I be still grasping the bridle. O Aboolfawaris, said Malik, thanking him, thou art indeed our greatest friend and sincerest ally. May God destroy him who would estrange your lucky stars from us, and deprive us of your councils! Then he related all that had passed with

Malik, Ibla's father, and how he had separated from them entirely, that his brother had advanced with his party, and that he had been occupied in hunting, and all that occurred with Feyaz. It is my opinion, said Antar, you should return to the Absians immediately, and say nothing about what has happened to you; only tell them that you were occupied in hunting until evening, when you chanced to meet some Arabs, who entertained you, and treated you kindly, so that no one may blame you. Prince Malik having approved of these hints, Antar turned towards the damsel who had been with Feyaz, and giving her all Feyaz's plunder and camels, he said to her, Go home under my protection, secure from every one, man or demon; and should even Persia's monarch oppose you, his balcony shall totter. Antar's expressions made Bostam seriously reflect, and he felt aware that he could actually execute all he said.

Prince Malik retraced his way, and Antar marched with him, fearful of any unlucky event, till they reached the land of Riyab. Here Antar cast his eyes around, and he saw birds fighting, and wild beasts combating in the plain over the carcases of the slain. This, said Antar, is a bad omen; it is a circumstance that gives evidence of death and destruction. And when they had advanced into the middle of the meadow, they perceived the dead scattered about on all sides, and blood that had changed the hue of vegetation, broken spears, and

shivered scimitars. Woe! woe! Antar exclaimed: Truly this intelligence is authentic, and the revolutions of fate and destiny have happened to our comrades. Alas! I can scarcely expect to overtake my Ibla. As they turned over the carcases, they said one to another, This is such an one—this is such an one, till the groans issuing from a tortured heart reached their ears—they advanced and looked about, and lo! it was Ibla's father, Malik! He was almost dead; his blood was clotted with the sand, and the birds and the flies were hovering over him. Whither are you going, my brother? cried Shiboob; here is your uncle weltering in his blood, and his iniquities have reduced him to what he himself projected. Antar and his followers came up, and beholding Ibla's father in that state, they bound up his wounds and poured briny water upon his face. He opened his eyes, and seeing his countrymen around him, his life crept into his body, and his senses returned. Of this, said Antar, I was afraid; but you still continue to pursue the road of outrage against me. O nephew, said Malik, in a feeble voice, what is past is past; but I will never quit you again; my heart will study your pleasure, and I will ever be your slave. Congratulate yourself on this good luck, my uncle, said Antar; but who was it that did these deeds? where is Ibla, and your son, and the others? All, said Malik, are in the hands of Anis, son of Madraka the Khitaamite, for he came upon us with a thousand horse. We were in a state

of excessive fatigue and distress; and, moreover, Prince Malik and many others were dispersed in pursuit of game, when, behold! Anis surrounded us with his horse, and attacked us in all directions: he levelled his blows against the chiefs, and took the rest prisoners.

Now this knight was a man no man could encounter, and a warrior of warriors: and when he resolved on an expedition from place to place, the horsemen followed him, and his companions exposed their lives for him on account of his extraordinary intrepidity. At this time he had departed with a thousand horse; and he roamed with them, ravaging the Arab tribes, till he reached the land of Balka and the mountains of Nika. He was on his return, and before him went the slaves, the boys and camels, and the young camels, till they reached the land of Riyab, where he saw the Absians scattered about the meadows and the lakes. Anis was marching at the head of his party, for he treated horsemen with contempt. As soon as he spied the Absians he recognized them by their clothes, and their horses, and their standards, for the Arabs could always distinguish each other by their horses and banners. Now, said he to his countrymen, now you will be talked of by both men and women on account of the quantity you will gain in flocks, and he and she camels, if you vanquish this party of Absians, whose name is so great among the Arabs; and for every one you capture you will receive an immense ran-

som. Come on—Come on! And separating the thousand into four divisions, he attacked them, loudly vociferating, and their horses pressed on in crowds. When the Absians saw this, they exerted all their powers. Anis exhibited his whole strength: he encouraged the horsemen by his own deeds, and by his impetuosity he overwhelmed the Absians. He took fifty prisoners, after having slain a vast number. Amongst the captives were Oorwah and Amroo, Ibla's brother. He seized the property and the men, and departed, ordering his slaves to drive on the horses and camels. Ibla too was made captive with her camel: she was, indeed, accustomed to captivity, and had experienced the reverses of fortune: and as she saw her father covered with wounds and torn with spears, she proceeded at the head of the slaves and women, amongst the other prisoners. Oft she bewailed her native land in the obscurity of the night, and thus eased her heart:

" O God of Zemzem and Mina, my heart is worn
" with grief, captivity, and anguish; my frame is
" exhausted, and I have no powers of body to bear
" the garments of affliction. I have lost my father,
" who *was once* kind and generous. He continued
" his obstinacy till he drank the cup of perdition.
" Foreign hands have overpowered him with swords
" and spears. Here am I in a strange land in cap-
" tivity, bewailing my distresses; and cruel Fortune
" has thwarted me, and the world has abandoned
" me, as if there was no such beautiful person as

" myself in the world. O protector of Abs! couldst
" thou see me, thou wouldst know what I endure.
" The day on which we separated from you, I was
" separated from all my hopes. Our warriors are
" now plundered of their lives by the spear, and I
" am in a strange land, suffering anguish as a cap-
" tive. If thou hearest in the night the complaint
" of the drooping dove, be assured it is weeping
" for us."

Ibla continued her tears and lamentations till the dawn of day. Anis dismounted to repose, and ordering his slaves to prepare dinner, they slaughtered the camels and the sheep, and prepared a repast; and they supplied also the prisoners and women with food of camel's flesh. But as to Ibla, she renounced all nourishment, and would not sleep.

The greatest part of the day had now passed, and but little remained of it; and as the companions of Anis were describing Ibla's beauty, and charms, and shape, and form—Countrymen, he cried, have I not often desired you a thousand times never to talk of women before me,—not a free-born or a slave,—and never to converse with me but of feats of arms and battles? And can any thing degrade man like the humiliation of love and passion?

When they had satisfied their hunger, about nightfall they travelled on till the sun rose, when they alighted at the waters of the tribe of Helal. And Ibla's grief and lamentations increased upon her, and she despaired of her cousin; and when

Anis heard her loud cries during the night, he demanded of his attendants about her: My cousins, asked he, who is this damsel that was groaning in the tranquillity of the night? O Chief, they said, this is the Absian damsel, whose beauty and charms we described to you. Never did we see a more agonized heart. Night or day she desires no nourishment: she renounces sleep: her grief and sorrows are not to be pacified. Bring her before me, said Anis, that I may learn her story. Upon that, the female slaves brought Ibla into his presence; he raised up her veil, and looked at her face; he saw the tears streaming from her black eye-lashes; he was smitten, and his heart fluttered with the violence of his passion—at the instant the state of his mind was changed. What is your name, damsel? said he. She answered, Ibla. Who was slain that belonged to you? he asked. My father, she replied; and again she hid her face with her hands, and threw herself upon the ground. Bring hither her family, cried Anis, that I may demand her of them in marriage, and be married to her; and instead of a dower or settlement, I will release her countrymen and herself; for as soon as I saw her, I became enamoured of her. And the mind and senses of Anis were from this moment all occupied with Ibla; and he suddenly tasted of love. They now veiled her face, and introduced her relations, towards whom Anis turned, and telling them what had passed, was civil to them, and demanded Ibla in

marriage. Seeing them hesitate in giving an answer, Why are you silent? he asked. Magnanimous Chief, they replied, we cannot speak for her, there is only her brother here; her father is absent. Oorwah at that moment was close to Amroo, Ibla's brother, and he said to him, Amroo, if you wish that Anis should be put to death, and his neck be cut off, marry him instantly to your sister; perhaps God will send Antar to darken his life and silence his name, and he may still release us from captivity. I have often experienced the effects of promising her in marriage, and I well know what her misfortunes have produced. But where is Antar? said Amroo. By this time he is in the land of Shiban, and far from us; we have behaved so ill to him, that he has quitted us for ever, and I am afraid of the consequences; for if I marry her to Anis, I fear that Antar may come hither and join me to my father, were I even concealed in the apartments of Nushirvan; and if I do not marry her, this devil will put us to death. Listen to me, said Oorwah; marry her, and do not talk nonsense. Bargain with him that he shall not enter unto her here, until he reach his native land and home: tell him that she has been wedded to her cousin some time ago, and lengthen out the business; perhaps Antar will come and make his wedding so inauspicious, that it may perhaps only be followed with the dawn of ill-luck to him; and his stars may set in the mansions of inversion.

Now Anis, seeing them falter in their reply, became troubled. He perceived they were consulting with Amroo, and that he was much disturbed. Do you consent that I become your sister's husband? he asked. My lord, replied Amroo, you are the consent, and you are above consent; but know that this damsel's father has already married her to her cousin, and has taken the marriage donation; but her father has taken advantage of him, and the devil has coloured his stratagems with the appearance of kindness and liberality, so he fled with her from place to place; and should I marry her to you, I dread the consequences. If I go home, I fear he will come upon me and kill me, and make me drink of the cup of death, were even the Kings of Abs and Adnan to protect me, and Fazarah and Dibyan; for he is one of the calamities of the world—no knight can oppose him in the field, and he fears neither man nor demon.

Anis became furious at this description. What! said he, is the name of this knight, for dost thou not know all the horsemen of Arabia? O mighty Prince, replied Amroo, this is he who slew Khalid, son of Moharib, and brought down misfortunes on him and his clan; who dispersed his warriors and his armies. To whom do you allude by this discourse? demanded Anis. To him of whom you questioned me, said Amroo. But what hero is he? asked Anis. I mean, said Amroo, the Knight of the world; myrrh to the taste; the insufferable coloquintida.

His name is known throughout Hedjaz and Irak, he who killed Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and exterminated his tribe. But what is his name? repeated Anis. He is the lord of the black steed, and the broad scimitar and long spear, said Amroo; the furious lion who has disgraced the necks of the Arab and the Persian. Verily, you amaze me, cried Anis, with this horseman and this trampling hero; but explain to me his name among the knights of the age. He is, continued Amroo, the noble warrior who has vanquished the stoutest heroes with his sword. He is the serpent of the bowels of the desert, the Chief Antar, son of Shedad. I have only told you the truth.

Upon this Anis raised up his head to those that were seated by him, and said, Is there any one of ye that is acquainted with this man, whose description frightens me? O Anis, said a noble Sheikh, I have heard of this terrible knight; and it was indeed a man honest in his speech that informed me of him, and told me he was a black knight, but that he had crushed the necks of the Arab chiefs with his sword, and had made the kings of power bow down to him; the Persian and the Arab fear his might, and his uncle has only married his daughter to him through fear of his impetuous strength: and as soon as he inveigles him by his artifices, he wanders with her from place to place. Her father has espoused her to a thousand horsemen, but the marriage has never succeeded; and the last person to

whom he wedded her was Mas-hil, son of Tarak. But Antar went against him with one hundred friends, and waylaid him, and extinguished his glory and prosperity: and he has driven away from her every lover and every suitor, and to venture to speak of espousing her is a sufficient cause of death. And he who flies from him, flies cruelly wounded; and by the faith of an Arab, O Anis! should you make any attempt on this damsel, I shall tremble for you. Be not then excited by the charms and loveliness you have beheld in her.

And would you, O Sheikh, exclaimed Anis, make me forget my love for her by the description you have given me of her cousin? I consent, however, to abstain from her, until her cousin and his party come in quest of her; then will I try myself against him. Accordingly, he ordered Ibla to be treated with all honours, and said within himself, If this girl even in misery and captivity is so beautiful, what will she be when her heart is at ease, and when plumped up with good feeding?

They journeyed on till mid-day, when lo! a dust sprang up behind them very rapidly. My cousins, said he to his people, bring me news of this dust, and let me know what there is beneath it. Upon this a hundred horsemen immediately advanced. Now beneath this dust was the serpent of the desert, the Chief Antar, with Bostam and his party; for as soon as Antar heard Anis described by his uncle Malik, he and Bostam immediately gal-

loped on till they came up with the Khitaamites, and prepared for the contest; and when Bostam perceived the horse that had separated from the troops, O Lion of the Forest, by the life of Ibla's two eyes, said he to Antar, let me engage these advancing horsemen. There are an hundred of them, but when you in your strength are in my rear, I would even meet a thousand horsemen in front. Antar smiled; Do as you please, said he, for you have adjured me by the most sacred of oaths.

Upon that, he slackened the bridle of his steed, and encountered the hundred horse. Among them was an obstinate warrior and a valiant lion, called Mubadir, son of Ghaylem, and he was Anis's cousin. He headed the troops till they came close up to Bostam, when he cried out, Tell me who thou art, and whence thou comest, before I silence thy life, and make thy head fly afar off. Bostam returned him no answer, but plunged down upon him like an eagle, and pierced him through the chest with the barb of his spear, and it issued out through his back. As soon as his cousins saw this thrust, they all rushed against Bostam like ravenous lions, saying, O Mubadir, now thou art no more, the tribe of Khitaam is disgraced. They came down upon Bostam like a cloud, crying out to each other, Come on, to this demon; take him prisoner. And they separated into two divisions.

Antar saw this, and attacked in aid of Bostam. Seventy assaulted him, and thirty rushed against

Bostam. Antar received them with the chest of Abjer, and where he struck he cleaved asunder; and where he pierced, he annihilated; and when he shouted at the horses, their feet shook with horror; and when the warriors crowded upon him, he severed their skulls.

Anis heard of the death of Mubadir; he advanced towards the dust, anxiously expecting the return of his people with the prisoners, that he might console his heart by slaughtering them, and avenge his cousin, when lo! out of the seventy horsemen that attacked Antar, there appeared only eleven; the rest having drank of the cup of perdition. What is the matter? cried Anis, may the curse of God be on the father of your beards!

Do not reproach us, O Anis, said they, for our actions; had we resisted, our necks also had been smote off. And has all this happened to you at the hands of ten horsemen? asked he. By the life of your head, they replied, all these calamities are owing only to one hero; but be not roused in thy anger, be not indignant, for the like of this knight can never be found. His blows would burst mountains; his thrusts are death, and truly have we experienced horrors at his hands; for he snatches up a horseman from the field of battle, and strikes another with him, and on the instant the two are dead.

Whilst they were thus conversing, behold five out of the thirty that assailed Bostam came up, and two were wounded, crying out "O misery! O ruin!"

Now Anis roared, and his heart was rent, and his alarms and terrors increased; And what is the catastrophe? he cried. Talk no more, said they, for his like we have never seen among the Arabs; and had we followed our own wishes, we had left him alone. Then said one of the eleven that had engaged Antar, Wretches! had you gone with us, you would have been well provided for; not one of ye had returned, neither great nor small. Anis, in the rage and phrensy of his heart, burst into a laugh: No one, he cried, can credit such nonsense. I think, had this been Antar, whom the Sheikh described, who with a hundred horse encountered the whole tribe of Kendeh, and slew Mas-hil, son of Tarak, not one of ye had returned to mention the fact, or tell the tale. Be not enraged, be not indignant, O Anis, they exclaimed, the equal of this Knight cannot be possibly found. We heard him crying out, Unworthy cowards! I am Antar, son of Shedad. He would tear up a horseman from the back of his horse, and raise him like a tent-pole, and dashing him on the earth, confound his breadth with his length.

This then is the slave, cried Anis, whom we were mentioning this day; and should I not slay him and extinguish his life, I shall not gain possession of his bride. But now he is come in quest of her, exclaimed they. Anis returned to the spot where they had alighted, and his heart boiled like a cauldron; and they reposed till morning.

Now when the prisoners knew of Antar's deeds

in the conflict, joy and gladness visited them. Well, what think you of my advice now? said Oorwah to Ibla's brother Amroo. Did I not tell you to marry your sister to Anis, if you wished his neck to be hewn off, and you and your comrades to be released? Now see what has happened to his party; and never will the knot of his marriage be tied, for Antar will render his morrow unlucky, and had you given her to him and betrothed her to him as a woman is betrothed, this would have been no evening to him.

And now when Bostam returned to Antar, he found the dead strewed before him. Had we arrived, Aboolfawaris, he cried, a little sooner in the day, not an eye of our companions had slept in captivity and in bondage.. What is, is; replied Antar. Let us repose and consult till to-morrow; and they thus continued conversing till the mantle of darkness was dispersed.

And as the day shone at the return of dawn, Anis shouted to his horsemen, and immersed himself in steel and a bright cuirass: he mounted his horse, and advanced towards his troops. Antar and Bostam were both mounted with their nine horsemen. Anis poured down, anxious to engage Antar. Antar also assaulted Anis, his eyes burning in the crown of his head like firebrands. He marked him admiring his limbs and surveying his own shape and form, and as he was dragging his spear behind him he thus recited:

"My morning draught is the cleaving of heads "and breasts; my scimitar is my cup—no cup of

" wine. My wine is of the blood of warriors, quaffed " to the music of sword-blades and spears. When " I arise in spirits and in joy, I feel a flame of burn- " ing coals in my entrails. I am Anis, son of " Madraka, styled the destroyer of men in armour! " In me is a heart bold in battle with heroes. My " custom is to chase the hungry lion from his den. " Beware, beware! my garments, my Ibla, are of " steel; my sword is sharp, and my spear pene- " trating. I shall be raised in glory among men by " your death; and by it they will learn my valour." Antar listened to his discourse, and was surprised at the insanity of his passion. Son of a two-thousand-horned cuckold, he cried, hast thou not heard what has happened to others before thee on account of Ibla, and in the pursuit of her, that thou too art inflamed with love and distraction for her?—Yes, thou son of a coward, I have heard of thee before this day, cried Anis; after tending camels, thou hast been fortunate and prosperous, and thou hast slain a number of vagabond Arabs, and hast demanded thy cousin in marriage by frauds and deceits. But fate has driven thee to me, that I may hasten thy destruction, and lower thy honours with my sword, for I have vowed within myself not to enter unto thy cousin, till I have made thee drink of the cup of death, and joined thee to those who are gone and are dead. And now may God favour my revenge, and prosper my enterprise! Having ceased, he assailed Antar, and conceived he was to attain

his wishes and conquer. Antar was much astonished at his actions, and launching out into the plain, as he galloped with him and charged, he thus replied:

"Behold the sport of passion in every noble per-
"son! but I have thanked my forbearance, ap-
"plauded my resolution, and the slave has been
"elevated above his master: for I have concealed
"my passion, and kept my secret. I will not leave
"a word for the railers; and I will not ease the
"hearts of my enemies by the violation of my
"honour. I have borne the evils of fortune, till I
"have discovered its secret meaning, before even it
"was concealed. Fortune has been my guide where-
"ever I am. I have met every peril in my bosom,
"and the world can cast no reproach on me for my
"complexion: my blackness has not diminished my
"glory. Were this not the colour of my skin, the
"morning's dawn would not bow before me at hear-
"ing my name. Tribes talk of genealogy as an
"honour, but the blow of the sword in the battle is
"my glory. Others have laboured, but have re-
"turned confounded as soon they beheld the traces
"of my form."

No sooner had he finished his verses than he rushed upon Anis like an impregnable mountain; they commenced striking and piercing, they engaged with the cleaving sword for an hour, and then vanished from the sight, the dust rising over them like smoke. The necks of the horsemen were extended out towards them, and the birds of death

hovered over their heads. Various shouts burst forth among them, and the Khitaamites vociferated to their lord, and opposed his disastrous fate.

Upon this, Bostam and the Shibanians prepared for the fight. This is the day of battle, my cousins, cried he. Ibla screamed out with a loud voice, for her soul had revived. Haste, my cousin, she cried, to the destruction of thy antagonist, and rescue thy maid from captivity, for truly her situation is deplorable, and her friends have been slain. Antar's heart was sorely grieved at her complaints, so he shouted at his adversary, and attacked him furiously. He exhausted him; he terrified him; he drew his foot out of his stirrup; he seized hold of him by his girdle; threw down his horse under him, and held him suspended in his hand like a sparrow.

When the Khitaamites saw their Chief a prisoner, they made an assault hoping to liberate him, but the eight horsemen encountered them, headed by Bostam, all roaring out like lions, and driving their spears through the horsemen's chests. Guard your prisoner, Aboolfawaris, cried Bostam; and I will satisfy you in the carnage of the Khitaamites, and will make their chiefs drink of the cup of revenge.

Antar having captured Anis, wished to bind him fast, but he was prevented by his violent exertions, and he tried to escape out of his hands, so Antar smote him on the shoulder, and almost killed him: and having thus wounded him, he left him stretched on the ground, and joined Bostam in the conflict,

and plied his sword among the foe. The dust and the sand arose over them; skulls lay under their feet; and unexpected calamities overpowered the tribe of Khitáam.

In those days there were knights who could encounter a thousand, and even two thousand of the most obstinate horsemen; having always the advantage, and ever unhurt. Now Antar was one of those warriors at that period; for the adored God had thus endowed him, and given him a lucky star at his birth. Moreover, the historians state in their Chronicles, that the King of Heroes had created Antar the instrument of his vengeance over all the giants of Arabia.

When the tribe of Khitáam saw that his blows were more impetuous than thunderbolts, and that his thrusts rent open coats of mail, their resolution failed: they abandoned their property and their flocks, and they dispersed over the desert like wild beasts, dastards and cowards as they were; whilst Antar and his comrades pursued them till they drove them out of that country and desert. Three hundred of them were slain, and only three of the Shibanians. Ibla and her maidens had released Oorwah and her brother from bondage, and as they returned to their friends, Antar saluted Ibla, saying, Think not, my cousin, that I forget thee, although thy father is oppressive and hostile to me. Ibla wept at the mention of her father: O my cousin, she said, then truly his treachery has destroyed him.

No, answered Antar, thy father is well: I left Malik, son of King Zoheir, with him. And he related to her all that had happened to him; how he had found him lying among the dead severely wounded; what he had done to relieve his afflictions; and that he had left with him his brother Shiboob. At this detail Ibla's sorrows were calmed, and her distresses were lightened. Antar ordered Anis into his presence.

Oorwah and Amroo hastened to the field of carnage, but could not find him; for Anis having recovered from the shock that had stunned him, and seeing an immense number of his comrades lying dead, instantly mounted one of the scattered horses, and fled from the scene. Having in vain searched for him, they returned to Antar and told him. I was too indulgent to him, said Antar; and I was wrong in sparing him. Oh that instead of merely wounding him, I had put him to death.

Aboolfawaris, cried Oorwah, repent not of having spared him. Consider yourself as having liberated him, and taken his property as his ransom. For he will be the poorest of all the Arabs: every grievance and every evil have befallen him. God has driven this booty towards you without trouble. And all this is on account of your cousin, the grazing fawn: for certainly you will never effect your marriage with her till there shall not be a rich Bedoween throughout the desert.

Antar smiled at this address. Drive on these

flocks, said he, and let us return to the land of Riyab, for my heart is with my uncle and Prince Malik.

So the Absians drove the flocks and the cattle, Antar at their head, and Bostam by his side; and the flame in his heart was appeased. They continued on till they came nigh unto Prince Malik, and Ibla's father, and Shiboob. As soon as they saw them, they congratulated each other, and Malik, Ibla's father, thus recited:

"Alas! the sea of thy generosity has flowed towards us; the mountain of thy mercy is raised sublime on high. Thou art truly Antar the victorious warrior in the day of battle, where foes are destroyed. Thine are labours that equal the stars, ever fixed but incorporeal. God is with thee. Behold the cloud of battle is spread out, and the plain flows with the blood of thy foes. Horses trample down their riders through the dust, like the lions in the forests. There are the heroes disgraced by thy spear; there thou meetest them firm and staunch. O Aboolfawaris, son of my brother, in the loveliness of a smiling face, thou hast proved thy kindness unto me. Thou hast revived me after extinction. Thou hast exerted thyself, and the tribe has been annihilated. Thou hast resuscitated me, after I had tasted of death from wounds, from misery, and sorrow. O! I will applaud thee in retirement and in public to the world, to my family, and to the tribes.

" Mayst thou, persevering hero, never fail; let us
" shadow ourselves beneath thy shade—let us swear
" by thy generosity, the best of oaths."

For this once Malik spoke with sincerity: for Prince Malik had softened his heart with regard to Antar, during the time he was left with him. They reposed that night, joying in each other; at dawn they proceeded homewards. But Antar took off a large proportion of the camels, male and female, and presented them to Bostam, saying, Aboolyaczan, you have indeed overwhelmed me with kindnesses, so take this share and seek your own country and your family. And they bade each other adieu, Antar proceeding home with his comrades. It will be proper, said Prince Malik to Antar, to send forward your brother Shiboob to inform our clan of our arrival, so that my father and all the tribe of Abs and Adnan may come out to meet us, and our friends rejoice, and our enemies grieve.

Antar gave this commission to his brother, who shot forth like an eagle, till he came into the presence of King Zoheir, and informed him of the news. All the tribe of Abs mounted, and in an hour they met Prince Malik and Antar. Shouts arose from the tribe of Abs, and joy came upon them all. King Zoheir embraced his son, and turning to Antar, already on foot: O Aboolfawaris! said he, you abandoned your friends and native land; you have passed your time in wandering

about, and shall we never see an end of your adventures? My lord, cried Antar, by the assistance of God, my circumstances are improved, and my affairs are more tolerable: and he informed him of all that had passed between him and his uncle in his passion and rage, and what he had done in a strange land, till he had rescued his uncle from death. King Zoheir applauded his liberality, and his exertions, and his forbearance, and his modesty; and when they saw the incalculable quantity of cattle he brought with him, they knew he was born under a lucky star: and they all went down to their tents, and friends assembled with friends: the women and men rejoiced in the arrival of Antar, but he did not go home till he had made a division of the property, and given the largest share to Oqrwah and his men, and the rest he gave to his father and to his uncles, that they might further his wishes.

Ibla returned home, to the great delight of her friends and slaves. Ibla had conceived a great affection for a slave girl that Antar had brought away as a captive from Kendeh; her name was Rabiat, and she was more beautiful than the rising sun. Ibla used to seek consolation in her society, and used to complain of all her cousin had suffered, and for hours together she would sit and talk with her. But Amarah, from the day of Antar's arrival, took to his bed and couch of affliction, it was the consummation of his griefs: he renounced food and sleep; his mother nursed him, but all her cares

only added to his pains. O my son, she said, what calamity oppresses thee? perhaps I may discover the means of effacing thy afflictions. Mother, the origin of this my feeble state and my weakness springs from a flame in my heart, and the prime cause of all is the safety of that Antar, son of Shedad. Had Ibla even been slain in any one of those affrays, then would the business have been settled for ever. Brother, said Rebia, if thy purpose is the death of Ibla, I will contrive a scheme for her destruction, and prevent Antar from ever seeing her again. Execute, my brother, exclaimed Amarah, this dreadful deed, and put her to death by some stratagem on Antar. Rebia entered his tents and began to meditate his plot (we have before stated, Rebia was full of deceit and fraud), and having assembled all his slaves, male and female, he called them into his tents: Who of ye has any connexion, said he to them, with the slaves and girls of the family of Carad, let him inform me, and I will fulfil all his wishes. My lord, said one of them, Khemisah, Ibla's handmaiden, loves me ardently. Bring her here, said Rebia, and conceal her in my tents, till I tell you what she must do. The slave expressed obedience, and added, If I give her that order, she will never, I am sure, on any occasion, quit our dwellings. Rebia filled the slave's wallet with kabab * and sugar-plums, and having in-

* Roasted meat.

structed him in the artful tale he should tell Khemisah, he sent him to the pastures with the camels, saying, Be alone with her, and if you like her, I will demand her of her master in marriage for you, and if any thing particular should be required, it shall be done out of kindness for you, and I will marry you to her. As soon as the slave heard this, he was overjoyed, and ran till he reached the pastures, where he soon made up to Khemisah, and told her all. She was much delighted. He brought her home with him, and when the day was spent, Khemisah prepared to return; but Rebia entered: Have you forgotten me? Khemisah, said he. Indeed I have been very remiss in my attentions to you, but we shall be many a day together, and I am resolved to purchase you to-morrow morning, and will wed you to my slave, this Miftah. Now Rebia had a much-loved friend in Shiban; they had been long mutually attached, and he was called Mooferridj, son of Helal. After he had taken his measures with Khemisah, he sent to his friend, Mooferridj, to request he would send ten horsemen to him, that he might return by them a most valuable deposit. Mooferridj immediately complied with the demand, and despatched his cousin, Sinan, with nine horsemen, under the guidance of Rebia's slave, saying, Whatever he may order you, oppose him not. The men travelled on with the slave, and when they arrived, he showed them into a tent in his neighbourhood, and passing on to his

master, informed him they were come. So he let them all into his tents, and receiving them with the greatest attention, he entertained them for three days. On the fourth day the men said, Rebia, what is the urgent business for which you sent for us? He then ordered Khemisah into his presence: My purpose, said he to her, entirely rests with you, and I intend it should be all settled by your means. My lord, what is your business with me? said she. Know, Khemisah, continued Rebia, that my brother, Amarah, is desperately in love with your lady Ibla, and is near his death. I visit him every day, and ask him what it is he wants. I wish only, he says, to cast my eyes once more on Ibla before the departure of my soul from this world. Now you are the only person that can possibly aid him on this point. As to me I am quite puzzled, and cannot get rid of him. As soon as Khemisah heard Rebia's discourse: Let your brother, she cried, walk out this night to the lake, whilst I arrange matters for my mistress also to go forth. Rebia smiled, and felt assured his plan had succeeded. So he feigned great fondness for her, and presented her an armlet of gold, saying, Take this, it is a free gift to you. But she refused it, and returned home. Rebia then went to the Shibanians and told them, how the business was settled: Go with them to the lake, said he to his slave, and when Ibla comes forth in the night, let the troop seize her and carry her off, and return to their own country with her. And

what is this maiden's crime? said the Shibanians. She is an adulteress, he replied, and has clothed her lord in shame, and he is anxious she should be put to death in another land. Upon this, Sinan and his people went away and concealed themselves in the vicinity till night, and they had not been stationed an hour there, when Ibla approached. For when Khemisah returned to Ibla, she said, Know then, my mistress, that your cousin Antar met me just now, and desires you will walk out to the lake to-night by way of exercise and recreation, for he is very anxious to communicate something to you. When he told me this, he went home to my lord Malik's, and I really cannot say whether he was in earnest, or whether it was intoxication that set him on this plan. Ibla waited till it was dark, and took with her the two maids, Rabiat and Khemisah, who walked before her till they came to the lake, when, behold! Sinan ran towards her, drawing his sword upon her, and snatching her off the ground, placed her behind him. The horsemen dismounted, and bound the maids fast, and left them lying on the earth; then returning to the horses, and having mounted, they traversed the wilds and wastes, till they reached the land of Shiban.

CHAPTER XVI.

But Antar, and his brother Shiboob, were in the tents of Prince Malik, where they remained unconscious of what had happened till about sunrise, when Ibla's mother repairing to the tent in which her daughter, and her maid, Rabiat, slept, saw no vestige of them. In an hour the intelligence spread throughout the tribe, and Antar also heard it. Alas! he exclaimed, what can have happened to Ibla? His father Shedad, and his uncle Zakhmetaljewad, mounted, and also Oorwah, and the sons of Carad, and having scoured the desert and the hills, they returned late in the day; and on their way home, as they passed by the lake of Zatulirsad, they beheld Khemisah and Rabiat fast bound with cords. They inquired for Ibla. Early in the night, they replied, some horsemen seized her; And who, said they, made you quit the house?' Masters, said Rabiat, know that Khemisah told my mistress, Ibla, that her cousin Antar wished to speak with her, and besought her to go out by night to the lake that he might communicate his wishes to her. When she heard this, she was much distressed; but we came, as desired, when, lo! some horsemen fell upon us, and carried her off, and bound us. And you, said

Shedad to Khemisah, who ordered you to tell all this to Ibla? O! my master, she replied, take me back to the tents and secure my protection from Antar, and I will relate to you who was the cause of this sad calamity. Shedad took her away, and returning to the tents, procured for her protection from Antar, when she stated all the story of Rebia, how he had given her an armlet, and engaged to marry her to his slave: but I know not, she added, whether the troop that seized my mistress was a contrivance of Rebia's, or the effect of chance. The light became darkness in the eyes of Antar. Thou wretch, he cried, and hast thou, urged by thy lust, delivered thy mistress over to her enemies, with all the wealth and strings of pearls, and jewels, and rubies she had on? Had not my protection been previously insured for thee, I would destroy thee with this sword. I am convinced this last plot originates in Rebia, and did not I stand in awe of King Zoheir, I would ply my sword amongst that family of Zeead, and first of all would I slay that ruffian Amarah, and his brother Rebia.

Just at that moment King Zoheir's messenger demanded their attendance, and when they were in his presence, Malik, Ibla's father, advanced, and saluting him, said, It is Rebia alone who is the author of Ibla's disappearance; it is he who has laid this plot; he stationed these horsemen by his command. My daughter also had on pearls and jewels, Chosroe's coronet and tiara. And when he had re-

peated all that Khemisah had stated of Rebia's discourse with her, Bring me Rebia, said King Zoheir. He came. Rebia, said the king, have you any knowledge of the circumstance of Ibla's misfortune? Yes, said he, I have heard of it: so I and my brother immediately mounted, and roamed over the wilds and wastes, but we could hear nothing of her; and, indeed, this is no trifling event; we must not submit to it, or we shall incur great blame. No more of your tricks, exclaimed Ibla's father; restore to me my daughter and all the property she had on her, otherwise must I proceed from words to blows with you: Khemisah has revealed all your doings and your plots against Ibla.

Cousin, said Rebia, I excuse you, for indeed you have lost a precious jewel. Listen not to the words of a contemptible slave-girl. She has certainly been aware of the grudge and spite existing between us; but we must be patient till some news of Ibla be received, that if she be still alive we may search out the mystery. My father, said Shas, Rebia must certainly leave us, and go to the tribe of Fazarah till we learn Ibla's fate, and how she disappeared.

So King Zoheir commanded him to depart. Rebia expressed his submission. I will go with the family of Zeead, said he, and I will abandon my country to Antar, that he may clear up the business and realise his schemes; but one of us will have cause to repent. So Rebia departed with his men, their wives and families.

But Antar remained drooping his head, and in the greatest grief and affliction returned to the tents; and though the sons of King Zoheir endeavoured to console him, yet his anguish only increased, his eyelids tasted not of the nourishment of sleep, neither would he stir out of the tents; and when he was in the severest agony he sent for his brother Shiboob, and thus addressed him:

"I have risen with a tortured heart; weep, then,
"shed torrents of tears, O Shiboob, my brother!
"Hast thou not felt the loss of Ibla? Dost thou
"not pity me? I have abandoned sleep during her
"absence; my anguish and agony are multiplied.
"On her account I mount my steed no more for
"my pleasure or for battle. Canst thou behold
"the camel returning laden with her, the object of
"all my hopes? O Ibla! after this separation shall
"we ever meet, or must I only be excited by the
"phantoms of my imagination? This is the work
"of the family of Zeead, for they are men full of
"deceit and filthy scum. But shortly will I attain
"my objects in spite of them, and I will hack their
"limbs with my sword. I have no one but you to
"relieve my sorrows—but you in the path of trou-
"bles and calamities. Go, then, to the dwellings
"of the tribes; obtain intelligence of Ibla, and ease
"my heart."

As soon as Shiboob heard these verses, he instantly departed, in order to obtain intelligence; and Antar remained eagerly expecting him, cherish-

ing affliction night and day, and passing his time in tears and meditation.

But Rebia reached the tribe of Fazarah; and when the Sheikh Beder knew of his arrival, he met him with his chiefs, and rejoiced; he raised his dignity, and congratulated him. Noble chiefs, said Rebia, verily we are greatly troubled by the oppression of this infernal slave, but we forbear on account of King Zoheir, and are fearful of disturbances. I thought it better, therefore, to quit them, and take up my residence under your shadow. He informed them of the loss of Ibla, and the disgraces he had incurred on her account. Beder received him with great attention and kindness, and said to his son Hadifah, You must be particularly attentive to this man, for he is one of the Sheikhs of Abs and Adnan; let him be conducted to one of the best habitations. Hadifah acted accordingly, and conducted the tribe of Zeead to the principal station, and as soon as they were reconciled to their abode, and Rebia felt secure on the subject of Ibla, he was quite overjoyed, particularly when he heard of the precious jewels she had with her. He formed a thousand conjectures in his mind, and would say, If any news of her should come to light, and that black go in quest of her, he will rescue her, and all that property will be lost to me, and I shall not succeed in my expectations. I must certainly go after her myself, and bring about her death. He consulted with Beder on the point: It is for you to

command, said he, if you wish I will attend you. But Rebia took leave of him, and travelled on till he reached the tribe of Shiban, and presenting himself to Mooferridj, son of Halal, O chief, said he, what have you done with that maiden that I sent you with your cousin Sinan? She is here, he replied, in my tent, but she is nearly dead. And the garments, and pearls, and clothes, and jewels? demanded Rebia. I have seen nothing of them, said Mooferridj: but O Rebia, who is this damsel? She is Ibla, he replied, the daughter of Malik, and Antar's betrothed wife; and then he related all the preceding circumstances. Mooferridj shuddered as he listened. O Rebia, said he, I have been your friend for years and years, but how could you have the heart to smite me by these sour grapes? By the protection of an Arab, had I known she was the wife of Antar, I would not have admitted her within my tent had she been mistress even of my life and death. Take her away, Rebia, get me clear of this business, and bring not upon me trouble and vexation from Antar. Mooferridj sent for Sinan; he came, and looking at Rebia, quickly understood the signal. Rebia inquired about the property; he produced the whole, and nothing was missing but what Sinan had given as a bribe to the horsemen. When Mooferridj saw all this wealth, he trembled. What do you intend, Rebia, he cried, to do with this property? Do you, said Rebia, take half, and I will take half. Let us murder the girl, and there

will be an end of it. Agreed, said Moofenidj; and he then raised his head to a slave whom he had brought up: he imparted the secret to him. He was called Basharah, son of Meneea. O Basharah, said he, I wish you would take away this damsel, and carry her out to the desert, and murder her. Bury her in the sandhills, and should any one question you about her, say, her family came and took her away. They remained quiet till night, when Basharah attended to ask his master's permission to murder Ibla, which being granted, Rebia gave him a poniard, saying, Sacrifice her with this, and take it as a present for yourself, that you may remember me by it for ever.

Basharah mounted his horse, and speeded to the tent where Ibla resided. He placed her behind him, and whilst they were proceeding, Whither, she cried, are you going to carry me in this obscurity? To drink the cup of death, he replied, for my master has commanded me to kill you. On hearing this, she wept and screamed aloud, and called on the name of Antar through the wilds. When the slave saw what she was about, he turned aside out of the road, and descended into a deep valley, and made her alight from the horse; he bound both her hands; he drew out the poniard, and was about to deal a speedy blow, when, lo! a man pounced upon him like a male ostrich, and struck him with a dagger between the shoulders, and, lo! he was swimming in his blood. Fear not, cried her rescuer, I am thy slave

Shiboob. As soon as she recognised him all her fears vanished. And where is the lion-warrior, thy brother? she demanded. With the tribe of Abs, replied Shiboob, suffering in your absence every agony and anguish. I set out to search for you: I have been wandering about from tribe to tribe these fifty days, till I chanced to meet you here, and the Lord of life and death brought me to you, and this happy event just happened as I was despairing of you, and had resolved on returning home. But I heard that Rebia was in this quarter with Mooferridj. So I said within myself, I must certainly learn something of him, and I concealed myself in the country till I came thus to you, and rescued you from annihilation. And what are you determined to do? said Ibla. I will first finish this fellow, said Shiboob; I will then take you away, and go home with you. Alas! said she, I never expect to see home unless my brave Antar is with me. Ah! where art thou, and thou, my Rabiat, my comfort in all my successive calamities? O Ibla, said Shiboob, Rabiat is nearly dead with excessive grief, and the tears she has shed for your misfortunes. Thus saying, he ran towards the slave to finish him. He found him seated on the ground, listening to all that passed, his wounds preventing him from speaking; but when he saw Shiboob rise to put an end to him, O young man, he faltered out, by the faith of an Arab, spare me, whilst I put one question to you, and I will give you some hints that may prove

of benefit to you. Do not expose yourself to such perils, for by whatever road you go there will be also friends and foes. Ask what you please and relieve your heart, cried Shiboob. Know, said the slave, son of my aunt, I was the lover of a damsel called Rabiat; she was like the rising sun. She and I were both brought up under the favour of our master, Mooferridj, son of Helal, and love for her took possession of my soul. The troubles of the times tore her from me, and I have never heard her name mentioned by any mortal but you, noble born; and as soon as I heard you mention her, life returned unto me on her account. I now request you to inform me truly whether this maid has been with you a long time, or only lately. This maiden, said Shiboob, formed part of my brother Antar's plunder among the prisoners he rescued from Anis, son of Madraka. He then told him how Ibla had been made captive in the land of Riyab, and how she had taken an affection for Rabiat when they were prisoners, perceiving her varied cheerfulness and melancholy. He also gave him such distinct descriptions of Rabiat, that the slave's grief and anguish greatly increased. It is, it is my beloved! he exclaimed; but it is now near day, I fear some unlucky accident. Tell me first what you intend to do with Ibla? If you take her away and depart, the horse will pursue us, and bring misery and destruction upon us, and restore us to Rebia, and he will speedily put us all to death, and thus our pains and

trouble will be thrown away. The most advisable plan is, that you return to your brother Antar and acquaint him: let him act as in his wisdom he may think prudent, and come hither; thus will our hopes be realized. I will return with Ibla in the mean time. I will conceal her with my mother, and present myself to my master, Mooferridj, and Rebia, and tell them I have slain the Absian damsel, and that this is her blood streaming over my clothes, this blood now flowing from my own wound, and I will wait patiently expecting your return to this country. How can I depend on you? said Shiboob. How can I trust your word after the deed you undertook? Let this wound which you gave me, he cried, be my security. But you were to be excused for that, for you knew not the secret of the story.

Being thus convinced of his sincerity, Shiboob also felt aware he could not travel with Ibla over the desert unless his brother Antar were with him. Basharah is right, said Ibla: return and tell your brother to come with a party of Absians; thus will my afflictions cease: then we will all go off and Basharah with us. Shiboob approved the advice, and having stipulated with Basharah, and made him swear by the Great Creator that he would not deceive or betray him, he set out. But Basharah took away Ibla, and returned home with her. He placed her in the best apartment. He cherished her on account of Rabiat, his beloved, and she was dearer to him than any of his family or tribe.

So behold, ye wise, the mercy of God! his power is manifest! How beautiful are his works! See how Basharah went out to murder Ibla in his determination, but he returned, and he would with joy have enclosed her in his own existence! Basharah did not enter the dwellings till the lights were all out, and all voices silenced; then he went unto his mother, and informed her of all that had happened to him, and having desired her to conceal Ibla, and recommended her to attend on her, he repaired to his master, and congratulated him, and Rebia, who, on seeing him and the blood on his clothes, poured forth thanks and blessings, saying, O Basharah, hast thou indeed done what we ordered thee to do? Yes, my lord, said he, I have fulfilled all your hopes, and this blood is the proof of my sincerity.

Rebia was exceedingly pleased and happy. He instantly rose up, and put on Basharah his own vest and turban. But, said Mooferridj, Rebia, we must remain here no longer: to-morrow I will go with you to King Numan. They reposed that night, and Mooferridj having recommended his wife and family to the care of Basharah, and having also delivered over to him the charge of his treasures and wealth, they departed.

In the meantime Shiboob travelled night and day till he came near home. In his heart was a burning flame on account of Ibla and his brother, for he had left him in a state of the deepest misery and afflic-

tion. Antar, indeed, indulged in sorrow beyond bounds; his melancholy increased upon him; he was miserable and restless. King Zoheir's sons renounced their rides for his sake, and every one comforted him as they could, either with their sympathy or their raillery. When Antar perceived how they railed at him, he resolved on fixing his residence on Mount Saadi, but he stayed quiet that night, and determined to remove the next day. About midnight, when he was contemplating the stars, occupied with his love for his mistress, behold Shiboob entered. Antar could scarcely recognise him, so much altered was he by fatigue and grief, by watching at night, by want of sleep, by fear, and thirst, and hunger. At the sight his heart was nearly bursting, and he exclaimed, O my brother, your long absence has almost destroyed me, and I dreaded also your death. Here I am anxiously expecting you; and he sighed from his sorrowing heart, and thus spoke in verse:

" O, my brother Shiboob, tell me quickly, per-
" haps sorrow will be effaced from my heart.
" Haste, haste, inform me, my heart is melted with
" afflictions and griefs; if indeed my hopes of Ibla
" will be fulfilled to-day before I die, let her come
" with speed. Son of my mother, what a wretch I
" am, alienated, separated, and in affliction! Daugh-
" ter of my uncle, O how I am oppressed! Grief
" has fixed its residence in my heart. They think
" I can be consoled against thy love. No! by Him

" who spoke from the Mount, my eyes have re-
" nounced all enjoyment in thy absence; for thee I
" have endured reproaches and raillery. I mourned
" thee in tears and blood—I wept for thee on the
" plains and the mountains. For thee my frame
" is exhausted and worn. I am become a tale and
" a proverb by my tears—I will traverse the rug-
" ged hills—I will follow the track of lovers over
" every desert. Whilst I live will I pursue their
" tracks over the whole earth, or let death be
" at hand. I will raise the dust and the storm, and
" the sword of India shall draw blood from the heads.
" I will empty the world of its inhabitants, and will
" darken the deserts and the mountains. In thy
" absence I have not raised myself on a horse—
" never has my hand grasped the spear—never,
" never have I drawn the cleaving sword—never,
" never have I succeeded in my hopes. I have
" abandoned the cup with my companions, and
" sweet sleep has fled from me. I have renounced
" wine and sleep till the moment I shall see her. O
" that death would overtake me! I have renounced
" the goblets and the cups with all my comrades of
" the tribe. Son of my mother, explain and speak,
" for my heart is on fire; my body is in torture;
" my strength fails, powerful and strong as I was.
" O Ibla, couldst thou but see me, and all the sor-
" rows of the anguish and misery that have beset
" me, and the constant never-ceasing grief—the
" tears—the lamentations and sighs;—couldst thou

" but see me, then wouldst thou weep in pity for
" the woes that have descended into my heart.
" Alas! how oft have I borne the burdens of love
" for thee, O Ibla! no one could have borne such.
" Hadst thou loaded me even with a mountain, the
" son of Shedad had endured it, and it would have
" been no weight; but when, O Ibla, after this ab-
" sence shall we two again meet in the same home?
" Forbearance is extinct, so great are the calamities I
" have suffered by separation, absence, and sorrow.
" The family of Zeead are my grievance; they
" have reduced me to shame, and I am a tale
" among them. They seem secure from the vicis-
" situdes of night and enmity, but there are changes
" of day and fortune, when I will destroy them all
" in the day of battle! The blade of India shall
" free me from troubles; do they not know that I
" am the hero that has withstood every hero in the
" contest? My deeds, O Ibla, are fair; my seat is
" on high above the planet Saturn. If I delay any
" longer in taking vengeance on those minions for
" what they have done to me, let them abuse Antar
" on all occasions; let him be branded with the
" name of coward. But have you seen the land to
" which Ibla is gone, or the quarter, or the sand-
" hill? My patience is at an end, O Shiboob, and
" my sleep has pointed at what will happen. There
" is none but you, my happy brother, to clear it up
" without delay. So haste, explain what you have
" encountered; conceal nothing, you lord of stra-

" tagems—relate it now. Speak to me, that my " heart may be eased of its anxieties—you are my " treasure, my hope amongst mankind—haste then " to speak—be speedy in thy narrative!"

Despair not, O my brother, said Shiboob, and thus replied in verse:

" O Aboolfawaris! passed is all sorrow and " anxiety—happiness is at hand and triumph, son " of my mother, be consoled about Ibla, she is " safe; no affliction or harm has ever touched her. " Hear my story and what I have encountered in " my expedition, for in it is what might astonish " the most experienced of mankind. I roamed " over the tribes and every region, the valleys, and " the mountains; behind them I left my track; " how many countries have I traversed that are " barren wastes, where nought is to be seen but " weeds and sand; I crossed the deserts like a " skulking wolf, and moved without trouble or pain " to myself: into the deserts I launched, the stones " struck fire, and the parched sands scorched me, " till I reached Sanaa, and Aden, and Zebad, but " heard no news of her. I traversed every country, " every mountain, and left no one in the wilds " untried—but I saw her not, neither did I hear of " her; there were no signs, no tears. Then I went " to the land of Irak, and how many mountains did " I traverse on my journey, but I persisted in " scouring the land, and I became like a dry camel, " or a male hedgehog, and the desert was on flames,

" and the rays blazed on the mountains, and sparks
" of fire burnt from my eyes, till I reached the
" land of Irak, and then in sadness I went towards
" the tribe of Shiban: I went to them by night in
" fear, and there I heard some news. I was walk-
" ing out, my heart full of vexation, when two per-
" sons appeared before me in the middle of the
" valley. I drew my trusty dagger from my side;
" one of them was like a mountain, and was about
" to kill the other, lying in tears on the ground.
" I hastened on and struck him a speedy blow, ir-
" resistible and never failing. I wounded him, and
" then approached his enemy, fearful of the effects
" of my blow, and the blood that gushed from him.
" I approached the person, that I might distinguish
" the one I had stabbed, and who was the other:
" when the last saw me coming forward, he cried,
" Art thou a demon or a man? Who art thou, tell
" me, for I see thou art full of sorrow and grief. I
" belong to the noble Absians, said I, a tribe en-
" nobled amongst the Arabs. Hasten, O Shiboob,
" one exclaimed, my hope, my joy! And at the
" voice my breath was almost exhausted; I recog-
" nised the speech at once; I knew it was Ibla, and
" her tears were flowing. She repeated her words like
" one demanding relief from calamities and troubles.
" My life is thine, son of my uncle, rescue me, she
" cried. Be composed, said I; fear and doubt are
" removed from thee. Then the slave too addressed
" me, saying, I am Basharah, and my story I

"will relate quickly. I have a countrywoman "whose name is Rabiat; she is my beloved, and "she was taken prisoner. I lost her, and my soul "adored her; on her account grief and sorrow "overwhelmed me. I have heard she is gone to "the tribe you have mentioned. O, master, have "you any news of her? I have intelligence of Ra- "biat, I replied; she lives with us, and passes a "happy life; and when he heard me he rejoiced. "He threw himself before me, and the tears burst "from his eyes; he stood up whilst my arm sup- "ported him, and he made peace with me; he said, "Ibla has escaped the perils that surrounded her. "Do you also escape under the night to your bro- "ther; let him come with a troop of friends. "Speed, speed away, before Mooferridj discovers "me; he expects me in the morning. So I have "come in my fears, like a blast of wind, even like "the lightning when it dazzles the sight. So come "to us; let us traverse the desert in the dust with "some trusty Absian chiefs. Rescue your cousin, "and liberate her from the vicissitudes of fate and "fortune. I am come with this intelligence, and "you have heard it, and all is true."

When Shiboob had finished, Antar was all amaze- ment, and his heart was filled with delight and joy, and his rage against Rebia increased. He immediately sent for Rabiat, and gave her information of Basharah: You may trust to him, said she, for I am sure he feels as much affliction in my absence,

as you do in the separation from my mistress, Ibla. But may God destroy that Rebia for his contrivances! it is evident the plot is his. Antar thus consoling himself in conversation with Shiboob and Rabiat till the morning white appeared, sent for Oorwah, and told him the news. O Aboolfawaris, said he, what do you intend to do? I wish, said Antar, to make a dreadful impression on that family of Zeead. This resolution, said Oorwah, is by no means wise. The best plan is to conceal the circumstance of Ibla's discovery, so that my interference may not appear in the business; for it would go to Shiban; Rebia and Mooferridj would gain the information, and would soon manage to take Ibla away from the slave with whom she now is; all the world would know it; and all your trouble would fail, and you would not succeed in your object. Antar felt convinced Oorwah's advice was just. Well, my brother, said he, you and I will then proceed with ten horsemen to the presence of King Zoheir, and will salute him and his sons, and will secure his faith and friendship; and when he asks how I am, I will conceal from him what has passed, but say to him, Sons of my uncles, a long time has now passed, and I despair of my cousin Ibla. I am convinced she is now entirely lost to me; I feel assured that he who took her away with all that wealth must have put her to death. I am now under great alarms for my brother Shiboob, for should he have fallen among some enemies, they may have slain

him or made him captive. I am anxious, therefore, to learn his fate. I will wander about for three days, and then return. This is just the thing, said Oorwah. So he sent for his particular comrades, and they all mounted and came to him; Antar and Oorwah also mounted, leaving Shiboob at home. They proceeded to King Zoheir, and saluted him. Antar related what we have stated above. O Abool-fawaris, he said, this is highly becoming of you, and very proper. Fate and destiny cannot be avoided, and what is passed is irrevocable. No one in the world has been able to perform what you have imposed upon yourself, but do not destroy yourself for such trifling considerations. King Zoheir and his sons were highly pleased at Antar's expedition, and all their sorrows and vexations disappeared. Late in the day Antar returned home, and he groaned aloud: he wished to sleep, but the excess of his agony prevented him. He sent for Oorwah, and told him he was resolved on the expedition, to which Oorwah instantly assented, and communicated the same to his companions. About midnight Antar set out, joined by Oorwah and his associates, who were waiting for him, and took the road to the land of Irak and the land of the tribe of Shiban. By Antar's side were Oorwah and his horsemen, and before him went Shiboob, who showed them the way by the springs and the lakes.

Now Rebia and Mooferridj departed for the territories of King Numan, and introduced themselves

to him. He received them hospitably. They related what they had done to Ibla, and that they had divided her property. Rebia recited some couplets of verses. So the king gave him a robe of honour, and paid him all manner of attention, giving him presents and donations, and feasted him three days. Soon after Rebia asked permission to return, which was accordingly granted, with many presents, and many valuable proofs of kindness and liberality. He set out for his native land, and pursued his journey in all haste till there only remained one night between him and the tribe of Abs, when he alighted, and was exceedingly pleased at all the fine things King Numan had given him. That spot was called Rikaya Beni-Malik. He sent on a slave to announce himself to his brothers that they might come out to meet him.

Now Antar went on traversing the wilds and deserts till he also came to the place called Rikaya Beni Malik. Let us halt here, said he to Shiboob; but when he perceived some horses and horsemen already there, he said again to Shiboob, Look out and see who these are. So Shiboob immediately went on and returned, saying, Know then, my brother, this is your friend Rebia. Antar was overjoyed at this. My opinion, said he to Oorwah, is, that we should assault them this very night without delay, and make them taste of sorrow and misery. Do as you please, was Oorwah's reply. Cousins, said Antar, let not one of you cry out, O by Abs,

O by Adnan! but let the cry be, O by Cahtan! They all agreed, and mounted their horses, and set up one general shout that made the earth tremble after it had been silent. He that was seated rose up, and the sleepers woke, and the cry was, O by Adnan! O by Cahtan! They poured down their swords among them; Rebia was soon wounded, and all his property taken. What will you do with all these things? said Antar to Shiboob. It will be adviseable, my brother, answered Shiboob to drive away all these he and she camels to the pastures and mountains, but as to these chests let us bury them in the sand till we return home; but these mules we will take them along with us for the baggage. You are quite right, Shiboob, said Oorwah. So they turned out the camels to the pastures with ten horsemen, and buried the chests in the sand, and on the mules they loaded the provisions and baggage, and then pursued their course to the land of Irak. Antar was in an ecstacy of love and anxiety, and being much delighted also at this accident, he thus exclaimed:

"My love is excessive; my patience exhausted;
"so take me by the hand, and do not add fresh
"sorrow to what I already feel. Stop, ye railers,
"provoke me no more, for I have no support for
"my frame but the remains of my forbearance.
"How many nights have I complained in anguish,
"whilst absence lighted the flame of love in my

" bosom, and when the bird mourned in the dark-
" ness of the night, I grasped my waist with my
" hand in anguish. O bird of the tamarisk, sing
" as thou listest, for thou livest secure from the
" vicissitudes of fortune and sorrow; thou hast only
" lost thy mate whom thou lovedst, as I have lost
" my love far away from home. Talk of the nights
" thou hast passed as the most brilliant days in en-
" joyment, but still thou callest from the branches,
" O songster. O, my master, fear not in the day of
" battle when thou seest the flash of swords and
" coats of mail, meet the spear and the charging
" warriors; die honoured, and bow to no one. But
" let me appease myself on him who opposes me as
" long as I am lord of this breath in my body. If
" I do not let alone the birds of the atmosphere
" hovering over the dust, no moisture will ever
" water my heart."

They thus continued traversing the roads, and passing the waters and the springs, till they reached the land of Irak. Antar was led along by his passion till there only remained between him and the land of Shiban one night. It will be well, said Shiboob, to conceal yourselves here, whilst I go and learn some news for you, and meet Basharah, and I will speedily return. Away, then, O my brother, cried Antar, and let not your absence be long. Shiboob put on a long-sleeved garment, and clothed himself like a slave of Syria, and passed on till he neared the dwellings of

the tribe of Shiban. In haste he sought the shepherds, of whom he might inquire about Basharah; for he had never seen him by the light of the day, and had never met him but by night. So he was consulting with himself about it, and in what way he should introduce himself among the tents, when a horseman appeared ambling along, and wandering about out of the road; he sighed from an oppressed heart, and thus expressed himself in verse:

"Western breeze that blows from Hadjir, O
"breathe my salutation to my absent love. Perhaps
"my Rabiat will return my compliment, and will
"in mercy bestow a thought on her wanderer. O
"Ibla, if thy cousin is consoled without thee, fear-
"ful of the men of my tribe—should he abandon
"thee, should he forget thee, I will conceal thee in
"mine eyes from the fear of thy foes. Should any
"accident have happened to Shiboob, should the
"bowels of the battle-field, or the tomb contain him,
"then to command is with the Almighty God,
"who executes his destined will on his creatures."

As soon as this horseman had finished, his tears chased down his cheeks. But as Shiboob heard him, his heart fluttered, his eagerness increased, he understood the words and their import, and he was convinced it must be Basharah, so he answered him in the following lines:

"God has not abandoned Antar, nor that famous
"fellow Shiboob; but he has come to you in all his

" Absian ardour, and a troop has followed him—
" tried men—each a lion, ennobled by the sword.
" Fierce with his scimitar, like a pitiless hyæna,
" he encounters the chests of the steeds, stern as
" they are; and he cleaves the skulls of his foes
" with his falchion. His deeds are extolled among
" the people like the flowering spring."

When Shiboob had finished his verses, he continued—God has not let loose the calamities of the time upon Antar; he is not consoled for Ibla; he has not betrayed her; but he has come to you with a troop with which he will engage the whole tribe of Shiban, were there even with them the friends of Soliman. Shiboob ran up to him and kissed his knee, and made himself known to him.

Basharah wept with joy at Shiboob's arrival, and all his afflictions vanished; he acquainted him with the absence of his master in the cities of Khorasan, but that he did not depart without giving him full power over his treasures, and his property, and his wife and children, and family: and I am resolved to take all his property away with me, and repair to my beloved Rabiat. In the mean time, let Antar and his friends lie concealed in the wide waste, and alight in the valley of Nika, on the road to the mountains of Radm. But as soon as we arrive, let them rush out upon us, and ply their swords among us; let them not spare a single slave, and then we will proceed in safety. Wait, and I will bring Ibla to you.

Basharah mounted his horse and returned. Now Ibla was ever in the most anxious state of expectation; night and day she wept. Basharah's mother endeavoured to console her with tales and stories, and Basharah did the same, sitting down by her, and questioning her about Rabiat, and would thus calm away her sorrows: and never did he quit her till she slept. This was her continual custom till the night he encountered Shiboob. So when he came to her at this unusual hour, he saw her drowned in tears, and sighing from her overcharged heart; she was invoking her native land and home, and thus expressing herself in verse:

"My transport is extinct, my anxieties augment,
"and will not give way, and this is the state of my
"love. By your existence—Come, come, ye travel-
"lers, be kind, restore my heart, and have compas-
"sion on my withered frame. Say to the inhabit-
"ants of Hedjaz, you have left Ibla enduring the
"pangs of death for love of her songster. Ye have
"witnessed my condition, my separation, my foreign
"dwelling; and with you is there no one to come
"after me, and no one to aid me? I am every day
"and night expiring of love; and the song of the
"dove pains me when it sings. My sorrow, my
"irritation, my anxiety destroy me continually; so
"I weep in affliction when I hear you. Alas, alas!
"will Basharah come to me, will he tell me my af-
"flictions are at an end? O sons of my uncle, will
"ye not come to me, and will ye not think of ap-

" peasing my sorrows? Ye have broken the com-
" pact, yé have denied my love; ye have abandoned
" me as a fawn in a foreign land. If in your jour-
" ney ye pass by the land of Aalidj, restore to me
" my heart, and pity my agonised frame. I com-
" plain, but there is no one to remove my grief;
" there is no one to partake my afflictions, or share
" my sorrows."

As soon as he heard these lines, he entered. O my mistress, said he, Basharah is now come with good tidings—and he told her all that had occurred. May God render all your tidings good, cried she; and may he join your virtues to your beloved! Then he clothed her in the garments of a man of Shiban, put on a turban and a vizor, and mounted her on a noble steed; he girded her on a sword, and conducted her out of the tents till he gave her over to Shiboob. Take your mistress, said he; do not stop till you are with your brother, and tell him to be of good cheer.

Shiboob rose up and saluted Ibla, and having thanked Basharah for his conduct, he set out for his brother; and when he came towards him, he found him much agitated about him; but he started up, and having embraced Ibla, and kissed her between the eyes, he made him relate all about Basharah and his plans, and there they remained in expectation of the event.

But Basharah, when he returned, having delivered up Ibla, wrote a letter as if from his master Moofer-

ridj, and introducing himself to a cousin of Mooferridj, who was called Malik, son of Hoosan, Know, my lord, said he, that I have received a letter from my master, in which he thus states—Know, O Basharah, the King of Persia has sent me into the cities of Khorasan, and with me some Persian troops, that I may reduce for him some cities that have revolted against him. An immense number of people are collected about me, and are greedy in seizing all manner of property. I have therefore resolved on escaping by flight, and my desire is, that you load all my wealth, and treasures, and goods, and secure them all in the mountains of Radm, and the valley of Raml: now, I am determined to execute his orders.

When Basharah had thus communicated the letter, he assembled his master's slaves, and chose out of them fifty stout fellows, and having sent them to the pastures to fetch him two hundred strong camels, he entered the magazines of wealth, and took out all the chests of goods that were there, precious jewels, and left nothing but useless articles, tattered tents, broken tent-poles, and patched cushions. By the evening the packing was all finished. So he raised the baggage on the backs of the camels, and he and his mother set out in the beginning of the night, and travelled on till they came nigh to the mountains of Radm and the valley of Raml. They were just about crossing the valley, when a troop of Absians burst out upon them, shouting aloud; and as soon

as Basharah heard the cries of the horsemen he was delighted; he goaded on his horse towards Antar, and saluted him, recognizing him by the length of his form, and the prodigiousness of his figure. My lord, said he, ply thy sword amongst this filth, seize all this property, and bring about a meeting between me and my beloved Rabiat, so beautiful and so full of grace: then he thus continued in verse:

"By thee glory is exalted; by thee honours are "elevated. The Arab and the Persian can never "attain thy superiority. Thou hast exhibited bravery "and intrepidity, O warrior, and there is not a title "that does not belong to thee—men labour in the "acquisition of wealth, but glory is thy only object. "Fear not, thou canst not fall into calamities, for "all thy exploits raise thee sublime on high; thy "glory, the winds encompass not its extent—thy "liberality, it is incalculable. Mayst thou live "for the Absians for years; may they be exalted "in thy name, recorded in prose and verse."

Antar smiled at Basharah's compliments; Mayst thou rejoice in thy beloved for many years, said he. But Oorwah and his people put to the sword all the slaves, and driving the property and camels, they proceeded towards their own country, Shiboob going before them, cutting over the sand and sand-hills.

Ibla travelled by the side of Antar, and was relating all her sufferings from the time of separation till their meeting, and all the noble, virtuous acts of Basharah towards her, and thus they passed over

ASIATIC SOCIETY

the country till they approached their own region, when Shiboob turned out of the road to the sands where the chests were buried. They took them out, and loading the beasts with them, they came near home with such a vast abundance of wealth, the kings of the age could not equal.

On Antar's arrival, the land of Shoorebah was all in confusion. All were in amazement at the immense quantity of cattle and valuables he brought with him, and King Zoheir's sons went out to meet him. As soon as Antar saw the Princes, and the commotion of the people, he said to Ibla, Seek the tents of thy father; whilst he himself urged on his horse Abjer, and advanced towards King Zoheir's sons, and saluted them. They congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his expedition. Mine is an extraordinary story, said Antar; and I cannot explain it but in the presence of King Zoheir your father.

When Malik his uncle saw all these sheep and cattle, &c. and that the whole country was filled with their abundance, he was all astonishment, and said to his son Amroo, Ah my son, if thy sister were but still among the living, all these flocks would be driven to our tents. At last he presented himself to Antar, and saluted him, saying, O Aboolfawaris, hast thou heard any thing of thy bride, or hast thou returned in despair?

My bride, said Antar, is with her mother. Malik smiled, and thought he was in joke; so he went

aside, and walked on till he came to the tents, and tears streamed from his eyes at his separation from Ibla, and that he had lost all these fine things, when came forward the handmaidens and slave-girls, and informed him of Ibla's safety. At hearing this his senses fled, so violent was his emotion. He hastened to her and saluted her, whilst she complained to him of all she had endured from the time of her disappearance till her return. All the women, free-born and slaves, and the virgins, all came to Antar, offering presents on his return from his triumphs. But there was not a happier man than Basharah, for his dearest Rabiat had also joined the concourse of women. He dismounted, and embraced her.

Antar ordered tents to be pitched. These are yours, said he to Basharah; I am your protector; and all your master's property is yours. Basharah expressed his thanks, and he and Antar alighted at the tents.

END OF VOL. II.

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